THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu ekly
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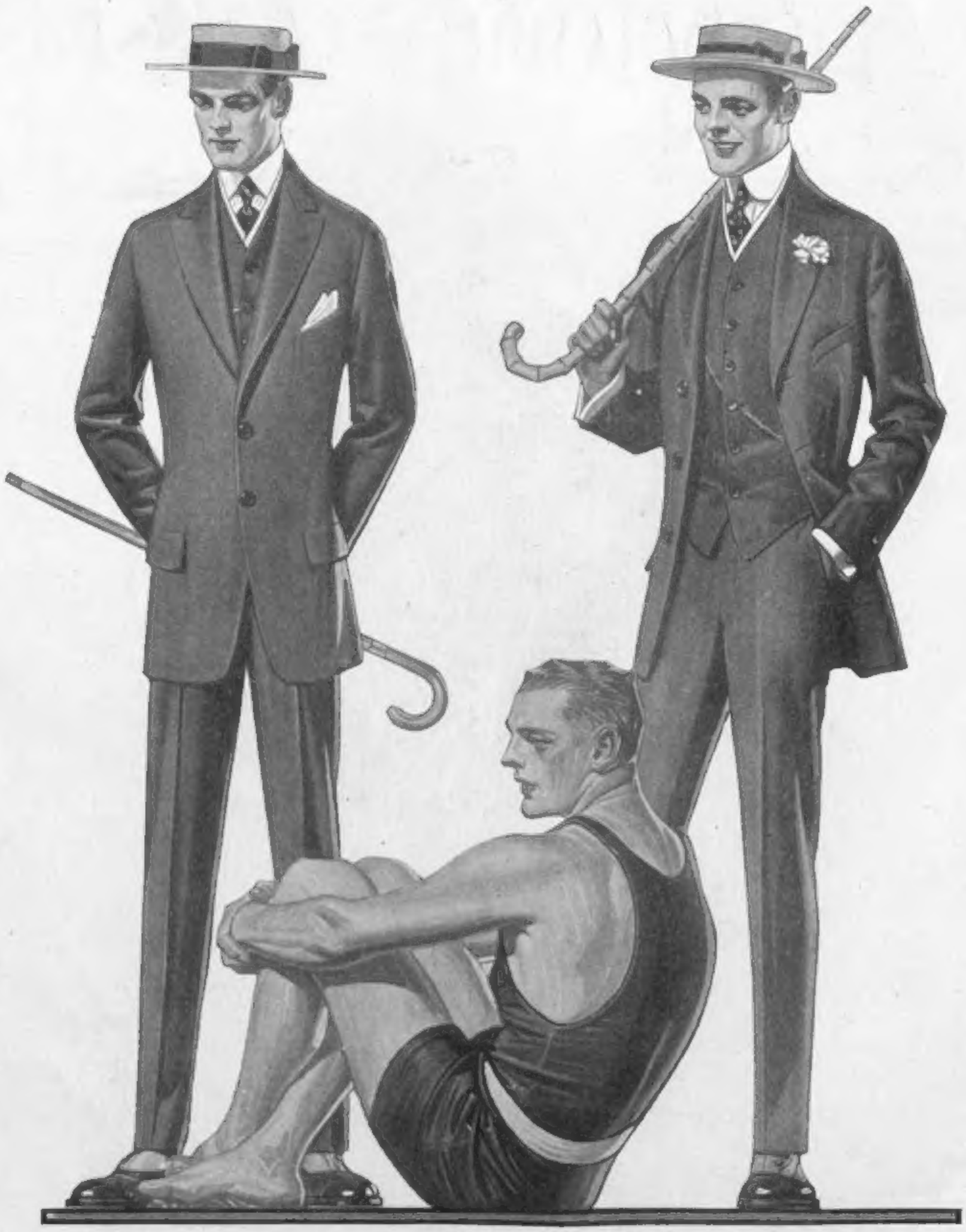
The Wrong Side of the Counter—By Maude Radford Warren

Kuppenheimer Clothes



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HERE are two exceedingly good-looking sack suits, as far from the commonplace as they are from harsh extremes. Clothes of worth; worthily made.

You're sure of quality, right style and right price with Kuppenheimer Clothes—always. See them at the better clothiers everywhere.

You'll be interested in our book,
"Styles for Men." Send for it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Opportunity doesn't knock — it rings!

Big Ben

IF there is anything in starting a new year right, there are three hundred and sixty-five days every year in which to do it.

You can date a year from any time, you know—there's your birthday or Decoration day, or the day of the Fire Works, or any other old day.

Why not start all over again today—make a New Year's resolution and work it hard—get the vim, the energy, the determination, the outlook that you had on January one?—Rather don't set your mind—set Big Ben and set him so that you will be awake in time to keep your date with your opportunity.

Opportunity doesn't knock, it rings, says Big Ben and if you keep today's date with her you may change her name to-morrow to Achievement.

Big Ben is a clock for get-there men. He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind and pleasing to hear. He calls just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you shut him off.—He's sold by 18,000 watchmakers, but if you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him attractively boxed and express prepaid.

$2.50

Three Dollars in Canada.

"NO Darning for Me on *This* Trip, Dad. Notice their *style*, too. If we stay *six months* we're fixed for *hose*."

There's this about Holeproof Sox and Stockings that makes many people wonder: They are so soft and so stylish, and can be had in such light weights, that many who see them say, "*These* hose can't *wear*."

Yet six pairs *are guaranteed* to wear a *full six months* from the day they are purchased. And that means every stitch—from a running thread, to the largest hole. It covers the entire article, not merely heels and toes.

The Simple Reason

This joining of style, light weight, and wear is done in a simple manner. It means paying the price of quality by the manufacturer. We pay an average of *74 cents a pound* for the *yarn* in Holeproof. Common yarn costs 32 cents. 74 cents is the most we can pay for that is the top market price for cotton yarn—Egyptian and Sea Island. And that's all we use. Ours is 3-ply, long-fibre, fine strands. Pliable and soft, but of the maximum strength. We spend $60,000 a year for inspection just to see that each pair of Holeproof is perfect.

A Million Wearers

Then, we have had 39 years of experience—13 years with Holeproof. Our profit per pair is merely a trifle because we spend so much for quality. But 1,000,000 people are buying Holeproof, so our volume is enormous. We couldn't afford to put in so much quality if we didn't have this trade.

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We have lately imported from Switzerland a machine costing $5,000, with this and other machinery costing many thousands more, we now do our own mercerizing. Try the least expensive Holeproof—now mercerized—six pairs for $1.50. This process alone adds 22 per cent to the strength of this grade, as well as a silky lustre. Six pairs are guaranteed six months. See how they wear and *look*.

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Be sure you get the *genuine* Holeproof. It bears this signature: Carl Freschl

Six pairs of men's cotton Holeproof cost $1.50 to $3 a box; women's and children's cost $2 to $3 a box of six pairs. Infants' cost $1 a box of four pairs. All above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men $2 a box of three pairs; women's silk stockings, $3 a box of three pairs. Three pairs of *silk* are guaranteed *three* months. Genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Ask for the dealers' names. We ship direct, where there's no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Write for free book on Holeproof. See how these wonderful goods are made.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

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Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Holeproof Silk Gloves
FOR WOMEN

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

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The Wrong Side of the Counter

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Oh, Why Shouldn't You Go? If You Have Any Chance for Fun Take It"

SINCE I have been able to think—and that dates from the time I felt the prick of poverty and the need of earning money—I have wondered at the ease with which the members of my own sex dismissed the problems of those of us who are what you might call disinherited—who are above the starvation line maybe, but who have all sorts of longings that can never be satisfied because we haven't enough money. You expect men not to understand and to be hard. They are in the fight themselves and they haven't time to be human; besides, Nature did not intend them to be sentimentalists, except in those soft moments when they've something to gain by being tender.

However, you would think women, who are made sentimental for man's use, would understand. If you could see them pass by a counter in a shop, as I have—countless processions of them in good clothes, more or less sheltered, all with some man, husband or father or son, to take the worst blasts of the world away from them, all with their fundamental physical needs satisfied—why, you'd think they might have a little sympathy to spare for us behind the counter. Some of them do; indeed, more than once I have had a sweet-faced woman say to me: "You are tired—aren't you? I'm sorry!" And I wished I could tell her that it wasn't aching muscles that ailed me, but the terrible want to take her place on the other side of the counter and buy pretty thin things and wear them, and show them to some man at home, who would say: "Get yourself some more, dear."

Mostly, though, these customers just look upon you as a machine to supply them with what they want. All that we girls have is each other's society; but if a couple of us should stand for a moment talking together about some little bit of fun that has come our way the evening before, and a customer should be kept waiting a second, do you think she is likely to sympathize with us? Not she! She'll put on an icy stare, which she thinks is thoroughbred and superior, and she'll say in a cutting tone: "Can you wait on me, young woman?" Or, maybe, if she isn't doing the great-lady act, she'll say: "When you can leave your own important affairs and look after my poor wants, I'll be obliged." Or else she'll say to her friend for us to overhear: "The way these creatures gossip and neglect their work is shameful! If I had time I'd speak to the floorwalker." Sympathy they keep back for people they know or for terrible cases that come up in the newspapers. So far as we are concerned, they seem to think that mere life is worth while. Honestly, I've heard people argue, in this very democracy of ours, that we are each brought into that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us; that mere life is a blessing, and that poor people have their compensations.

What Shop-Girls Want and Cannot Have

WELL, let me tell the gentle reader who is reading these pages to amuse herself and not to sympathize with me that mere life is not a blessing unless something you want goes with it. When Madam Rich comes to the counter and buys beautiful chiffons for her daughter's coming-out party does she think that Miss Poor who serves her is content to dress in plain black, with perhaps a white shirtwaist? Miss Poor gets eight dollars a week, and she knows the people she is waiting on would think nothing of spending that much for luncheon. She helps with the work at home, though she hasn't the strength for it; and she washes her own clothes Saturday night and irons them Sunday morning. The only fun she has is an occasional caller who takes her to the five-cent show—since she has no parlor to put him in; and who lets her see that, though he would like to make love to her, he cannot afford to get married. You take my word for it that when a girl on the wrong side of the counter does get married it raises an internal whoop of joy in each of us too. Who knows but we'll pull it off for ourselves! Who knows! And then we go off into dreams and we see a little home with a parlor in it, so that if ever we have a daughter she needn't take her company into the park; and we see —— Every one knows how crazy a person can get—just dreaming!

I was born in a small town, and that means I belong to one of the communities where some real American democracy still exists. When I was a child there was no nonsense about that state to which it pleased God to call us. The town wasn't more than sixty years old; and, though some were rich and some were poor, all the poor ones knew when the rich ones had been poor and could relate every item of scandal in their families besides. There were always occasions—church festivals and such—when all of us met on an equality; yet even when I was still in school things were changing. Dorcas societies and sewing circles were becoming women's clubs and the rich people were making their parties more exclusive. Anyhow, I felt as good as any one else.

I was the only child of a bank clerk, and my people cared a lot about education. I supposed I was going to college; but in my third year at high school mother was taken sick, and it was the kind of sickness that needed a nurse and expensive medicines. By-and-by father had to borrow on his life insurance. Mother died two years later, just after I had graduated. Then father was taken sick and died in a few weeks; and here was I, aged nineteen, with scarcely a cent in the world besides the furniture after the funeral expenses were paid. College was out of the question; and, anyhow, I never cared much about it. I knew that ultimately it meant teaching—if I didn't marry. Of course I hoped to get married, but then I was a sensible girl and in the back of my mind there was a fear that I mightn't. I wasn't what you would call pretty—I was too tall and stout. I had one of those broad, pleasant faces and nice hair and teeth, but that was about all. I didn't have the talent for dressing that every little broiler you see nowadays seems to have. I don't know how they do it, I am sure.

Casting About for Means of Earning a Livelihood

IT SEEMS to me nearly every girl I pass in the street is a beauty and beautifully dressed. I almost feel as if the plain ones must have committed suicide, feeling they couldn't compete. These youngsters always have the latest wrinkle, and they look nice even in those lamp-shades and peach baskets people plank down on their eyelids and call hats. I never could. My hair was pretty, but it wouldn't stay put; and however well cut my skirt was it always needed pressing in a week. Corsets always seemed to me too tight and I never could keep up with neckwear. I wasn't untidy, you understand, but I simply didn't have that instinct for style every woman seems to have nowadays. Maybe I was too full of life for fashionable clothes. I liked to be in the open and to play tennis and row and run hard with the dog. In school I had to have a seat near the window or I couldn't study. So I had a kind of suspicion that I didn't have as good a chance in the running as a girl who would care about pretty clothes and getting herself up.

However, when father died and I was left sitting in our rented house surrounded by my furniture with about fifteen dollars between me and want, I wasn't thinking of marriage or of anything but bread and butter. It's after you get enough bread and butter to keep yourself from starving that you begin to think about the things that other girls own who have some one to take care of them. Naturally my first thought was as to how I was going to earn my living. I had not been to normal school, but still I was bright enough to pass the county examinations and teach in some little country school; but I hated school-teaching. I haven't the kind of patience that puts things into people's heads, and I hate the bad air that gets into a schoolroom quicker than into any other place. Of course there was stenography. I was always skillful with my hands and I felt I could succeed at that; but then it would take money to learn—and

I had none. I could sell the furniture, of course, but it would be at a frightful loss. I couldn't bear to have other women gloat over mother's nice old mahogany things as bargains.

I could sew pretty well, but I didn't want to especially; and if I had the people of the town would have been slow to trust the work of a nineteen-year-old girl.

I was sad enough in the loss of my parents, but to that was added the terrible mortification that never comes to most women—the finding out that I couldn't pay my way in life very well. I had always felt that, because father and mother loved me and took pride in me, as parents always do, for qualities that meant nothing to other people, I had a right to live and be happy. Indeed, I may have felt that I was doing the world a favor in being alive—such a nice, wholesome girl as I was! You know big, pleasant, plain-faced people are always called wholesome. Now I saw that, with my parents gone, the little shreds of protection and my vanities and illusions were gone too. I saw the world didn't want me unless I made good—and that it didn't want me particularly then, but would endure me. If men are willing to support female parasites the world consents because the men pay; but just throw those parasites on the back of the world and watch how they are shaken off! I had to abandon the happy confidence then that protected women have, and I began to build up a hard self-respect, which is about the best parent a girl can have when her flesh-and-blood ones go.

A Proposal From the Burrows Family

THERE was a man belonging to our church who had been a great friend of my father—Old Nate Burrows; that's what every one called him, with no sense of disrespect however. He was a G. A. R. man, which in our town would have meant deference even if he had not had a single other virtue to his account; but he was good all through. A big, beaming, grizzled old fellow with a kind word or nod for every one. He had a drygoods store that was small and by no means the best in the town, but plenty of people came to him because he was Nate Burrows and because his things were good, even if he didn't go in for up-to-date frills. Mr. Burrows' store was a good deal like my clothes. He had his own home on the edge of town and he lived there with his wife, his daughter Nettie and his nephew Billy. Billy was enough like Mr. Burrows to be his son—the same kindness and sympathy, and I was going to say shiftlessness; but it wasn't shiftlessness exactly. Billy was delicate. He was supposed to help Mr. Burrows in the store, bookkeeping and doing anything else that was necessary; but many a time Mrs. Burrows made him stay in bed to rest. I used to wonder how Billy could stand it in a room with the windows sealed tight and the blinds down. That was before there was all this talk about fresh air. Nettie had vitality enough for two. She was the most popular girl in school—little and dark and pretty, with eyes that coaxed you to like her.

It was the Burrows family that after this time decided my fate at every step. They came in right after father's funeral, when I was lying on the sofa with a handkerchief balled up in my hand, wondering how I could ever stand it in this big, empty world! After Mrs. Burrows and Nettie had put their arms round me, Mr. Burrows said, in his big, kind voice:

"Well, Esther, I guess you had better get your mind off your troubles by doing a little work—hey?"

Mr. Burrows always tried to turn duties into some kind of play.

"There is nothing I can do," I said forlornly.

"So Nettie told me you said; but how about coming into my shop? One of the girls is leaving and you might as well have the place. It isn't hard work."

"No," said Nettie eagerly; "it's lots of fun. You know, Esther, I always help father at Christmas and on Saturdays, when the country people come to town?"

I nodded with downcast eye.

"Well, you think it over," Mr. Burrows said—"no need to decide in a hurry. You think it over and let me know."

Nettie stayed with me and chattered determinedly—dear girl!—to take my mind off my troubles. That night, as she lay asleep beside me, her pretty face turned toward me with parted lips, as if—even in her sleep—she wanted to help, I thought things over. It had been a little shock to think of being a clerk in a store. For all the democracy of our town, there were some distinctions. A girl whose people had been like mine—cultivated, with bookish connections—could, indeed, work across a counter in our town without losing caste; but it was considered a pity. I didn't want to do it. I guess most of us at heart are snobs—born with an instinct to climb. We are only qualified democrats—the best of us. I had always supposed I looked on a certain friend of my mother's who worked in a shop as quite as good as any one else; now, however, I found that I had really pitied her, not because she was alone and working, but, first, because she was working in a store and, second, because she was alone.

I didn't think I should like to wait on people I knew. I didn't think I should like to be all day in a store, with no chance for long walks in the woods and no chance for fun with my girl friends in the afternoon; but what was left for me to do? Of one thing I was sure—I was not going to accept any charity, and I knew that the Burrows were quite big-hearted enough to work off charity on me under the guise of friendship. I gathered from hints Nettie had thrown out that they were just waiting for a chance to ask me to live with them as their second daughter; but I wasn't going to be a burden to any one since those had gone who had felt that same burden to be a joy.

The next day I went to see Marian Henderson, who boarded with Mrs. Jackson, a friend of my mother. Marian was a stenographer for one of the lawyers in town and had graduated two years before from the high school. She was a handsome girl, slim and quick, with brown eyes bright as a lizard's, and a crisp, chirpy manner of speech. She greeted me with the usual sympathetic embrace my friends were giving me in those days and at once started on a line of cheerful talk to put my mind off my troubles.

"Marian," I asked her, "do you think Mrs. Jackson would take me to board with her?"

"Why, I suppose she would," said Marian in her quick way. "One extra isn't any more trouble when she's got to have three meals a day anyhow. Besides, she's the sort that likes to set a nice table, even if she's alone. No eating off a pantry shelf for her."

"How much do you pay?" I asked.

"Well, you see she expects me to take care of my own room and to give her a hand on Sunday with the dishes or with any extra work. I pay four dollars."

I knew that was reasonable. Five or six dollars was what most boarding-house people asked; but, as Marian explained, Mrs. Jackson had plenty of garden stuff which made things cheaper for her, and she was willing to deduct a little for the pleasure of company.

Mrs. Jackson was ready to take me into her household at four dollars a week. Moreover, she added a kindness.

"What are you going to do with your furniture, dearie?" she asked.

That had been worrying me, for I knew it would cost to pay storage.

"You can put it in my barn if you like, dearie," she said. "Since Mr. Jackson died and I gave up the horse, there's not a thing in it. It's dry; and I guess it's as fireproof as most places."

I didn't mind accepting, for I knew my father had helped her in more than one way since she had been widowed. I felt a little lighter-hearted when I called on the girl who had lately been clerking for Mr. Burrows and who had left her work for that mecca of all our desires—marriage.

"You See, If a Customer Saw You Sitting There She Might Think There Was Nothing Doing in the Place"

"Sure, I'll tell you what he paid me," she said—"six dollars when I started out and seven now. It's plenty if you live with your own folks; but you ain't got any folks now, you poor thing! You have my sympathy."

I withdrew from her sympathy as quickly as I could and went on downtown to Mr. Burrows' store. I looked at it with a new interest—the big glass windows, carelessly dressed; the rather dark interior; the long counters, a little lower than city counters, with squeaking stools in front of them; the shelves, containing boxes and bales that somehow had a huddled effect.

And this was to be my background for I didn't dare to think how long!

"You look as if you were going to put on an apron right now," Mr. Burrows greeted me over the head of a woman who was testing the quality of some cloth by chewing the corner of it. "Lord, ma'am, don't eat it all up!" he added good-naturedly.

When she had gone I said:

"Yes; I'm coming, Mr. Burrows, just as soon as I can get the house shut up."

"I don't pay so very much," he said—"seven dollars."

"You pay six," I replied; "and that's all I'll take until I'm worth seven."

"That'll be next week, I guess," he said; "and a raise after Christmas, I'll be bound."

I had real friends, I reflected; and that's a good asset with which to start your earning career.

Getting Into Harness

THE next few weeks were very busy. I was old enough to know that you can't make good at work unless you care about it; and so I forced myself to get interested. The store was run by Mr. Burrows, Billy, another shopgirl, myself and an errand boy or kind of general factotum, who helped serve when there was a rush and delivered parcels when there wasn't. None of us had any special department, though in a sketchy way Mr. Burrows meant to look out for the men's furnishings, and trusted the silk and woolen goods to the other girl, and the cotton goods and notions and so on to me; but we all had to know all the stock and throw ourselves in wherever we were needed. Billy Burrows generally did the buying; and if he hadn't the store would have been worse off than it was, for we were not a very prosperous concern.

That, however, I did not notice. I was so busy learning to be a shopgirl that I didn't have time to look on our business in a large way or to compare our firm with others in town. After I was fairly launched I had other things to think about. One was the monotony of my life. You must remember that I was a young, healthy girl, used to sunshine and out-of-doors, fond of people and fond of fun. The greatest confinement I had known was high school from nine o'clock to three-thirty, with a long interval for lunch and different classrooms to go to. Now I was indoors from eight till six, with an interval for dinner as short as I could make it—and two evenings a week besides. I never could see that it paid to keep open at night, but the other little stores in town did it and so we had to. The long hours of indoor life told on my spirits; besides, socially I was gradually slipping out of things. My girl friends came to see me. I often waited on them across the counter, for some of them thought it would be a kindness to me to take part of their trade to the Burrows store. In a town one's personal clientèle is always an important feature. However, the visiting we could do over the counter was brief

I Think Her Long Nose Came Out First; Anyhow, That Was What I Saw Then and Forever After

and I missed our afternoons together. As for the evenings—sometimes I was called on at night or went to call, and sometimes I was invited to a party.

Only things were not the same. They couldn't be. Of necessity I saw less of the girls than I used to and our interests were different. My friends were girls whose fathers could support them at home; they went off on visits to neighboring towns and they made new friends. They had their clubs, which met in the mornings or the afternoons, to which I could not belong. Nettie Burrows at first saw as much of me as ever. When I couldn't go to her she came to me; but soon she had a chance to go abroad for a year and that took a great deal out of my life. Then bridge seized the town, and I had no time or inclination to learn it. With bridge came social distinctions, and lines were very closely drawn.

Plans to Catch a Husband

THE young men in our town had always been a minus quantity. There didn't seem to be so many of them born and the best ones went out West for wider opportunities. There were two or three young doctors and lawyers and ministers, a few bank clerks and newspaper reporters, and some young men in business for themselves. These were the material that I was naturally drawn to. I had known them all my life; but when they were graduating from high school I was a freshman. Now they were either engaged to girls who had been in their class at school or to out-of-town girls; and those not engaged were not seeking mates among shopgirls. They were attracted by the domestic sort, who stayed at home and had plenty of time to be charming. The boys who had graduated in my class at high school were like myself, just starting out, with no chance for marriage; and none of those I liked were clerks. I began to feel a great sympathy for all shopgirls, especially the few with a high-school education, who feel above their work. Not that I didn't have some attention from young men—ineligibles mostly; among them Billy Burrows. I can see him yet, sitting on the Jackson porch—a stooped, slim figure with a gentle voice and a humorous point of view. I think now that he came over whenever he thought I was alone. Yet he must have counted on my being alone less than I was.

One evening I sat on the doorstep with Marian Henderson, and I realized that for several nights we had been sitting just so. I had paid every call I owed and I hadn't a single engagement ahead; and yet merrymaking was going on all about me.

"Marian," I asked suddenly, "you've been working two years longer than I have. Did you gradually drop out of things as I am doing?"

She nodded.

"And did you mind?"

"Who wouldn't?" she said with a little break in her chirpy voice. "But you can't run after people—can you? You can't go more than halfway."

I reflected a moment.

"But what's to be the end of it, Marian?"

"What end do you want?" she asked.

"I want to be married," I said bluntly.

"Yes," she sighed. "And what chance is there here?"

"Better here, where we've known people all our lives and can count on the girls, than in some strange place where we'd have to start out and make friends."

I couldn't see Marian's face in the dusk, but I knew how she was compressing her lips and shaking her head.

"What you'd better do," she said, "is to learn stenography. I'll teach you in these empty evenings. Then let us both go to some city and start over. We'll get more money; and if we room together we won't spend much more than we do here."

"I had not thought of leaving here," I said.

"Have you done any thinking?" asked Marian.

"I know what you mean," I said slowly—"that I don't save much. I have seven dollars and a half a week, and four of it goes for board. Dress, laundry and incidentals must come out of the rest. What's over is the fund that must keep me out of the poorhouse some day. It isn't right, Marian," I added passionately, "that, when I'm only twenty-one and asking for life and happiness, I should have to be planning for a lonely old age."

Marian liked to face facts; and the more disagreeable they were the better she seemed to like to face them.

"Nothing stands between you and a lonely old age but some man," she said, "and he doesn't seem to be panting to appear. If he had appeared there might be two of you to go to the poorhouse. Have you ever stopped to think how many men don't make good?"

"Oh, no, Marian," I answered. "I don't want to stop and consider the failures of the world—it invites bad luck."

"Girls that have to earn their own living ought to do a good deal of thinking," she remarked.

It was some time before I spoke.

"Marian," I said, "I have made my decision. I could learn stenography and we could go away. I could stop buying pretty little things, make all my own clothes, and by the time I'm fifty perhaps have five hundred dollars more than if I had bought them. Besides that five hundred dollars, I'd have saved maybe fifteen hundred. There'd be two thousand dollars to buy a place in an old lady's home and have some money over for extras. It is safe—like three per cent interest in the savings bank; but it is not attractive. I can see why men plunge, hoping for fifty per cent interest. That's what I'm going to do."

Marian leaned forward to listen.

"I'm going to go three-quarters of the way if necessary," I said, "to keep in with the girls here. I won't give up my evenings to learning stenography. I'll learn bridge, and I'll call on the girls four times to their once if I have to. I'll spend my money on pretty clothes and I'll do my level best to marry some man in this or one of the neighboring towns. I never did like the city. I can't breathe between high walls. I'm going to make a plunge for life and youth right here. Then if I fail it will be time to talk of trying my luck somewhere else."

"I've always thought," Marian said, "that a working girl makes a good investment when she buys pretty clothes and tries to get married, always provided she is in a place where the investment counts—that is, where there are lots of men; and provided, too, that she doesn't keep it up after she finds she's lost out. Now I have saved my money here because to my mind it's no place to invest. The men either don't want me or else I don't want them. I feel under obligation to this good old lawyer I'm working for; but the minute he retires, which can't be so very long now, I'm going to pull out and get to a more lively place. Then I'll put on all the peacockery I can and do my best to grab a defense from a lonely old age. If it's to be the poorhouse I'd rather it would be the poorhouse for two than one. If you'd go with me I'd pull out now."

"Wait for me until I fail, Marian," I said with a shaky laugh, "and then I'll go."

From that day I began an earnest campaign to belong again to the youth and happiness of the town. I learned to play bridge and I played it well—so well that I was in danger of being worked into the married people's set. I exerted myself to the utmost to be just as entertaining and bright as I could. Nettie came home from abroad and did her best to help me. She made her friends see that she counted me in and that nobody was to slight me. Before long she became engaged to a struggling young lawyer. Her father refused to let her marry him until he was quite on his feet, which at the time struck me as queer in generous Nate Burrows. The wonder was he didn't invite him to come and live with him and bring his relations. After her engagement Nettie used spasmodically to import young men from neighboring towns for my benefit; but as time went on and she became more absorbed in her own young man she was less able to conduct a systematic campaign for me.

Sometimes, as the months passed, Marian would say: "My lawyer speaks of retiring soon. Isn't it pretty near time to change your investment? Remember what I said about keeping on too long!"

The difficulty is you never can tell when a girl is likely to get married. She might work hard for years and not land a thing; and then, when she had thrown up the sponge, some man she had never thought of would develop devotion and she would be married so quick she'd hardly have the time to get a trousseau, and I've seen pretty ones failing at twenty-two and plain ones making a match at thirty. It's all a gamble and there's no instinct to teach you when to leave off trying. I couldn't give up for a long time. I hated the dull days in the store, where so little went on that interested me.

Evenings and Sundays, though pleasant, were equally profitless. I didn't care for each of the hours as they passed but for what they would net me in the long run. I wanted a mate and a home.

What made me give up the hope was nothing inside me, but a smashing shock from outside. Mr. Burrows failed, and I suppose if I had been keeping my eyes more on the store and less on my future I should have seen that with his old-fashioned methods and haphazard way of giving credit he couldn't be making money. But he seemed to have plenty of customers and he looked so prosperous that I never thought he was anything but what he seemed. It's a strange thing the way some of these devoted husbands and fathers are such fools when it comes to protecting their own families. Mr. Burrows not only let his store go to pieces but he made crazy speculations. We discovered later that he had even allowed his life insurance to lapse.

Well, he killed himself. It was kept out of the papers, but a few of us knew. It seems queer to me even now to look back and be able to tell the disasters of a loving, generous family in a few cold words. He killed himself; his wife died of grief in half a dozen months; Nettie's lawyer broke off the engagement and married a rich girl in a neighboring town, and Billy got a job bookkeeping for some man who had a dairy a few miles out of town.

Marian made her employer retire by resigning her place, and she and Nettie and I left forever the comfortable little home town that, it seemed to me, offered a sunny place to all of its children except us.

"You Look as if You Were Going to Put On an Apron Right Now"

Three Fortune-Seekers

SO WE three went to Chicago—Marian Henderson, aged twenty-six; Nettie Burrows and I, each twenty-five. We took our place among thousands of others of the disinherited; but at least we had those advantages with which most of the disinherited begin—youth and hope. Marian was carrying out a long-cherished ambition. I felt that, though I had failed in my home town, there was more than one kind of success—and some kind surely I should find in Chicago. Poor Nettie was so crushed by her manifold sorrows that she didn't know yet that she had any hope or youth; all she knew was that she wanted to get away from the little town where she had lost everything—money, parents and lover! Her cousin, Billy Burrows, wanted to keep her with him. He felt that his salary as bookkeeper and the little he had saved could support them both; but, broken though she was, Nettie had enough pride to want to take care of herself.

Marian went up two or three days ahead of us to get us a place to stay and to see about a position her late employer had got for her in Chicago. She met us at the station. All of us felt the oppression of the city. I suppose if we had come in rich, and sure of our everlasting future, the strangeness would have been stimulating. As it was, we kept hold of one another's hands as the electric car took us southward to the home Marian had chosen for us.

It was a couple of miles from the downtown district, on a street that had tall, old, lean, ugly houses, all in a row. I didn't expect the roomy detached places we had at home; but this street made me forget there was grass or trees, or anything but crowds of people trying to put themselves in the smallest possible space. Marian had preceded us up the high steps and opened the front door. Almost automatically another door opened and our landlady appeared on the threshold of her bedroom, which should have been the parlor. I think her long nose came out first; anyhow, that was what I saw then and forever after.

"These are my friends, Mrs. Moore," said Marian. "Miss Esther Hanlon and Miss Nettie Burrows."

(Continued on Page 52)

THE CRIMSON CRACKERJACK

Ulysses Grubb Kicks a Hole in the Lumber Embargo

She Looked Upon Ulysses Grubb as a Great Lumberman in Embryo

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE Black Butte Lumber Company, with three sawmills in Southwestern Washington, maintained its main sales office in San Francisco. C. W. Hudner was the San Francisco manager. He was of that breed of managers that grows crosseyed early in the game through keeping one eye on his job and the other on the expense account. He was other things, but that does not concern us here. This is the story of Ulysses Grubb. Hudner is merely a subsidiary character—or, at least, he is a subsidiary character from the very moment when the announcement is made to the reader that Hudner had decided to employ another stenographer.

Now so parsimonious was Hudner and so commercially myopic that he considered it good business to employ people with a modest opinion of their own importance to the Black Butte Lumber Company. Consequently Mr. Hudner rang up a local business college.

"I want a crackerjack stenographer looking for a steady job," he informed the professor in the shorthand department. "Forty a month to start with. Got anything good that has graduated recently?"

"I have one very excellent stenographer," replied the professor. "Now—er—er—what kind do you want?"

Of course the reader will readily understand that what the professor really meant by this ambiguous sentence was an expression of Mr. Hudner's preference as to sex. But Mr. Hudner was a tired business man; and, moreover, he was in a great hurry.

"Oh, I'm not particular," he replied. "Looks don't count with me, though I am partial to redheads. I've always found redheaded stenographers are the smartest. However, I'll even waive that qualification, provided the candidate is a crackerjack."

"I'll send one down right away—redheaded, accurate and quick as a flash."

"Thank you," said Mr. Hudner in such dulcet tones that one would never have suspected him of being the first man on the Street to endeavor to crawfish on a cargo order because the market had slumped a dollar a thousand.

Half an hour later a rangy youth of about twenty-three or twenty-four, redheaded, freckle-faced, wearing a celluloid collar, a ready-made necktie with a brass dog's-head stickpin, a purple suit that had once been blue, and a pair of cheap patent-leather pumps, warped and cracked and run over at the heels, presented himself at the counter in the general office. Young Mr. Matthews, the cashier and bookkeeper, wiped his pen on the sleeve of his office coat and approached the auburn stranger. A smile faintly suggestive of amusement radiated from Mr. Matthews' cherubic countenance.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Mr. Matthews in the calm, superior tones of one who makes a hundred a month and belongs to a cotillon where all the members have their names in the paper after each ball.

"Nothing," replied the red scarecrow, and smiled at Mr. Matthews. That smile made Mr. Matthews distinctly uncomfortable.

"Well, then, what do you want?" he demanded bluntly.

"I'll tell that to your boss," the visitor replied. "However, not to appear uncommunicative and unneighborly, I'll let you in on a small slice of lowdown information. I want more than your boss is willing to give and I'm going to get it!"

Mr. Matthews produced a pad of visitors' blanks. He was above argument with this uncouth person. The red visitor glanced at the little square of paper and observed that there was one space for his name and another for the nature of his business. So he fished up a stub of a pencil from his rear trousers pocket and wrote: "Ulysses S. Grant Grubb—stenographer."

Mr. Matthews grinned—almost audibly. "Quite a name—that," he ventured, unable to refrain from "getting back" at the visitor. He started leisurely toward a door that bore in black letters on a ground-glass panel the words: Mr. Hudner. He had already decided to walk into Hudner's office, offer Hudner some pretext for his intrusion, walk right out again and tell Ulysses S. Grant Grubb that Mr. Hudner was too busy to see him just then and to call round a little later.

And that was just what Mr. Matthews did. Ulysses Grubb, however, was not that kind of stenographer.

"Tell that to Sweeney!" he said. He laid a hand on the office gate and endeavored to penetrate beyond the counter. Unfortunately there was a simple combination lock on the office gate, which baffled Ulysses Grubb; so he hopped nimbly over the counter and knocked at Mr. Hudner's door. A voice from within bade him enter, and the new stenographer obeyed, closing the door after him.

"Well?" demanded Hudner icily.

"I'm the new stenographer." Grubb sat down uninvited, draped one long leg over his knee, and clasped his ankle with both hands in a vain endeavor to conceal about eight inches of faded blue cotton sock that stretched between the top of his ridiculous shoe and the edge of his highwater pants.

"But," protested Mr. Hudner, "I—I—I didn't want a he-one."

"You didn't say so," corrected Ulysses Grubb. "You said you wanted a redheaded crackerjack." He waved a large, freckled, hairy paw deprecatingly, as if there the matter rested.

"And they've sent me a redheaded lumberjack!" growled Hudner. He had a quick eye for minor details and noticed that three of Grubb's fingers had been shorn off at the tips. Hudner judged they had been pruned down at least half an inch each. He had been on the point of dismissing Grubb summarily, but the fingers decided him. He would steer a more diplomatic course. Mr. Hudner had a rare facility for doing disagreeable things pleasantly.

"Can you play the typewriter, Mr.—er—er ——"

"Grubb," supplemented the visitor. "I'm chain lightning," he added.

"With those fingers!" Mr. Hudner was from Missouri.

"Try me," suggested Ulysses Grubb. Hudner decided to try him. He prided himself upon his ability to string language at a speed that would rattle a court reporter.

"Take this letter, Grubb," he said, and shoved over a notebook and a pencil. Before Ulysses Grubb could get the notebook open and spread on his knee Hudner had metamorphosed himself into a verbal Gatling gun:

J. C. Kirk, president Black Butte Lumber Company, Chehalis, Wash. Dear sir, please ship to Empire Mill and Lumber Company, Santa Rosa, Cal., via Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific to Shellville Junction, thence over Northwestern Pacific, one carload Number One kiln-dried fir, tongued and grooved, beaded and center beaded two sides, twelve to twenty-four foot. We are all out of formal order blanks; regular order will follow in tomorrow's mail. Yours truly, manager. There's your typewriter—don't take that. Grubb, go to it. I'm timing you.

"Like shooting fish in a bathtub!" said Ulysses Grubb. He tossed the notebook on the typewriter desk, grabbed the handle of a drawer in each great hand, jerked them open and drove his hands within. When they came out one hand held a sheet of carbon paper, the other the company letterhead. In a third drawer he found a sheet of yellow chemical paper for his carbon copy, slammed them all together and shot them into the typewriter. In exactly two minutes he handed this letter to Hudner:

J. C. KIRK,
President Black Butte Lumber Co.,
Chehalis, Wash.

Dear Sir: Please ship, P. D. Q., Empire M. & L. Co., Santa Rosa, Cal.:

1 C/L. # 1 Fir, K. D., T. & G., Bd. & C. Bd. 2-S—12/24'.

Owing to some carelessness in our office, we are entirely out of order blanks. However, the printer will deliver them late this afternoon or tomorrow morning, and formal order, with serial number, will go forward in tomorrow's mail.

Yours truly,

_____
Mgr.

Dictated:
H/U. S. G. G.

C. W. Hudner glanced at Ulysses Grubb with the closest resemblance to affection that had ever flitted across his hard-finished countenance.

"You're a bird!" he said simply. "Where did you get your lumber experience?"

Ulysses Grubb held up his hamlike hands and wiggled his blunt fingers back and forth.

"Mr. Grubb, Will You Tell These Gentlemen How You Managed to Shoe Three Hundred Carloads of Lumber Into San Francisco?"

"In a planer," he said gravely. "I thought I was the man you wanted; a sort of happy mixture of crackerjack and lumberjack."

"You from the Northern woods?" demanded Hudner.

Ulysses Grubb rolled up his sleeve and exposed an ulcerous sore about the size of a dime on his brawny forearm.

"A woodtick bit me there three months ago," he replied. "His head is in there yet."

"How long've you been round a sawmill? What've you done?"

"Well, after I got out of high school in Seattle I went down on the Columbia River and got a job picking up loose lath round the yard of the Atlas Mills. When I had the lath cleaned up they gave me a job painting telegraph cross-arms with red paint, and by the time I was eighteen I was muling lumber and rough-piling from the saws. I've been a yard clerk, order clerk and tallyman. Then I put in two years in a box factory on Gray's Harbor—that's where I lost my fingers. When they healed I went up to a logging camp on the Whiskam River and ran a donkey engine. I've been a swamper and a river hog. When I'd saved up two hundred dollars I concluded I'd had experience enough in the practical end of the lumber business, so I came down here and went to business college. I thought I'd better start in as a stenographer with some big company, get the run of the prices, deliveries and customers, and later on branch out for myself." Ulysses Grubb rubbed his chin and gazed at Hudner reflectively. "Do I get the job?" he queried.

"Certainly. The salary is forty to start with."

"I must have sixty."

"Nothing doing. We always start stenographers at forty."

Ulysses Grubb picked up his hat and started to leave.

"Good day!" he said.

"I'll make it sixty—considering your experience in the lumber business," Hudner hastened to inform him. "However," he added, "it's very unusual to pay such salaries to beginners. I'll expect a great deal of you."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars' worth for sixty," Ulysses Grubb assured him. "Couldn't lend me a dollar till payday—could you?"

Mr. Hudner was about to search his desk for a paperweight—until he happened to recollect that Ulysses Grubb was a product of the great fir woods of the North, where no man kotows to another—where the only master is the woods boss, who must prove his right to curse his crew by his ability to thrash them. He realized that Ulysses Grubb's red head had never been bowed to a master; that Grubb held himself the equal of any man and fully entitled to that man's dollar on the credit of an equal. Grubb purposed delivering the goods and letting his work speak for itself, and in this outrageous request Hudner realized that Ulysses Grubb saw nothing extraordinary.

"Upon my word, Grubb, you've got your nerve—asking for a dollar before you've earned it!"

"But I can't earn it until I get it," sighed Grubb. He pressed his hands against his stomach. "I went broke three days ago and I'm beginning to feel hollow-butted. The most nourishing thing I've had in three days is my name, and even then I dassent pronounce it in full or I'd have fancied I had an impediment in my speech. Ulysses S.! Just try that and see if you don't fracture the rule in grammar which says: 'Avoid a succession of hissing sounds.'"

C. W. Hudner pressed a button. Young Mr. Matthews entered.

"Yes, sir," he said in a thin, faraway voice. He was certain that Ulysses Grubb had informed C. W. Hudner that he was maintaining a liar in the office. He had often heard Hudner say that a man who will lie will also steal—and Matthews was the cashier!

Hudner glared at him, suddenly conscious of the fact that Mr. Matthews had no sense of humor—or, if he had, he had never dared to show it. Matthews was altogether too obsequious. Truly the man was a fish! Six years in the office and yet he had never brought a ray of sunshine into it, while this lumberjack, Grubb, who had never seen Hudner before, blew into the office like a breath of the big pine woods and robbed the firm of twenty dollars! Mr. Hudner had been on the point of instructing Matthews to advance Grubb one dollar on account and to take a receipt; but now he changed his mind.

"This is Mr. Ulysses Grubb, who is coming to work in the office tomorrow morning. You will advance Mr. Grubb his first month's salary of sixty dollars and carry it as a tag in your daily cash balances until the end of the month."

Mr. Matthews almost fell out of the office backward, so great was his amazement. Hudner was breaking a cardinal rule of the office—no advances on salaries prior to payday—and this to an entire stranger! Mr. Matthews knew C. W. Hudner; consequently he realized that the brazen Grubb had asked for the advance! Gracious goodness! With his knowledge of finance and a tithe of the Grubb nerve Mr. Matthews felt that he would have his name in the Sunday supplements within ten years.

"This is breaking one of the rigid rules of this office, Mr. Grubb," Hudner warned his new stenographer. "I shall not again make an exception to this ruling in your case. On principle I am opposed to permitting advances on salaries before they are earned, and the rule is designed not only to discourage extravagance but to promote thrift. Therefore I advise you to go easy with this sixty."

"My Friend," said Ulysses Grubb, "How Would You Like to Make a Little Money?"

Mr. Matthews entered with the sixty dollars. Ulysses Grubb took the money without thanking him, signed the receipt and slipped the three twenty-dollar pieces into his pocket.

"Now, Grubb," began C. W. Hudner, "let us understand each other. The rules of this office are few and simple. No funny business and no mistakes! You will report promptly at eight each morning. At twelve-thirty you will go to luncheon and be back at your desk by one ——"

"Nothing doing!" interrupted Ulysses Grubb. "That only allows me ten minutes for my scoffing. Dyspepsia's too cheap at sixty a month. I've always had an hour wherever I worked before."

"The others in this office manage to make out with half an hour, Grubb. I can make no exceptions."

"You'll have to. I'm an exceptional man and I'll prove it to you."

"I believe you are," Hudner admitted reluctantly. "Well, take an hour—but don't abuse good nature. Quitting time is six o'clock, and in case I should want you to work overtime Matthews will give you fifty cents for your dinner. Your place is in the outer office and you will never come in here unless I ring for you. I expect you to give the company your undivided attention; and if your conduct is what I think it should be your salary will be advanced from time to time. You have started in at the bottom to work up to the top, and that is a very worthy ambition indeed. I would not engage a man without ambition. The kind of men I want under me, Grubb, are men who will never rest content until they have run me off the job. That's the spirit I want in this office."

"I didn't notice that you had any of it here," said Ulysses Grubb; "but I'll endeavor to make up for past deficiencies." He grinned until his face lit up like a tropical sunset. "I'm after your job. You just watch me earn that sixty! I'm going out now to buy a beefsteak and some store clothes, and find a boarding house. Thank you for the job and the sixty advance. Good afternoon, Mr. Hudner!" And without further ado Ulysses S. Grant Grubb departed in high feather. C. W. Hudner gazed after him; then turned his attention to the sample letter he had given Grubb.

"Huh!" he muttered. "I didn't say a word about time of delivery, yet the fellow orders the carload shipped P. D. Q. That proves he's been an order clerk in a big mill all right. He has discovered that orders for immediate delivery are generally shipped in sixty days, and sixty-day delivery is lucky if the car is loaded within four months. Foxy Quiller! He didn't get my dictation word for word, so he filled in on his own initiative about the order blanks. Grubb, my boy, I think you'll do—though I'll be hanged if I know why I hired you!"

At exactly one minute of eight the following morning Ulysses Grubb reported for duty. Hudner was already on the job, and Grubb had a sneaking impression that he had gotten down thus early in order to satisfy himself that the new stenographer was on time.

"Good morning!" said Ulysses Grubb. "By-the-way, who does your printing?"

"Lockform & Pye," replied C. W. Hudner.

Ulysses Grubb skimmed through the telephone directory until he found Lockform & Pye's number. Then he called them up.

"Hello! Lockform & Pye? Black Butte Lumber Company talking. How about those order blanks? We're waiting for them and we don't intend to wait much longer. What's the matter with you fellows anyhow? Walking in your sleep? Get busy there and shoot over a bunch of those order blanks, and get the full order in by this afternoon, or the next time we have a printing job to give out we'll give it to a live one!"

He hung up. Silence—absolute silence had settled over the office. Young Mr. Matthews had paused, pen in hand, and was staring wildly at Ulysses Grubb. The office boy had his mouth wide open. C. W. Hudner was twirling his thumbs; and an elderly chief clerk and two assistants, carrying ledgers out of the vault, had paused in the center of the office to watch and listen.

"Which is my typewriter? That one there? Dirty old mill, isn't she? I'll just tear her down and put her together again," said Ulysses Grubb.

Forthwith he pounced upon it and for half an hour was as busy as a pup with a feather duster. When the machine was cleaned and polished and oiled to his satisfaction Ulysses Grubb was ready for business. He turned in his swivel chair to survey the arena of his future activities. C. W. Hudner was watching him with a grim smile.

"Now that you have time," he said almost cheerfully, "I'll present you to the office force, Mr. Grubb."

Forthwith Ulysses Grubb was duly introduced to Cameron, the chief clerk; Sanford and Whittaker, the bookkeeper and the assistant bookkeeper respectively; Harold, the office boy—and an angel. No; upon the word of no less a person than C. W. Hudner, she was a stenographer—Mr. Cameron's stenographer. Instead of acknowledging the introduction, Grubb, taking a fellow-employee's license, stared at her—and enjoyed it; for she was good to look at. She was a brunette; and, since it is a well-established rule of human nature that opposites always attract, the angel stared at Mr. Grubb.

"Miss Tabitha Tapscott, this is Mr. Ulysses Grubb."

"Beg pardon," said Miss Tapscott sweetly, "but what is the name?"

"Oh, never mind it," said Grubb, coming out of his trance in a hurry. "We'll get along beautifully, I'm sure. A common avocation and a common affliction ——"

Miss Tapscott favored Grubb with the wintriest of smiles and froze the genial current of his soul. He looked at her with his mouth open.

"Heavens!" thought Ulysses Grubb. "Isn't she beautiful!"

"Gracious!" thought Miss Tapscott. "Isn't he ugly!"

"Didn't you see me yesterday, Miss Tapscott?"

"No, Mr. Grubb."

"I'm so glad! I've got my new suit on today."

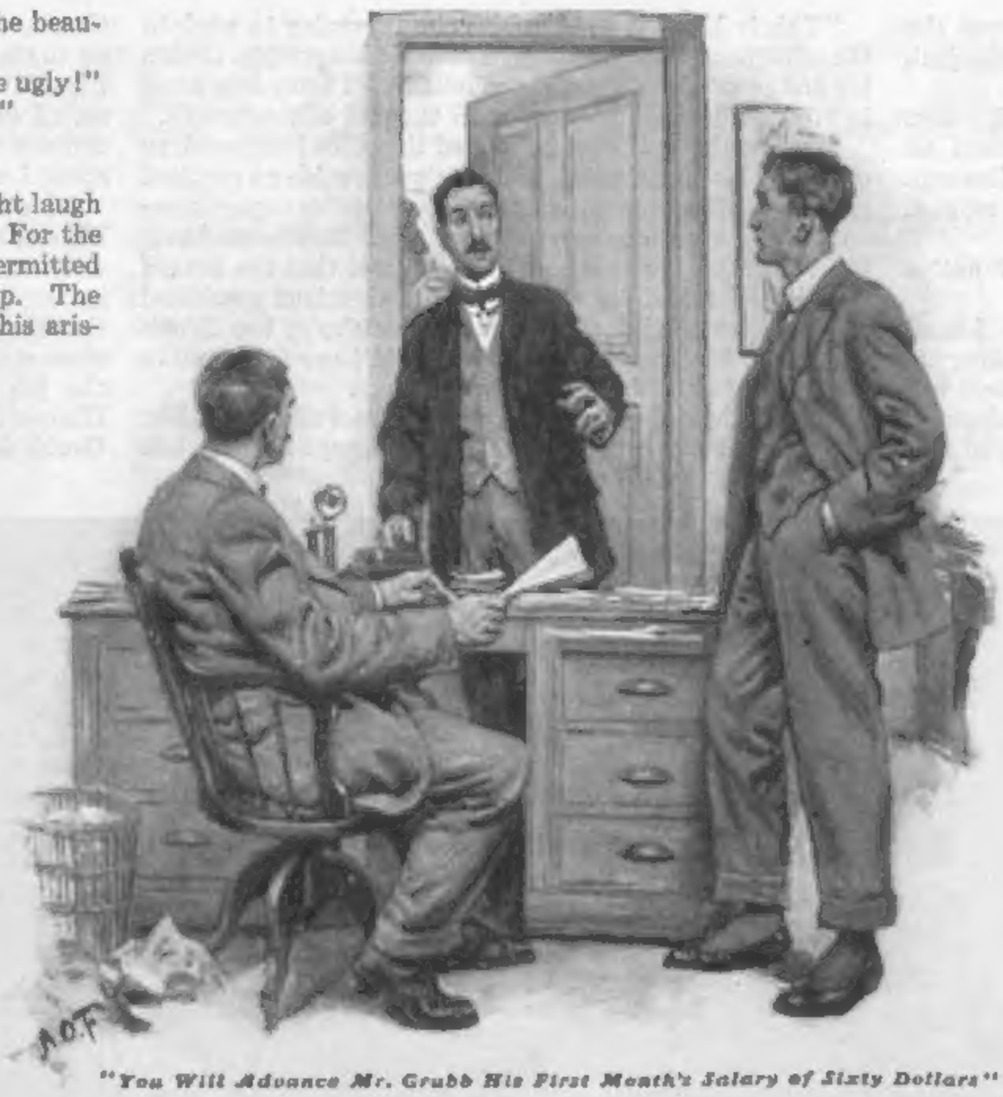
C. W. Hudner signified that his office force might laugh at this by the simple process of laughing himself. For the first time in the history of his administration he permitted himself a rude guffaw in the presence of the help. The effect was instantaneous. Mr. Matthews poked his aristocratic nose into his cashbook and screamed; Mr. Cameron cackled; while Sanford and Whittaker chortled a duet. Harold, the office boy, not in the least understanding what it was all about, laughed loudest of all and the dignity of the office went to smash in a jiffy.

Suddenly C. W. Hudner awoke to a realization of what he had done. He stopped laughing. Instantly the others stopped also. The sacrilege of such actions in a decorous business office was all too apparent now.

"Grubb," said C. W. Hudner, "I'll give you some dictation."

The office force got down to business instantly. Ulysses Grubb took his notebook and followed Hudner into his private office, and as he went he cast a languishing glance over his shoulder at Miss Tabitha Tapscott, who immediately attacked her typewriter in a vain endeavor to hide the pleasurable flush that rose to her damask cheek.

As we have already remarked, opposites always attract.



"You Will Advance Mr. Grubb His First Month's Salary of Sixty Dollars"

Ulysses Grubb went after C. W. Hudner's job with a vengeance. From the very first day he made good. He was a wonder! Hudner, watching him closely, often reflected that Grubb must lie awake half the night scheming up ways and means for providing daily demonstrations of his excellence as an employee in a wholesale lumber office. He was indeed a crackerjack—a veritable glutton for work. No detail ever escaped him. He thought of everything; he was untiring in his efforts to please and to remove all the responsibility possible from Hudner's shoulders. He was a stenographer, but he poked his inquisitive nose into every detail of the business. Cameron and Matthews resented this, but Ulysses Grubb overawed them. Grubb had unconsciously assumed that some day he would be the boss of that office, and in consequence he gradually assumed the prerogatives and characteristics of a superior.

By the time he had been in the office of the Black Butte Lumber Company six months Hudner ceased dictating letters to him. He merely skimmed through the mail for checks and turned the letters over to Grubb to answer as he saw fit. At first he used to read Grubb's letters over carefully, but after six months more had elapsed he even dispensed with this. He had faith in the judgment of Ulysses Grubb to say the right thing in the right way.

At the end of the first year Hudner raised Ulysses Grubb's salary to seventy-five dollars a month and gave him a nice fatherly talk. Grubb wanted money, but he listened respectfully to the talk. Then Hudner went away on a vacation—the first in five years—and stayed away a month, calm in the thought that his affairs were safe in the hands of Ulysses Grubb. When he returned Ulysses kept right on signing the letters—Black Butte Lumber Company, per U. S. Grubb—and Hudner made no protest. He wrote nice, friendly little letters to the trade signed thus, and presently country customers commenced to inquire for Mr. Grubb when they dropped in at the office. Grubb made himself agreeable and was frequently invited out to lunch with a customer.

Hudner, noting this, was quick to give him what leeway he desired provided it was conducive to the cementing of closer relations with the trade. On several occasions he permitted Grubb to take country customers to dinner and the show afterward, the expense of these mild carousals being borne by the company. Hudner noticed that orders always resulted.

Little by little Ulysses Grubb usurped the place in the outer office so long held by Cameron; little by little he developed from a stenographer into an assistant manager and salesman; little by little he reached out and secured tacit control of the corps of salesmen. It never occurred to his fellow employees to resent his seeming assumption of authority, for it was well known that he was the only man in the employ who dared to disagree with C. W. Hudner. They did not know that Grubb was a very superior mail-order salesman, and had brought in so many orders from what were at first mere nibbles, and had added so materially to the list of the company's regular customers, that C. W. Hudner's salary had been raised from six thousand a year to seven thousand five hundred; and under the circumstances Hudner was content to let Grubb have his fling. They looked upon Grubb as a stenographer still because he drew only seventy-five dollars a month.

However, when we say all, we should except Miss Tabitha Tapscott. She looked upon Ulysses Grubb as a great lumberman in embryo and often speculated upon the possibility of his asking her to hitch her wagon to his star. As for Ulysses himself, he had had a growing suspicion for some time that, provided a favorable opportunity should occur, he might venture to kiss Miss Tabitha without great bodily danger to himself. He was head over heels in love with Miss Tapscott, if we may be permitted to express the depth of his attachment with such bromidic metaphor; but considering the state of his finances he hesitated to declare himself to the brunette beauty.

When the San Francisco fire came along and the task of rebuilding the city confronted the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast, the three mills of the Black Butte Lumber Company put on night shifts and doubled their output. Naturally this doubled the activities of Ulysses Grubb and quadrupled his value to the Black Butte Lumber Company. So Grubb decided that he was worth two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Also, he decided to ask for it.

Now a jump from seventy-five dollars a month to two hundred and fifty is, to speak colloquially, some jump. Also it must be borne in mind that C. W. Hudner's burden had been so lightened by the indefatigable Grubb that with the passage of nearly three years he had forgotten that tired feeling of the pre-Grubb days, when vacations were few and far between. Hence, when Grubb made his request for the increased salary, C. W. Hudner suddenly woke up to the fact that it was time to put the brakes on Ulysses Grubb.

"Nothing doing, Grubb," he said. "You must have an exaggerated opinion of your value to this company. I will admit that your value has doubled since you came to us, and I'm willing to throw in five dollars a month more for good measure; but a hundred and a quarter is all I can see in this job for you."

"Very well, Mr. Hudner," said Ulysses Grubb, "I'll take you at your figure; but I shall not feel the same sense of loyalty to the company, and I warn you that if another position presents itself I shall accept it."

"That's your privilege, Grubb. I never object to a man's striving to better himself," replied the liberal Hudner. He was used to keeping men under his thumb; hence he could afford to be liberal when liberality cost him very little. "This is a most ill-advised time to seek a large raise," he continued. "You know that lumber in carload lots has been pouring into California, and particularly San Francisco, in such vast quantities that the railroad company has declared an embargo on car shipments of lumber on all Central California points south of Roseville, with the probability that all San Francisco Bay ports will be included in the embargo within thirty days. With the railroads so congested with freight that we cannot get our lumber into the market, the mills are operating at a loss, and I should think you would take this into consideration when asking for a raise. Grubb, I must confess I'm surprised!"

Grubb could not combat this argument, asinine as it was, without losing his temper and choking Mr. Hudner; so he said nothing. He knew that an embargo had been declared, as Hudner stated, and that until the lines could be cleared of the congested freight lumber shipments would not be accepted. However, with a fleet of forty windjammers and steam schooners freighting lumber coastwise, Grubb knew he would not be idle; and as he went back to his desk he wished a volcanic island would suddenly appear and block the Golden Gate, thus putting a lumber embargo on San Francisco. While rough common fir had, since the great fire, risen from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars a thousand feet, Ulysses Grubb was certain that the Golden Gate would have to be barred before the price of lumber in San Francisco would rise high enough to warrant a profit that would, in turn, warrant the company in giving him what he was worth and render it possible for him to have a confidential chat with Miss Tabitha Tapscott and purchase some installment furniture.

Within a week after Grubb's unsuccessful tilt with Hudner, the lumber world awoke to discover that over night the railroad company had included San Francisco and bay points in the embargo; and a howl went up from the retail yards. Notwithstanding the fact that every dry-rotted old bottom which had been laid up in Rotten Row for ten years was resurrected and made to pay thirty per cent on its original cost, the great lumber fleet was unable to deliver lumber to the San Francisco yards in sufficient quantities to meet the demand; and on the day San Francisco was included in the list of embargo points lumber prices for quick carload shipment went up a dollar—with no takers. Also Ulysses Grubb, who meantime had been busy studying the lumber tariff, suddenly decided to quit his job. C. W. Hudner informed Mr. Grubb that he was an ingrate.

"Forget it!" said Ulysses Grubb. "And have somebody else to take my place in two weeks. I'm only a stenographer. You can get somebody from a business college at forty a month. I'm quitting, I tell you, and it's useless to ask me to stay. I have something better in sight."

"I'll take it up with the president of the company and try to get you two hundred and fifty a month, Grubb, though I don't hold out much hope."

Ulysses Grubb shook his red head.

"There is no hope for you," he said. "I'm going to quit. I have something better in sight."

That day Grubb was two hours and a half at his luncheon. Hudner would have "called" him for this dastardly deed, but he had hopes that Ulysses Grubb would reconsider his determination to resign; and pending this reconsideration Hudner was careful not to appear touchy. He would have marveled much had he known that Ulysses Grubb had dispensed with lunch that day and called instead upon the station agent at Ocean View. Ocean View, be it known, is a suburb of San Francisco, but included within the boundaries of the city and county. In the days before the bulk of the traffic down the peninsula had been deflected over the Bay Shore Cut-off, the Southern Pacific maintained an agent at Ocean View, and it was this agent that Ulysses Grubb now called to consult. He found the agent taking the sun on a bench in front of the station. His name was Bill Perkins. Ulysses Grubb sat down beside him and waited in silence for fifteen minutes, until Bill Perkins turned a smoldering eye upon him.

"Waitin' for a train?" he queried.

Grubb nodded.

"Don't!" suggested Mr. Perkins. "This station is ha'nted. I don't see two trains a day; and as for passenger trains they don't come this way no more. They all go down the Bay Shore Cut-off, and these tracks up through the Mission is practically abandoned. So I guess, if you're goin' anywheres particular, it won't pay you to wait."

"Thank you," said Grubb; "but I'm in no particular hurry. So you haven't any business over this loop through the Mission—eh? Seems strange that the railroad company should maintain an agent here under such circumstances."

"Oh, it won't be for long," mourned Mr. Perkins. "They just ain't got round to me yet—that's all. When they do ——" Mr. Perkins drew his index finger across his bewhiskered throat and gurgled suggestively.

"You'll be out of a job then?" suggested Grubb sympathetically.

"I will—unless business picks up. That's what's making me feel so blue lately. I got a wife an' two kids; an' it's goin' to be hard on 'em unless I get another station somewheres. There ain't no business any more. I used to have a little—trainload o' lumber once in a while for the yards over Ingleside way; but since this embargo's on lumber from the North in carload lots it's so lonesome here I'm gettin' suspicious o' my own shadder."

"I see. What's the rate on lumber in carload lots from your station in to Fourth and Townsend streets?"

"It's a six-cent local, with a switchin' charge o' two and a half on each car."

Ulysses Grubb made swift mental calculation of the added freight based on this six-cent local. The freight rate from Portland, Oregon, and Willamette Valley points to San Francisco at that time was seventeen cents a hundred pounds; and Ocean View, being a station within the city limits of San Francisco, naturally carried the same rate, though honored with a separate listing in the printed lumber tariffs issued by the railroad company. Figuring thirty-three hundred pounds a thousand feet board measure on rough green fir—which is in excess of the actual weight, but the basis upon which delivered prices are figured, in order to be on the safe side—Grubb decided that, allowing for underweights, it would cost him approximately five dollars freight a thousand from the Columbia River to Ocean View, and two dollars a thousand for the short haul, including the switching charge, from Ocean View to the heart of the San Francisco retail lumber district—making an approximate total of seven dollars a thousand. Water freights were firm at ten dollars a thousand feet; and while the embargo was on, Grubb knew that the overwhelming demand for lumber would make even this three-dollar differential loom up in the light of a godsend to the first bedeviled dealer to whom he might offer his lumber.

"My friend," said Ulysses Grubb, "how would you like to make a little money?"

"Show me!" retorted Mr. Perkins, instantly interested.

"Very well. Now this is confidential. I'm not waiting for a train at all. I'm just nosing round here to see what I can see. I'm a lumber salesman and I've got a pull with the railroad company—enough to get my lumber through the embargo; only, in order not to embarrass all hands, I have to consign it to myself at Ocean View, pay the freight on it here, lift the freight bill and reconsign the cars to myself at Fourth and Townsend Streets. You see, Mr. Perkins, I can't consign it to my company, because they are known and I am not; and if the cars come rolling in, way-billed direct from the North, you know what a howl of favoritism will go up! Somebody'll make a roar to the Railroad Commission and then it'll be all off with me. The business I'm going to do through your defunct little office here while this embargo is on will hold you in your job just that much longer. However, in return for this I want you to do me a small favor. As fast as my cars arrive here I want you to jump lively and get me on the 'phone. I'll come out with the cash immediately, pay the freight and have you reconsign the cars to me at such yards down on Channel Creek as I may designate. Also the minute the cars arrive I shall want you to tear the car-tags off and substitute others that I shall provide. This will be necessary to throw my competitors off the scent; and if any of them come round asking you where the lumber is from, you just point to the car-tag and say nothing. The car-tag will prove to them that the lumber is coming up over the Ocean Shore from a little one-horse mill in the foothills of San Mateo County. Do you understand?"

"Easy!" said Mr. Perkins.

"Here's twenty dollars on account. I will let you have my name and telephone number the day I bring you out the bogus car-tags."

He shook hands with Perkins and took the trolley back to town. That night he sent a night telegram to the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, the largest manufacturers on the Columbia River, asking quotations on one hundred carloads of rough-dimension lumber, f. o. b. Ocean View, California, terms cash, less two per cent upon arrival of car and two and a half per cent commission to him; shipments to commence immediately upon receipt of order.

A pleased man was the manager of the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, when he received that telegram. He had piled in his yard and along the mill dock more than three million feet of 2, 3 and 4 by 4, 8, 10 and 12 inch rough green fir, twelve to twenty-four feet long; also a fair sprinkling of 4 by 4, 4 by 6, 6 by 6 and 6 by 8 inch—just the kind of stock U. S. Grubb was inquiring for. Of course he did not know U. S. Grubb from the Archbishop of Canterbury, but that worried him not. U. S. Grubb was, of course, a lumber broker, since his telegram stipulated a price based upon two and a half per cent commission to him and therefore entitled to wholesale prices. Moreover a three-million-foot order is not to be passed lightly by when the customer pays cash, and when a ridiculous embargo into the largest buying center of California is causing stock to accumulate at an alarming rate.

The manager of the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, knew that a broker seeking to place an order for nearly three million feet would telegraph his inquiries far and wide and competition would be keen. Owing to the embargo and its resulting embarrassments there would without doubt be some lively price-cutting, in consequence of which it behooved the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, to get down to brass tacks and do a little price-cutting themselves. The market was firm at sixteen dollars at the mill; but, in order to be on the safe side and secure that order, the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, made a horizontal cut of two dollars a thousand and wired their price to U. S. Grubb; not, however, until the Atlas manager had carefully scanned the list of embargo points and discovered that Ocean View—wherever that might be—was not included in the embargo list. Though it took a seventeen-cent rate, the same as San Francisco, this doubtless was due to the fact that Ocean View was off on some little jerkline road in Northern California! The manager got out a map of California and searched for Ocean View up and down the Coast, but failed to find it!

Immediately upon receipt of that telegram, U. S. Grubb wired his acceptance of the offer, and confirmed the wire by letter. He explained quite frankly that, being a broker, his finances were too modest to permit of his honoring sight drafts with bills-of-lading attached, thus being forced

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The Gentle Art of Spending

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

AS A BOY I considered spending the easiest thing in the world. Spending was natural—like breathing. If father gave me a penny I straightway invested it with Aunty Tack-in-her-Eye, the ancient crone who sold gingercakes and taffy to the young men and maidens of Sparta. If I got two cents I spent two cents. If by a miracle I got five cents I spent five. In the transmission of money I was never a non-conductor.

At Quincy College I had the same attitude. My allowance of a dollar a week was spent to the last cent. Had I had more I should have spent more. I held then, as I hold now, that to a certain point spending is the only true economy, and that saving is mere waste.

In a little tobacco shop where I invested my surplus nickels I used to meet a garrulous old lawyer named Fitz-Hugh. "Fits" was a confirmed alcoholic, and "proud of it," for to his drinking he attributed his success in life. "Any fool," he insisted, "can earn enough to eat, but it takes brains and work to keep yourself in drink!" And in all the swill of Fitz-Hugh's philosophy there was at least this gill of truth—to want money is the shortest road to the getting of it!

When father died and I came into ten thousand dollars my desire to spend oozed. I was interested in another game. I wanted to earn fifty thousand dollars in ten years and then retire to a biological laboratory. Every dollar uselessly spent meant a postponement of my ambition. I saved money to save time, but I never thought it easy to save or hard to spend. Spending was like breathing; saving, like holding your breath.

During my first year in business my expenditures averaged twenty dollars a week. That was a good deal in the middle seventies, when prices were low. But I considered it extravagant not to keep up appearances. After I had saved my fifty thousand I might wear a suit till it shone like a looking-glass, but until then it behooved me to dress up to my expectations.

Since I intended to retire from business on an income of only forty dollars a week, I realized that I ought not to pass that limit of expenditure now. But a knight who overcomes dragons and lions may succumb to the love of comfort and pleasantness. I abominated hair shirts. My taste ran to colored socks and variegated ties; in fact, like most healthy young people of both sexes and all races, I was a fop. My accounts for the last year of my single life show that I spent five hundred dollars for board and lodging, one hundred for books, eight hundred for clothes, nothing for medicine—and I do not know how much for flowers, candy and theater tickets, which latter items should have been debited to Edith Lathrop—about to become Edith Booth.

We Employed Servants to Wait on Servants Who Waited on Servants

Just after my marriage I closed up a big real-estate deal, and my wealth increased to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. At twenty-six I had saved enough to retire to my biological laboratory.

My expenses, however, were to grow as rapidly. Edith had never learned to save, for my father-in-law, the old general, had believed that economy was beneath the dignity of a Lathrop. I had expected to begin married life in a modest little home, but that plan died when my father-in-law generously gave us a double stone house and stable. The house-furnishings alone cost me seven thousand dollars instead of the two thousand upon which I had counted; and, before I realized it, Edith had imported an English coachman, whose broad vowels were the wonder of Sparta. Robert's birth jumped our expenses more than the third to which his small person was entitled, and by the time little Margaret was born I had accepted the inevitable.

My wife never kept accounts, but I know from my check book that we spent ten thousand dollars the first year, and later twelve, fifteen—and even twenty thousand dollars. The uselessness, wastefulness and endlessness of all this spending affected me unpleasantly, like a two-headed man or a six-legged dog. Moreover it was dangerous. Must it not in the end overtake my growing income?

It was not until 1896, when I was forty-one, that this fear came even near to being realized. I was in a critical

situation, desperately trying to hold a short railroad line long enough to force the Patola & Albemarle people to buy me out. Fearfully in debt, with no money and no credit, I should soon be called upon to make up a big annual deficit.

I stood between bankruptcy and a fortune, and the issue might depend upon a very few thousands.

It was then that the old Lathrop spirit altered my plans. My wife, who knew nothing of my financial difficulties, wrote me from New York that she had just purchased a summer home—an abandoned farm in New Hampshire. She had intended it for a surprise, but the New York architects, engaged to make over the place, had suggested using the farmhouse for a lodge and building a permanent home. Edith's letter was a delighted jumble of plans, specifications, landscaped gardens and tiled bathrooms. At last I was to lead the simple life, surrounded by Italian terraces, sunken gardens, swimming pools, Japanese shrubbery and macadamized roads; and she, Edith, had made it possible. Would I send money immediately or—better still—let her draw on my New York account? Her letter sickened me. I could not countermand the purchase, for retrenchment meant confession of ruin, and the P. & A. people would never buy if they thought I was so near the ropes.

Then suddenly there came to me the old story of the beleaguered town, whose starving inhabitants had thrown loaves to the enemy to pretend that there was plenty within the walls. What if Edith had, after all, unwittingly stumbled on my way out! Instead of retrenching, I would let architects and landscape gardeners do their worst, and the Sparta Citizen should have plenty of copy about my palatial country home. I had been an ass to plead poverty this morning when Brooks requested me to contribute a thousand dollars to the new Sparta Conservatory. I called him up on the 'phone.

"How much will that conservatory cost?" I asked.

"Two hundred thousand dollars—if we can get it."

I whistled.

"We might do it cheaper," he suggested.

"Don't consider expense, Brooks, but do the thing right. You can put me down for one hundred thousand, payable when you get the balance. Just two conditions: no publicity—no one to know but you, Swift and Richardson; and the rest of the money to be raised in Sparta. Come to my office and talk it over."

It was two years before I was called upon for my contribution; it was only two hours before the whole town surmised that I had been graduated into the class of philanthropists. Whether Brooks let it out, or his stenographer, or mine, or the telephone operator, I do not know, but the pledge of secrecy had worked to perfection! The Sparta Citizen had a full-page announcement of the offer and a scarcely veiled allusion to me as the anonymous benefactor. On the following day appeared a carefully worded interview in which I gave the impression of wishing to deny the gift, but of not wishing to lie. "I am not the donor," I said; "but if I were I should deny it!"

Crossing the Financial Equator

IT SOON leaked out that I was the donor; and then, with seeming reluctance, I made confession and avoidance. I pleaded warmly for the right to give unseen and claimed that no man owes an honest answer to an impertinent questioner. That set the ball rolling, and within twenty-four hours my insignificant gift—or promise of a hundred thousand dollars had become the most fascinating of all themes—a question in casuistry. The Sparta Press exploded in a double-leaded editorial called When Is a Lie Not a Lie? and quoted Walter Scott, Saint Augustine, Pascal and Seneca, as well as several school-teachers and tea merchants of Sparta. No sooner was this straw thrashed than the Citizen raised the supreme ethical question: Does the philanthropist owe to the community the duty of propagating morality by publishing his own virtues? This idiotic discussion spread like whooping-cough. Within a week I was receiving telegrams from newspapers all over the continent asking me to wire, at their expense, How it feels to be detected at philanthropy! And one New York paper carried what purported to be my photograph over the heading:

JOHN BOOTH, MODEST MULTIMILLIONAIRE
DID HE LIE?

Soon the argument began to bear fruit. Men revere philanthropists and millionaires—even Sunday-supplement millionaires—and the more I shrank from credit the more of it I got. I became overnight Sparta's leading citizen; and the Second National Bank, now that I had stopped urging it, showed a willingness to extend my credit. In the midst of the welter of talk I received a telegram from Jim Portugal, of the P. & A. group, and a fortnight later I sold out my precarious holdings for over three million dollars. I no longer cared how many Italian terraces or tiled bathrooms they added to that house. From the verge of bankruptcy I had been elevated to the position of wealthiest citizen of Sparta.

Our House Became a Museum for the Junk of Two Continents

Have you ever crossed the equator? Have you ever set sail from a northern port and gone south into ever warmer seas, until there came a time when you traversed an imaginary line on the sparkling blue ocean? And then have you noticed, in the days that followed, how the slant of the sunrays changed, and gradually you came again into cooler waters? Perhaps you slept past the equator. Perhaps you thought nothing about it until it was passed.

I have never crossed that equator—I have never had the time. But on or about the twentieth day of November, 1896, on or about the day I went in with Jim Portugal, I crossed my financial equator. Until then I had tried to earn what I spent; since then I have been desperately trying to spend what I earned.

That day I felt as though I had lived all my life in a heavy, overcharged atmosphere, and of a sudden had been exalted to a mountaintop! The pressure of wants disappeared; I felt an infinite expansibility. I could spend, spend, and my three million dollars would remain intact! It would be like sticking your finger into a cushion.

I had often been in New York, but it was then that I first saw Millionaires' New York. The mile of handsome shops on Fifth Avenue seemed like courtiers bowing to an absolute monarch. In their windows were costly brocades, Russian sables, rugs of silky texture and curious weave. There were laces and linens and cambrics and silks; rubies, emeralds, ivories, pearls. There were *éditions de luxe* of favorite books, with gold tooling standing out against backgrounds of dark morocco. There were wonderful paintings in fantastic old frames; and leatherware; and silver; and jade; and marble; and onyx; and fragile, glistening glass; and dark, odd-wrought, timeworn furniture; and vials of precious perfumes, the essence of thousands upon thousands of fragrant flowers. Every country had been ransacked and every century despoiled, and all this beauty and elegance and rarity had been heaped together to be auctioned off to wealthy men.

I stood in front of an antique shop and felt a strange sense of kinship with all the rich men of history. In Nineveh, in Babylon, in Ephesus and Rome men had stood, as I now stood on Fifth Avenue, looking at the spoils of earlier centuries. I wondered who before had owned that Chinese rug, that carved money-chest, that priest's robe of gorgeous brocade, that illuminated manuscript from I knew not what century, that bit of jade. Perhaps that sundial had stood in the garden of an old gluttonous Roman senator, with thousands of slaves, and with wide plantations in Italy or Gaul, and an African province to prey on. Perhaps it had then descended to some Byzantine millionaire and stood in a garden of Constantinople; and then had been stolen for a Venetian merchant-noble, whose ships sailed to the Levant and met there the dusty caravans from Persia and India. Who might not have owned that early fifteenth-century canvas? A Medici at Florence, a Fugger at Augsburg, a Marlborough, a Rothschild, a Vanderbilt—and now, if he wished, a John Booth, fresh from a victory over Jimmy Portugal.

"No one in all history," I thought, "has so laid the world under tribute as the millionaire of today. The ancient wealthy quailed before emperor, vizier, delator and tax collector. With all their money they could not purchase security, or even comfort." I looked about me, and every sign, sight, sound was an appeal to my purse, an acknowledgment of my power. That hotel across the street—I might engage its most sumptuous suite. Engage a suite? If I wished I might buy the hotel outright. Railroads and steamships were at my service. I was a monarch free to bestow power upon whom I wished. I might give that street beggar ten thousand dollars: it would be as though a fairy wand had touched him—and to me it was but the signing of a check. I found in my pocket a five-dollar goldpiece and handed it to the man. He thought I had mistaken it for a penny, and as he mumbled his professional thanks he viewed me furtively with his mouselike eyes. I passed on. It was my first disillusion in spending.

Edith was never disillusioned. On arriving in New York she was inducted by the Portugals into the very center of their set. They were all social climbers, aspiring to higher social altitudes, but enjoying themselves also on lower levels, like Alpine mountaineers who delight in the mere exercise of climbing. Adepts at extravagance, they spent two dollars where one had been spent before.

Portugal, able and cool in business, spent like the proverbial drunken sailor. His taste ran to bigness, newness, unattainability. If white elephants had suddenly become fashionable Portugal would have cabled to Siam for six of the largest, whitest and fattest in the kingdom. He would rip out his Louis Fourteenth and refurnish in Louis Fifteenth; and if it had cost more he would have preferred Louis Twenty-ninth. He fairly flowered into pearl necklaces and diamond tiaras for his wife.

"She likes these baubles," he explained, half boastfully, half apologetically.

The Costly Pleasures That Palled

OF COURSE we could not dine with these people, visit them and go to musical comedies with them without accommodating ourselves to their habits and tastes. Our house on Riverside Drive, which possessed every conceivable convenience—however inconvenient—became a museum for the junk of two continents and a scene of prodigal spending. We bought because we wanted things, because we loved to buy, and because we hated not to buy. We bought to show we could, and we bought not to be outdone by neighbors who did not wish to be outdone by us. There was not a banality in spending that we did not commit, or a taste for the rare, the beautiful or the grotesque that we did not indulge. We employed servants to wait on servants, and servants to wait on servants who waited on servants. We clad ourselves in liveries, as ceremonial as those of butler and coachman; and we converted ourselves into paymasters, into unpaid servants of our own servants. We lived like lords.

At first I liked it. I enjoyed the afternoon when I ordered twenty new suits, and then went to a fashionable little haberdashery and calmly spent a thousand dollars on shirts, bathrobes, ties, canes, and the like. In much the same spirit I bought horses, jewels and clothes for Edith. I joined expensive clubs and lost large sums in dreary poker games. But more and more I became disenchanted with this brainless spending. I stopped the card games because Portugal—who was superstitious and almost religious at poker—would insist on turning his chair for luck! My suits of clothes piled up until I forgot how many I had. Then one day, wandering into the vast armory where clothes, hats, ties, shirts and shoes were kept, I became suddenly angry. "Clear these things out, Bridges!" I ordered. "Hereafter two business suits only, and everything else in proportion!"

My spending on books lasted longer. Always fond of reading, I came to New York with a thousand well-tried volumes. The next year I bought ten thousand; during the two years following, twenty thousand more.

One evening I searched in vain for Lecky's History of Rationalism. There were books, books everywhere, but the book I wanted could not be found among the thirty thousand. The next day I engaged a librarian, who indexed and rearranged most industriously; but when it was done the library was no longer mine. All that time I had actually possessed four several copies of Lecky's Rationalism! It was another case of the extra suits of clothes.

"My dear Mr. Booth," expostulated Mrs. Portugal, "why not pick out your favorite books and give the rest to a library?"

"What!" I gasped, amazed at this quiet iconoclasm.

She picked a volume from the shelves and ran her fingers over the leaves.

"Why not? You and I don't really enjoy spending."

"But—you know ——" I hesitated.

She laughed.

"You mean *we* spend outrageously! Of course we do; but I don't care for my tiaras and pendants any more than you care for your fourth copy of Lecky." She glanced at her husband who was smoking by the piano, while Edith played the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. "Have you never noticed the little foreign banks in the lower part of the city?" she asked. "Sometimes they have half their capital in their windows in hundred-ruble notes. It inspires confidence. And, besides, the little banker likes it himself."

"You mean?" I asked.

"That I am Jim's show-window—that's all! Don't you see how he loves it?"

It was not, however, Ruth Portugal, but the popular novelist, Dion Bagehot, who taught me the true philosophy of spending. My friendship with Dion was an offshoot of Edith's affection for his wife. What Edith found in Alice Bagehot I could never discover, for to me she seemed utterly vain and vacuous. Alice was that most unhappy thing—the faded, futile woman of forty, who was a raving beauty at twenty! That immobile, discontented face reminded me of a classic marble temple, ruined by time, and now restored as a flimsy plaster imitation of a modern palace.

I do not know what Dion himself thought, for he could say less when he wished, and say it better, than any man I have ever met. He was a lion crushed by a butterfly, a man wasting the highest genius by digging into the earth for diamond necklaces. A great, great poet, he had written a pot-boiler to buy a wedding ring; to pay the bills of each succeeding year he had written a novel. Dion hated these novels—their artificiality, their strained sentiment, even their brilliant wit—but they brought in about fifty thousand dollars each; and Alice not only spent what he earned but saw to it, in her gentle, nagging way, that he earned it. Only once did Dion ever make allusion to this pressure. We were at dinner and Edith had asked him the title of his forthcoming autobiography. He answered, with the gentlest smile in Alice's direction, "I shall call it The Confessions of a Dirigible Husband."

Peacock Feathers

"SPENDING," Bagehot told me, "is merely puffing out your personality. It is like the trailing feathers to a peacock—like the long train to a fashionable woman. Why does the barefoot negro boy acquire four yellow dogs? They add to his personality. Why do we all—shopgirls and plumbers, fashionable literary hacks and gentlemanly financial pirates—spend every cent we get, honestly and dishonestly, wisely and otherwisely? We stretch out as far as we can; and vanity, my friend, is the only balloon that never bursts. Why does the stag grow horns until it can hardly make its way through the forest? And why did Absalom wear his locks so long that they caught in an oak tree and held him until Joab and his men came up? Vanity! Vanity! In some tribes they worship the fat man, who has put much food under his glistening skin; among other tribes they worship you for the servants you employ without using, for the food you purchase without eating. To spend to use is vulgar; to spend to waste is the only admirable and admired spending. *Finis!*"

It was the longest speech I had ever heard from Bagehot.

"That sounds," I ventured, "like a casual observation from the beautiful heroine of your next romance."

He made a wry face.

"Booth," he went on, "it saddens me to see our competitive American spending, where four tries to equal five and keep ahead of three! They're good people in their way—these rich folk. Not all the pearls have been cast to swine. But they're shortsighted, uninventive and incredibly stupid. They all think it is very easy to spend; and they buy and buy and buy, spending as they earn, selfishly and blindly. Then they discover that their stomachs are only so big and their dwarfed minds not much bigger. Why, spending requires work and patience, knowledge and intuition. It is the most difficult art in the world."

As the years went on I found that Bagehot was right. What advantage was it to multiply ivories, jewels, rugs, bibelots, first editions, Japanese prints and autograph letters? In what respect did such hoards differ from the ice-cards and cigarette photographs we children used to treasure? Merely to heap up such things was to make myself a laughing-stock! My collections could never equal those of the Metropolitan Museum, or my special knowledge that of the professionals who sold to me. Mere possession did not satisfy. It was not real. Was my library of thirty thousand volumes any more *mine* than was the Astor Library, which I shared with five million other citizens?

I had long known that my unmeasured spending was brainless and vapid, but I had thought of it as a thing apart from me—a thing I did, not as a thing I was! I was now to learn through a chance encounter with my old friend, Professor Amos Baldwin, that my spending had reacted on my life, my outlook, my interests. As pitch defileth, so the constant ministering of the slaves of the lamp weakens the fiber, and narrows and blunts our common human sympathies.

In all my early life Baldwin had been my hero, the man in whose footsteps I had aspired to walk. He had gone far and fast since those days in college when he had talked biology so enthusiastically, and even since that later day when he had succeeded in his efforts at artificial fertilization. I remembered reading in the newspaper of his great address, Back to Darwin! which was crowned by the Académie des Sciences of Paris and was translated into all the modern languages. I had intended congratulating him; but, my secretary departing suddenly, the matter was overlooked. When I ran into him, therefore, one summer morning on Riverside Drive, my delight was mixed with a desire to justify myself.

"Come, dine with me this evening," I said. "The family is in Europe and the house is a lonely place to bachelorize in."

I looked forward to that dinner as a débutante looks forward to her first ball. We would swap stories as in college days, sitting before the fire, and filling the air with thick smoke from villainous pipes. Again we would be young, and again would return that old spirit of adventure and boundless enthusiasm!

The evening came and a dreary, weary dinner—and that was all. Baldwin, uncomfortably clad in evening clothes—of Sparta make—donned for my benefit, was ill at ease. I, equally uncomfortable in an old smoking jacket, donned for his benefit, was quite as self-conscious. The night was blistering-hot—we sat in my big, forlorn library, drinking cool drinks and smoking expensive cigars, until I felt the years increase and the vision of my youth disappear. He left before ten and I called up Jim Portugal to take me to the roof garden.

A Woolly Rhinoceros for Host

ONE thing, however, stuck: We had discussed certain Pleistocene monsters recently discovered by a Spanish geologist, and Baldwin had explained the wonderful adaptation of those huge creatures to the probable environment of their day.

"Well, what ever did kill them off?" I asked.

"For one reason, they were too big!" he said. "They needed more to sustain them than creatures of a more economical build. Nature could not afford to let them continue to exist. Take the woolly rhinoceros, for example ——"

It shot through my brain like a cross-bolt:

"Baldwin, do you know you're dining with a woolly rhinoceros?"

He politely assumed that I was joking, but what I had said I meant. What were we multimillionaires but overbig, bloated creatures, too costly for society to maintain? Did I not cumber the earth?

"I am going to stop being a woolly rhinoceros," I said to myself as I waited for Portugal to drive up. "I'm going to shed some of my coats and have some fun for my money. I shall seek out some worthy charity."

It all seemed so easy. You sat in your office and somebody came and asked for money. You wrote out a check and—presto!—there was a bed in a hospital, a new milk station, or a sick child restored to health.

So I launched into charity. Of all dissipations, giving is the most inveterate, for the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Soon I was giving to a hundred different organizations. I gave the way Portugal spent. I did not even remember the names of the charities to which I sent annual checks.

"Let me see, Mr. Abrams," I asked of the short, pink-cheeked, serious young fellow who wanted some money for the Half Orphan Asylum, "haven't we spoken about this institution once before?"

The little man almost fell off his chair.

"Why, Mr. Booth, you are a life member and one of our directors! I saw you last year and you gave us ten thousand dollars."

"Of course! Of course!" I said. "I mean ——"

I tried to explain, but all I could recall of that previous interview with Mr. Abrams was my temptation to ask the solemn young man whether it cost more to support two half orphans than one whole one. I covered my mistake with a large check; but the lesson drove home. It was another case of the extra suits of clothes and the four copies of Lecky. I did not know enough even to give!

I was to learn my lesson even better. One of my earliest gifts was to the Association for Protecting Infants From Neglect—a most worthy charity, I was told—and so year by year I increased my donation; in fact I had a warm glow at my heart whenever I thought of those poor neglected babies. My sister Katharine soon extinguished that glow. She had come

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The Seven Days Had Cost Me—Food, Lodging and Railroad Fare—Exactly Seven Dollars

HIS LAST JOB

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Say, Howie, Will You Join Me in Cracking the Crib of the Commercial Furniture Company?"

THE lion has its lair, the eagle its nest, the fox its burrow, and man is the only animal that pays rent. This is unjust and contrary to the law of Nature."

So spoke Howard Woolson, alias the Chicago Wonder, alias Chicago Howard—not to an assembly of single-taxers, but to Punk, who had espied him in the confined area of light that an electric lamp, hanging above the sliding door of the Berlin Brewing Company's barn, had wrested from the darkness.

Nor was Howard Woolson—height five feet nine, figure slender, hair and eyes black, mouth large and crooked, nose hooked, front teeth protrusive, to take liberties with Who's Who in Chicago, published by the police for private reference only—an agitator kept in perpetual verbal motion by the funds of the party. No indeed! Howard's kind heart merely had been stirred to philosophical utterance against the sorry arrangement of things by the sight of poor Punk, cast homeless and penniless on the streets when the February cold sliced like a blade.

"You spiel like a sky pilot, Howie! Talk some more. I like to hear it," said the fascinated Punk when the oracle, ceasing its outpour of epigrammatic wisdom, lapsed into silence.

"Nit, Punk!" laughed Howard, highly pleased. "Fine words don't get you nothing. In this hard world mazuma talks!" And, to prove the value of preachment by practice, he searched pocket after pocket in quest of an elusive dime. Finally in the torn lining of his striped vest he ran a dime to cover. "There, Punk!" he said, handing the treasure to the boy. "Go buy yourself a doss."

Punk's shrewd face softened, moisture gathered in his near-set eyes, and he choked out thickly:

"Lookyhere, it ain't no wonder ye're always busted, Howie. But I don't take yer last dime—no, not me!"

"Forget it!" returned the outcast blithely. "Any time I can't make doss dough in a city of two millions—mostly suckers—I'll strike work and try politics. And, sonny, hear me! Though your slim long hands prove you're a born dip, you ought to quit traveling 'the rocky road' while you're still young and innocent. There ain't nothing in it or on it but cops and broken hearts all along the way, and the Big House at the far end. I'd quit, myself, but I don't know the ropes of no other road; and when I do get off for a bit the Dicks and the flies chase me back. Now beat it! I got important business."

Punk, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his shoulders shrugged as if to retain their heat, moved eastward in Taylor Street toward his lodging house, pondering wistfully over Howard's generosity and his forgetfulness of the interests of self. It was a side of human nature rarely exhibited to him in the fierce publicity of the streets and he was queerly affected by it. At the critical age of fourteen years and six months he was saved, perhaps, by the altruism of an outlaw from becoming a downright cynic. Who knows?

In Canal Street he came to a reluctant stop, like an automaton at the end of its measured spring. It was still early—not quite ten; and, though the cold swaggered like a bully in the streets, swept clean of a populace that showed their heads timidly from behind frosted panes, Punk hated to surrender what was his by right of eminent domain and retreat ignominiously to his uninviting bed. He rarely retired before one A. M., and a departure from principle might inflict punishment by depriving him of an adventure. The nights of the city, he had learned, do not become Arabian before the clock strikes twelve and the early bird has gone to bed in fear lest it miss the matutinal worm.

Suddenly his eyes, changing from passive reflectors of thoughtfulness to active organs of observation, swept into his ken the short, bent figure of Billy Eric, alias Shortweight Billy, as it rounded the opposite corner and passed westward in Taylor Street. A scowl contracted Punk's freckled face, much as the fist clenches when anger shakes the heart. He hated Eric. Long ago the thief had treacherously involved Punk in a job that almost had sent him to the reformatory; but the crooked deal was only a justification for the loathing that had antedated it. He hated Billy Eric because he hated him—which is to say, instinctively. To Punk, Billy, with his shifty gray eyes, his round shoulders perpetually hunched as if for a lunge from an ambush, his sly step, seemed more reptilian than human.

"Maybe there'll be somethin' doin'. I'll take a chance anyhow," he said to himself as he crossed the street to tail the object of his scorn.

Near the barn of the Berlin Brewery, his coat collar turned against the edge of the attacking cold, his head bent far down on his long, scrawny neck, Billy almost collided with Howard Woolson, who stood on the sidewalk, his gaze bent as greedily on Halsted Street as if he were awaiting the law's unguarded moment to sweep that thoroughfare into those corrupt and guilty coffers, his pockets. Punk, flat as a silhouette, darted along the barn wall and dropped behind a row of empty kegs that lay between the farther edge of the sliding door and the alley that adjoined it.

"You—Howie!" exclaimed Billy, startled as if his own shadow, endowed with life, had confronted him. "I reckoned this burg was too cold to hold you. I thought you was hiberniating in Palm Beach with them other big Irish politicians."

"Me! For why?" asked Howard. "I'm too fond of colds, rheumatism, chilblains and the other winter sports of Chicago."

"Well," ventured Billy, "I thought your high standing in the community being hurt on account of that Cooper & Faxton job ——"

"I had nothing to do with it," growled Howard, angry at being compelled to deny what he had denied often before.

"Tell that to the Richards and the flies instead of me, Howie! Your word will go like one of your phony checks with them, and I don't cash no checks for nobody. Only just to make you feel good, I'll tip it off to you that Shorty Williams tipped it off to me that Tunnison was hunting for you as hard all week as if you was a bit of graft held out on him," chirped Billy gayly, proud of recondite knowledge.

"Another winter sport offered by Chicago!" laughed Howard. "Now let me tell you something, Billy dear: Tunnison knows as much about hunting as one of them guys that shoots his friends for deer every fall in Michigan and mourns the corpse for a trophy. He'll be so far off the scent by the time he's put wise that I'll have lived down my past and opened a respectable shoeshop, like Alias Jimmy Valentine, which we seen in McVicker's Theater last winter. Do you remember the poke we dipped from the mol who blubbered so hard when Jimmie was pinched that she forgot she had had our sympathy and ——"

"Get back on your trolley," interrupted Billy.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Howard, flattered up the stream of his confidences by the impression he wished to make on Billy, "in El Paso they pinches a poor guy who has the hard luck to look just like me—he's more to be pitied than blamed—and charges him with complicity in this here Cooper & Faxton job. And Tunnison is leaving tonight for El Paso, with extradition papers in his pocket, to fetch back that geezer on which they shoved my mug for a bit of queer. Can you beat it?"

"In the line of a fairy tale, no," answered Billy. "Were you piped when you dreamed it?"

Howard, maintaining a silence that was as dignified as it was mysterious, ignored the question. Mystery was necessary to veil his partial ignorance. That very day a pal had sent him word from El Paso, saying that his double was being held there on the charge aforesaid; and blandly Howard had jumped to the conclusion that Tunnison, who was usually selected for extradition jobs, would be sent on a wild-goose chase after him. If not true it sounded important, and Howard, like his kith, loved to appear important.

On mooted points their conversation pivoted for a while and then, rather irrelevantly, Billy ventured:

"Say, Howie, will you accept an invitation to join me in cracking the crib of the Commercial Furniture Company? It's a snap, and an elegant time will be had." He went into details—topographical, monetary and purely professional.

"Listens too good to be earned honestly," commented Howard finally. "But the night is young yet and I've got other business. I'll make a meet with you in the alley back of the factory for eleven sharp."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

Billy, offering Howard a limp hand, slunk to the corner and proceeded north in Halsted Street. Howard, lighting a cigarette, turned as if to enter the stable through the small door that was cut in the large sliding one. Punk uncoiled for a run. Then Howard, murmuring, "What the hell! What the hell!" moved off and, exposing himself to the lights of Halsted Street, peered expectantly up the thoroughfare, which showed a mass of cold shops and tenements huddled together as if to gain warmth from the contact, and squares and oblongs of yellow light tantalizingly warm to the lone wayfarer. Abruptly Howard wheeled to the right and Punk caught sight of the disappointment that furrowed his face at the very moment that Howard, furious at having been the dupe of a philanthropic impulse, caught sight of Punk, not ten feet away.

"Tailing me, are you, you little devil!" he shrieked. "That's the way you worked me for a dime, is it! I ——"

The arab, unable to give a satisfactory explanation of conduct seemingly not to his credit, twirled like a top in the middle of the street and, running northward, left the sadly disillusioned Howard far behind. Nor was it so

much his desire to get away from Howard as to catch up with Billy Eric. It was a point of honor with him, for one thing, never to lose the man whom he started to tail; and, for another, he was stirred to the chase by mixed and curious impulses. Vague intuitions spurred him on.

At Van Buren Street he lagged into a walk, the tense expression left his face, and he smiled in a self-congratulatory sort of way. Luck, born of instinct, had held him to the trail. He was just in time—and no more—to see Billy Eric veer round a corner and steer steadily to the west. He could no more evade Punk now than Punk himself could evade the all-watchful stars, to the care of whose solicitous light the world and the night were confided.

A short, rapid walk brought Billy to a corner saloon, where he ended his pedestrian enterprise. Punk let a minute or two pass idly, then he slipped into the alley, scooped a handful of ashes from a convenient box and flung them against the rear window of the family entrance. The thick green shade lifted. Squatted behind the box, seeing but unseen, he looked into the fat face of Big Tunnison, the fly cop.

"So that's what Billy is doin'!" growled Punk in a rage. "He's stooling fer Tunnison! He's turned copper! De sneak! De squawker! He's bumped agin Howard and now he's going to deliver him! De ——"

If curses constituted eloquence the three great political parties would have competed for Punk's services, and the winner might have featured him as the Boy Orator of the West. Nor was the steady flow of his profanity exhausted on Billy alone, for part of that muddy stream was diverted toward the head of Big Tunnison. Never was it to be forgotten or forgiven that Tunnison, breaking a solemn promise a month ago, had cheated Punk out of his part of the plunder that accrued from the arrest of Alfred Burley, the "peter" man from Toronto. At least five thousand dollars, he estimated, should have been his proper share in that adventure, and the detective had tried to square the bargain with a miserable silver dollar! Punk, raging but helpless, had sworn to be avenged. Thus far all opportunity had failed him, but he consoled himself with the reflection that "It's a long alley which ain't got no ash-barrel!"

Unexpectedly Tunnison and Billy Eric stepped out of the side door of the saloon, stopping midway the execration that was still spurting from the mouth of Punk, rampant. The pair lingered for a minute near the doorway, above which a colored globe was tossing a ball of sinister green light on the outer edge of a sea of darkness. Then Tunnison's great frame sauntered southward and Billy, yawning, moved off in diametrically the opposite direction.

Punk, whispering to himself, "Well, I got Billy's number! What more does I want now?" ended a momentary irresolution and tagged after Tunnison. The detective, as leisurely as if he had more time to spare than space to cover, shifted directions and drifted into Ye Goode Inn, a saloon in Blue Island Avenue, the poor wines of which needed a striking sign for a bush.

The urchin, willing to accept the dull prose together with the spirited poetry of adventure, resigned himself to a tiresome wait in the hostile streets.

His mind, reaching out eagerly in all directions for distraction, found it in the last thing that one would have thought capable of yielding it. Opposite Ye Goode Inn was a barracks of the Salvation Army; and Punk, listening intently, caught the chorus of a hymn which, pealed by fervent voices, escaped the closed doors and floated off in the clear, crystalline air. The sound caressed like warmth. Enticed, he was about to cross the road and draw nearer the spiritual fires from which that heat came when the hymn ceased, the notes of the accompanying organ dwindled into silence, and a young woman in uniform glided over the threshold and put foot on the sidewalk outside.

His Trained Fingers Dipped Into Tunnison's Inside Pocket

In that vast bureau of identification, Punk's mind, she was set down immediately for Anna Hanson, more familiarly known as Danish Ann of the Army. Tall, angular, even bony, there was yet in her every movement a certain sinuous and yet contradictory grace. Her arms were long and delicately molded, but the hands were disproportionately large. The high forehead, the burning black eyes, the prominent nose of the oval face gave a first impression of strength, but a final conviction of weakness when one's attention was caught and held by the small mouth and the receding chin. Her face, like her life, was a contradiction.

Thanks to weakness far more than to wickedness, she had had a career not altogether admirable before religious exaltation had lifted her off her feet and swept her into the regenerating folds of the Army. And yet, not altogether inconsistently, intellectual calculation had tinged and colored her emotionalism as red tinged and colored the olive of her cheeks. She had enrolled in the Army because she saw in it not only an institution for her own spiritual salvation, but also a means for the moral rehabilitation of Howard Woolson, whom she had loved for years. She would not have annihilated the organization for him, but willingly she would have subverted its purposes for his rescue. He was all her world.

Once she had observed a gull, floating in the light fog that overhung Lake Michigan, suddenly swoop down on a slice of bread that stood out markedly on the surface of the dead gray expanse of water. How like, she had thought, was that monotonous, meaningless waste of water to her life—Howard Woolson to the sustaining jetsam tossed afloat on it; herself to the gull that would fly with him to an undiscoverable aerie!

However, neither she nor Howard had taken Punk into the deeper secret of their love affairs, and he was in no position to know whether the tie that bound them had tightened or loosened since her conversion. Yet he craved exact knowledge. It was his ambition to be a complete encyclopedia of all that did not in the least concern him. After all, he would not need Tunnison until eleven, the time set for the blowing of the Commercial Furniture Company's safe. At any rate, resolving to run the risk of finding the detective when wanted, he trotted on behind her, betting two to one she would lead him to Howard.

He was fond of the picturesque; and to his eye, as she strode along, her blue uniform and bonnet, with its streaming ribbons of red, her coils of wavy, luxuriant blue-black hair, made a picture. And so absorbed was he with a pleasurable consideration of her that he was taken off guard by surprise when Howard flashed out of the side street near the stable, waved his hand to Anna impatiently and shot back into the darkness as into the mouth of a tunnel. Punk, shielded from sight by the barrier of the kegs again, missed at least one-half of the lines when Howard chided Anna for her belated appearance and she defended herself indifferently, as if not concerned one way or the other. But gradually her voice rose louder and louder in passionate protestation; her sharp phrases snapped, before they coiled, like a stinging lash. He tried, his suavity holding his temper in control, to mollify her. In vain! She flung forth the death sentence—her voice, like her body, atremble:

"I'm through with you! You're worthless! You're no good on earth! I'm tired of your lies! It's always like this! Tonight you've framed another of your excuses for not pulling out of all this, going away to marry me and live on the square! We're quits and for good!"

Her frame rocked with rage, her arms swung irately; and her face, which was the face of one who had learned sympathy through suffering, grew hard as if made of elemental stuff, resistful to the chisel's edge. She stalked away, her bent shoulders and her walk eloquent.

"Ann! Won't you listen to reason? I'm dead broke! I'm down and out! I'm ——"

Her back was turned to his words and her ears were closed to the pathos of his plea. He started forward as if to follow her; then he shrugged his shoulders, succumbing to the sheer hopelessness of a situation that he was not strong enough to combat. Punk's heart ached in sympathy for him; in fact, the ache was so poignant that he forgot for the moment to sound a warning against Billy Eric's treachery. When he recovered his presence of mind the little door of the stable had opened and an oblong patch of yellow glimmered in the darkness. The door shut with a bang. The light and Howard vanished as the cry that rose to Punk's lips fell unuttered. The boy's fist rattled against the door; his foot hammered the unrelenting boards. The noise traveled through the night, echoed afar in widening circles of sound; but there was no answer—none heard. It might have been that none wanted to hear.

"Never mind!" Punk consoled himself philosophically as he hastened toward Ye Goode Inn. "I'll see him somehow afore he puts his foot in that trap."

His slender legs, cutting the air with ever quicker movements like the flap of a whirling pigeon's wings, flew when he reached Blue Island Avenue and glimpsed Anna's uniformed figure cut in strong relief far ahead where the garish lights of the thoroughfare softened as they receded to a dim gold. He slowed down slightly to watch her as she quit the shivering streets to make her way up the stairway that led to her room in one of the flats over a corner grocery. Then, plunging on again at full speed, he came to a sharp halt in front of Ye Goode Inn.

Luckily for him, when he entered the resort all the energies of the bartender were claimed by a fierce dispute with two customers over a question of change. Quickly assuring himself that Tunnison was not in the larger room, Punk slipped unobserved into the family entrance.

His first step into that unknown realm enthralled him. He stood transfixed. Tunnison, his bulky body distributed

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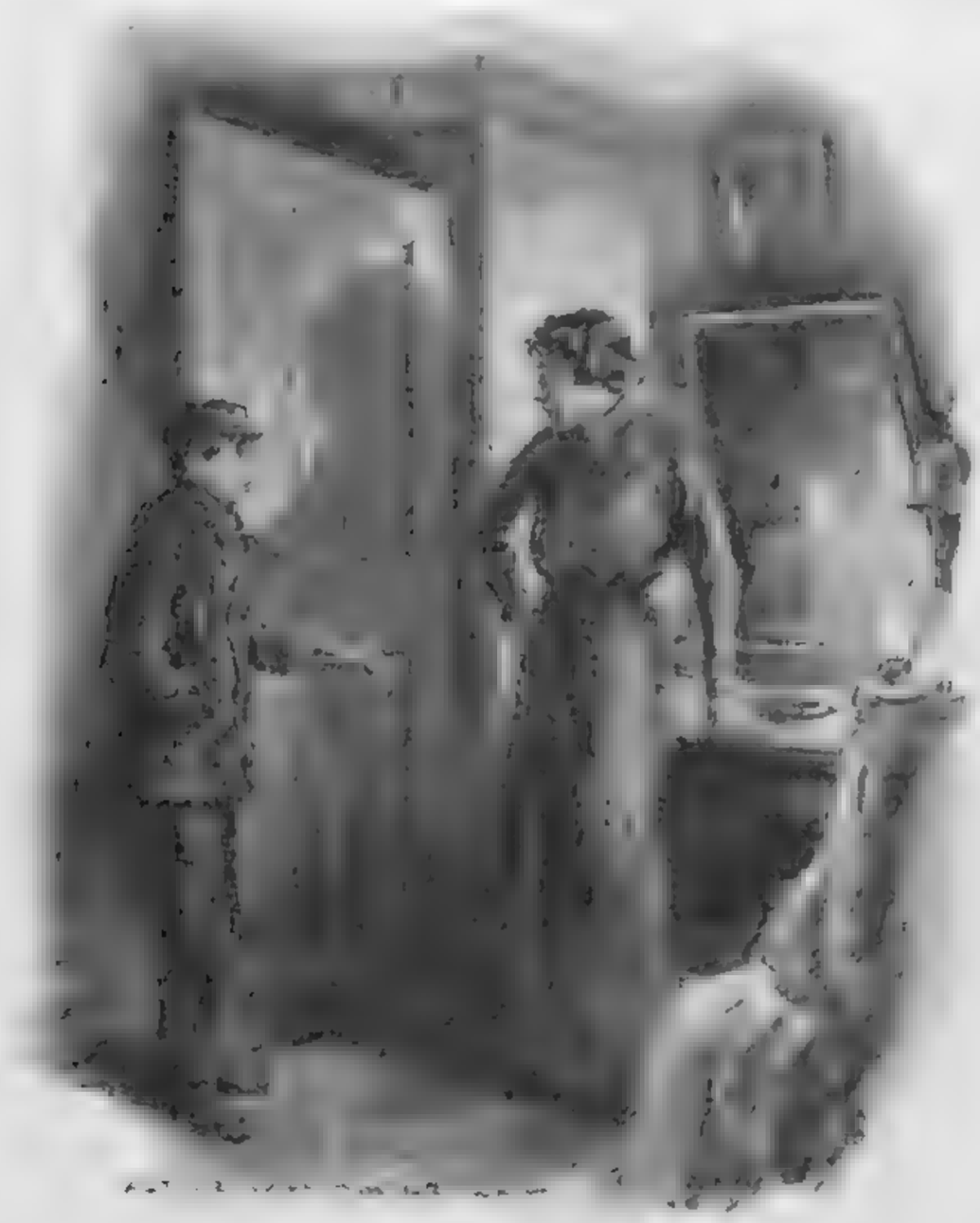


"Ye're to Put a Move on Yer and Meet Him at de Polk Street Depot. Here's Yer Ticket!"

A DICKER IN TITLES

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"THERE'S your place, old scout!" declared Ben Smiley, stopping the driver with a poke in the back.

Antoine Poivrade looked at the four points of the road and then at his adviser, incredulous and shocked. "Not this magnificent château!" he exclaimed, feasting his eyes again on the stately house set back in a wilderness of green and surrounded by a vineclad wall.

"Best corner within ten miles of Paris!" insisted Smiley, who was a sharp-angled man, with a hard-muscled face. "More thirsty Americans pass this stand than ever found your little old New York roadhouse."

"But, Smiley," protested Antoine, studying an elaborately explicit sign, "this is the ancient château of the Marquis de Blanchesang!"

"Great!" approved Smiley. "You can use that in the business. Call it the Marquis Blanchesang Roadhouse, and put a picture of the old boy up over the gate."

Fifteen years in America had not taken all reverence from the soul of Antoine.

"Impossible!" he cried.

"Why?" argued the practical Smiley. "I can't read French; but if that isn't a real-estate sign I'll put horseradish on it and eat it."

"It is now the property of the Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux," interpreted Antoine. "He would not sell it for a roadhouse."

"Show him some money," grinned Smiley.

"Also, the price will be too great," worried Antoine, already planning a new terrace for little marble-topped tables.

"Never mind," chuckled Smiley. "Get the property first. You can tie up a heavy bundle with a shoe-string."

Antoine's eyes twinkled and the curls of his black mustache jerked upward.

"That is the language of New York," he smiled. "I heard it at every table in my roadhouse. But there is another difficulty: The Count himself lives in the adjoining château."

"Let's go look him over," offered Smiley; and he again poked the driver.

"Cochon!" He Hissed. "I Repudiate Our Agreement!"

Scattering gravel with reckless impudence, the taxi dashed up the driveway of the old Grassepompeaux estate. An ox-eyed gardener, with a fuzzy mustache; a workman, with no forehead and a droopy mustache; another, with cheekbones like horns and mustaches like bunches of celery; and another one, with a nose that started at the roots of his hair and ended in a round, red knob over a mustache that was a merciful fringe—all these looked up and scowled at the passing vehicle.

This was a day of scowls in the château of the Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux; for it was the first of the month, and no wages or bills had been paid for the last year.

Even as the taxi whirled up the drive, little Lucien Lafaim, who had the thinnest waist and stiffest pompadour and most bristly mustache of any private secretary between Paris and Versailles, rushed into the kitchen and threw his portfolio on the standing desk of François, the cook. He was in despair!

"Again I am discharged!" he exclaimed.

François, broader than he was tall, and adorned with mustaches like spikes, stood his half-sliced carrot on end and brought out the absinthe.

"Again I resign!" he fiercely declared, and he loosened his apronstrings to breathe more freely. "It is because you have asked Monsieur le Comte for money!"

"Monsieur Lucien! Monsieur Lucien!" cried the shrilly excited voice of Florette, who rushed into the kitchen and out again, then back, remembering that she had seen the secretary there after all!

"Mademoiselle Madeleine desires me?" queried Lucien, again in despair.

"Now!" directed Florette with her hands and her eyes and her mouth and her hair—particularly her hair, which fairly radiated impatience.

"It is of no use!" sighed Lucien. "There is no money."

The contempt of Florette for Lucien was beyond mere words. She rushed madly up the back stairway. On the landing she nearly upset thick Emilie; and that bewildered scrubperson was still crossing herself when Lucien dashed past her and upset her pail!

In her blue boudoir, amid the priceless old furniture, and beneath the glitter of cut glass, stood Mademoiselle Madeleine herself, tall, well rounded, black-haired, carmine-cheeked—and thirty-two. There was a glint in her black eyes.

"I require five hundred and twenty-five francs, Monsieur Lucien, if you please," she coldly informed him.

"Mademoiselle, I am in anguish!" protested Lucien. "There is no money!"

"It is necessary," stated Mademoiselle Madeleine. "Four bonnets are here from my modiste. There is some error, for the account comes to collect by the messenger. Attend to the affair."

Monsieur Lucien Lafaim was driven to his last extremity. "I am discharged!" he explained.

Mademoiselle Madeleine knew the worst at last! Lucien was always discharged in a towering passion when her brother, the Count, had not a centime. She turned to Florette with calm dignity.

"You will tell the messenger of the Maison Claurice that mademoiselle is insulted. I do not wish the bonnets. I will not have the bonnets. I desire that the Maison Claurice shall send in the account complete."

"Yes, mademoiselle," accepted Florette with vigorous joy; and in three seconds the shrill voice of the maid, vibrating with indignation, could be heard telling the messenger of the Maison Claurice just how much mademoiselle was insulted!

Mademoiselle Madeleine listened to Florette with gleaming satisfaction, calmly dismissed Secretary Lafaim, and took a vase from the mantel to place it on a tabouret. Midway of the floor she heard the impertinent voice of the messenger of the Maison Claurice, and the red flame of her cheeks spread up to her temples and down to her round neck.

Suddenly she threw the vase into the fireplace, and soothed a portion of her soul with a thousand of those clashing tinkles; then swept out into the hall in her morning gown, down the grand marble staircase, and into the door of her brother's library! There she stopped, confused; for Monsieur le Comte was just receiving Antoine Poivrade, late of America, and Ben Smiley, also of that rich country.

Monsieur Ben Smiley turned discreetly away; but Antoine Poivrade, plump and sleek, with beautifully curled mustaches, fixed his astonished eyes in surprised adoration on the charming Mademoiselle Madeleine de Grassepompeaux!

"Pardon!" she murmured, and fled.

II

"MONSIEUR himself would use the château as a residence?" speculated the Count, who with the largest face in France necessarily had the tiniest mustache.

"Naturally," smiled Antoine.

The Count did not look so overjoyed as he might have done after this announcement. It was no particular pleasure to have the château of the Marquis occupied by one of the bourgeoise!

Ben Smiley, distressed and distracted by the mazes of a language of which he had no comprehension, touched Antoine's foot with his own. "Show him some money; and don't tell him why you want the place," he warned.

"Pardon, monsieur?" observed the Count, looking at Ben Smiley in a puzzled manner.

Antoine was blandness itself.

"Monsieur Smiley advises me to come to the business of the affair," he explained. "What would be the price of the château of the Marquis?"

The Count breathed heavily, torn between the distractions of how much money he needed and how much he could probably get. "Six hundred thousand francs," he finally estimated, allowing himself the useful margin of a hundred thousand francs above his mortgages.

Antoine turned speculatively to his friend.

"It will be difficult," he worried.

"Show him some money!" insisted Smiley.

"He desires a hundred and twenty thousand dollars!"

Ben Smiley immediately rose and the angles on his face became intensely obtuse.

"If it's cash kick him on the shins and let's go home!"

"It is not all to be paid at one time," hastily urged the Count, seeing that they were about to go. "One hundred thousand francs might be paid now, and the balance at your leisure."

Antoine resumed his chair.

"What did he say?" demanded Ben Smiley suspiciously.

"That twenty thousand dollars would be sufficient at the present time," Antoine informed him.

"Mortgaged to the neck!" judged Smiley, sitting down and pushing a hard forefinger into Antoine's knee. "Now, pal, don't get stung! Find out just how stiff these mortgages are and hold that much out of the price; then cut him to a whisper on the balance. Show him some money, Tony."

The Count studied Ben Smiley with deep thought spread over his entire countenance. A factory had been erected adjoining the château of Comte Beaujaunte; an apartment hotel had been built overshadowing the château of the Duc d'Ivrogne; Ben Smiley looked like a business man!

"Monsieur is certain that he wishes the château of the Marquis for his own residence?" he queried.

Antoine hesitated.

"What did he say?" rumbled Smiley, returning the Count's suspicion with interest. He listened grinningly to Antoine's explanation. "Tell him you intend to entertain some of your American friends," he suggested. "Why don't you show him some money!"

Antoine, at last heeding the advice of his friend, produced his pocketbook and opened it. The well-stuffed wallet contained a thick sheaf of thousand-franc notes; and Ben Smiley with much satisfaction saw that the Count's eyes glistened!

"I shall not pay Monsieur le Comte all he has asked," Antoine stated; "but I shall be pleased to advance him twenty thousand francs in cash immediately—at this moment—'to retain the bargain,' as we say in America."

The Count had never hungered and thirsted so much for money as at that instant; still his duty toward himself and toward the dead Marquis, from whom he had won the Blanchesang estate at cards, held him back. That expression, "to retain the bargain," in itself sounded like business.

"I must know in advance to exactly what use monsieur wishes to put the château," he insisted.

"What did he say?" inquired Ben Smiley.

Florette of the streaming hair burst into the library out of a sudden babble of confusion which seemed to fill the house as if by magic!

"Fire!" she cried; and rushing on through the library, her little pink hands gesticulating in so many directions that there seemed a circle of them, she dashed down into the abode of François and up the back stairs into the

sewing room, leaping over thick Emilie on the landing, through the hall, and down the front stairs again, shrieking Fire! at every jump.

The Count proved himself a man of action—he rang a bell!

"Yes, monsieur," answered Lucien, darting in from his tiny little office at the rear of the library.

"Fire!" announced the Count, still ringing Lucien's bell.

"Holy blue!" gasped Lucien, and sat down.

"It is desperate!" cried Antoine Poivrade, jumping from his seat and catching the contagion of the occasion.

Florette appeared again in the doorway, the mere center of a quivering aureole of hair.

"Fire!" she screamed, and dashed away.

Again the Count proved himself a man of deeds!

"Lucien, telephone to the fire brigade!" he ordered. "No; but wait! Tell Philippe to ring the château bell! Ah! Another thought! Tell Henri to bring up the hand-grenades from the cellar! Well, *cochon*—you do not move! *Allons!*"

Lucien Lafaim rose. He was pale. He staggered. He put his hand to his heart. He fell!

"Ah, my child!" cried the Count in remorse; and stooping over, with his own hands he loosened Lucien's stays.

"Fire!" screamed Florette outside the windows, running round the house in both directions.

Some one else now had the brilliant idea of ringing the château bell; and, in spite of the crack it had acquired in the Revolution, it clanged forth bravely and scared every one who had not been previously frightened! The Count himself now plunged to the telephone, though he despised and feared that mysterious and unreliable French instrument.

"'Ello! 'Ello! 'Ello! 'Ello!" he began, pleading into the transmitter, and never left off so long as the excitement lasted.

Thick Emilie came thumping into the library with her scrubpail. Her mouth was wide open but voiceless. She placed her pail on the table and crossed herself; then she upset the water on the floor, picked up her empty pail and plodded out, convinced that she had displayed great presence of mind.

Henri, of the wine cellar, whose mustache was kinky, hurried up the stairs with the hand-grenades, which were full of a chemical guaranteed to extinguish any fire into which the grenade might be thrown. With a deft corkscrew he pulled the stoppers of four; but, since the liquid would not stay in any of them, he gave up the task and ran out, dripping!

A flash of red passed the library door. It was Mademoiselle Madeleine de Grassepompeaux! Antoine Poivrade, gallant to his very core, immediately sprang out after her.

"Fear not, mademoiselle! I will save you!" he earnestly assured her; and together they ran away to a safe distance and looked at the house.

The four workmen who had scowled at the taxi came running with a reel of hose. They pushed and pulled and wriggled it up the steps; and wedged it tightly in the doorway. The one with the mustaches like bunches of celery had been most in every one's way; but now he proved to be the genius of the occasion. He tore off the side of the reel and began plucking at the coils of hose.

Alas! they, too, were wedged! All four were in despair; but the one with the mustache like a fringe suddenly thought to open the other door, and they pushed the apparatus into the hall.

The fuzzy-mustached one came running out with an end of the hose in his hand. His eyes were distended and his nostrils were expanding. He galloped straight into the garden at top speed. The drooping-mustached one followed him madly, with two nozzles in his hands! The celery-mustached one, who had given birth to the brilliant idea about breaking the reel, stopped and pondered deeply for a moment; then he screeched at the other two, "Halt! You have the wrong end!"

The Gratitude of the Comte Gruyere de Grassepompeaux Was Beyond Adequate Expression

They did not stop, however, until they had reached the waterplug by the hydrangea bushes; and then the fuzzy-mustached one proved to them that either end was now—with this new patent coupler—the right end for either the plug or the nozzle.

First he screwed the hose to the plug, to show them he was right in that portion of his contention; then he unscrewed the hose from the plug and screwed on a nozzle in triumph. Then he unscrewed the nozzle and screwed the hose back on the plug, while Florette ran round and round the house screaming Fire! and the Count pleaded 'Ello! into the telephone. The three workmen were very much interested in the patent coupler!

Was the fringe-mustached workman to be idle in all this need for activity? He was not! He took the other end of the hose and rushed with it to the nearer waterplug at the side of the well. He was deft! He was clever! He was cool-headed! He fastened the hose to the waterplug in only five attempts! Then he remembered he had not used the patent coupler, and did it all over again—but he did it well!

Florette varied her course. She dashed in through the reel-cluttered hall and made a round of the kitchen, where François was stuck in a flour barrel; the sewing room, where Emilie had retired to put on her best apron; the boudoir and the corridors by way of the library, screaming Fire! at the top of her lungs.

The Count stopped saying 'Ello! Something must be done! He went to the library window. He looked out at the idle hose, which curved almost up to the steps.

"Turn on that water!" he commanded in a voice of great exasperation.

There was instant obedience. Both the fuzzy-mustached man, at the waterplug by the hydrangea bushes, and the fringe-mustached one, at the plug by the well, turned on the water at one and the same time—and into the same hose! The man with the two bright and shining nozzles under his arms immediately started running, in order to be somewhere or other. The hose filled with a thud. Water spurted from the patent couplers at both ends, but nothing else happened.

The celery-mustached man followed the solidly filled hose from one plug to the other. He saw instantly what was the matter. He stopped and thought; then he chased the nozzle man and brought him back, and, seizing an ax, chopped the hose in two! The nozzle man barely rescued him from drowning.

"Fire's out!" called Ben Smiley. "I found it in the pantry and I spanked it to death!"

Antoine Poivrade was not slow in translating that glad news to his compatriots; and the gratitude of the Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux was beyond adequate expression. He stepped up to Ben Smiley, threw his arms round that sturdy American, and kissed the struggling friend of Antoine on both cheeks!

"And now, monsieur," he said to Antoine, "I shall consent to take your money!"

III

"BUT I have only sixty thousand dollars," fretted Antoine at the Hotel of the Seven Seas. "I shall require ten thousand to remodel the château and ten thousand to begin business."

"That's the way to figure it!" approved Ben Smiley. "That leaves us forty thousand to spend for the property."

Antoine shook his head.

"The mortgages are for a hundred thousand dollars," he objected. "It would take all my profits to pay the interest."

"You talk like a sucker!" chided Smiley. "Those mortgages don't worry your Uncle Ben for a minute! One of them has been running fifty years, if that feeble-looking little lawyer of yours knows anything."

"There's where we're up against it," mused Antoine. "That mortgage must be very strong."

"The hundred thousand dollars has been paid in interest half a dozen times," declared Smiley. "The mortgage is old enough to die."

Antoine speculated on that statement with a dawning sparkle in his eyes.

"I like American business," he said. "How shall we proceed?" and he hitched his clumsy stuffed chair closer.

"Show them some money!" was Smiley's instantaneous advice.

Antoine looked vague.

"But how?" he protested.

"That's up to you," urged Smiley. "I have a hunch it can be done. Here's a box of cigarettes. The government retail price is three and a fourth francs. This swell hotel scratches off the tag and charges me six. The guy downstairs in the Prince Albert—that I thought was the proprietor—eats with the servants and gets twenty dollars a month. A soldier draws two cents a day. You go right over to your lawyer and show him some money!"

Antoine was completely reassured. He rose smilingly and buttoned his coat. "That is the talk of all the gentlemen who paid three dollars for a lobster at my New York roadhouse," he observed. "I go!"

Antoine did not return until dinner-time, and he was bubbling with excitement.

"It is true!" he cried. "I have seen it! I do not suppose there is another case like it now left! The property of the Marquis came to him in the Restoration, and it is not clear that he paid the government."

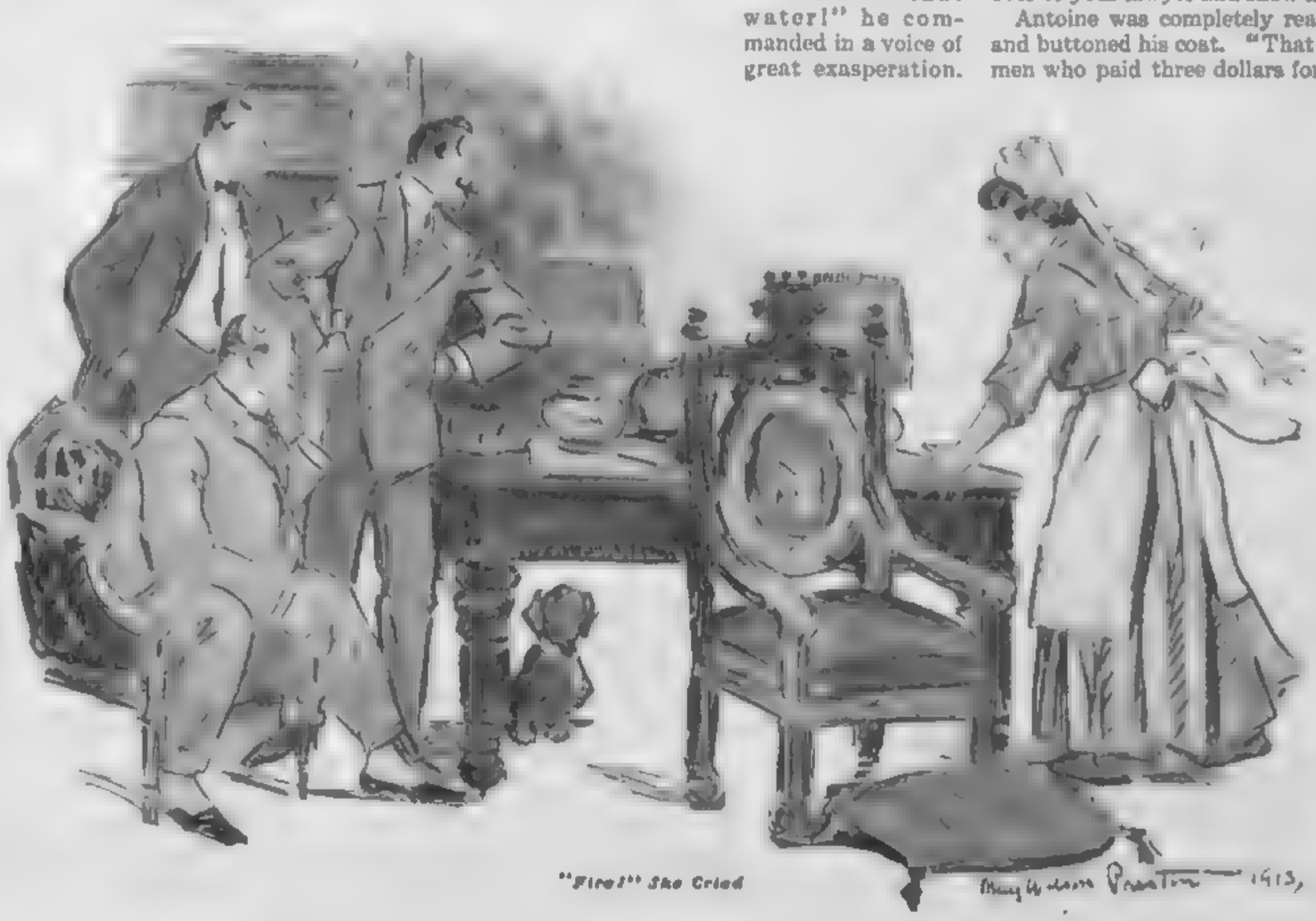
"How much will it cost to make it clear that he didn't?" grinned Smiley.

"Pouf!" exulted Antoine, slapping himself on the chest. "I have already paid two thousand dollars—half! I shall be a rich man in France, like my Wall Street customers!"

"I guess the old Marquis relied on his pull," mused Smiley.

"Look!" went on Antoine, who seemed to

(Continued on Page 48)



"Fire!" She Cried

THE WHISTLING MAN

III

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AT DAWN, after the night's events in the Café Ragnuet-Bouldu, the storm cleared along the Channel coast and the sunlight of a bright summer morning poured down on sleepy Etaples.

Promptly at six Madame's house awoke. First to emerge was the drowsy-eyed porter who removed the blinds and swept the parlor bar. Then came the boots, an aproned youth, yawning and gummy-eyed with sleep. Depositing a double armful of shoes and slippers on Madame's billiard table, he lit his morning cigarette, then vanished cellarward. Following arrived Madame's three buxom, buoyant chambermaids, and next the cook, a tall, gaunt peasant woman from near-by Cucq. At seven-thirty, or thereabouts, Madame herself appeared.

Sleep, it would seem, had by no means restored Madame to her usual placidity and aplomb. Her eyes were sunken and her cheeks were white; furthermore, there was in her manner the same air of prickly disquiet that had marked her the night before. Attired in a flannel dressing-sack and with her hair done up in curl-papers, she marched to the door, where for a long moment she stood peering out into the marketplace, her eyes keenly sweeping to and fro.

The square had already awakened. It was market day, and the peasant carts from Cucq and Trepied had begun to assemble, their wheels jolting noisily on the cobblestones, their drivers even more noisy as they squabbled for a choice of places. Surveying each in turn, Madame next addressed her attention to the near-by streets and alleys, after which she drew in a heavy breath and lumbered to the door of the dining room. There she raised her voice.

"Sylvestre! Sylvestre!"

In due time the drowsy-eyed porter appeared. Madame, when he entered, was gazing at the ceiling, her lips compressed as if she thought.

"Yes, Madame?" said Sylvestre inquiringly.

Madame's eyes, after a moment, withdrew from the ceiling and wandered evasively to the door.

"M'sieu Craig, the old gentleman, has he descended yet?" she asked.

Sylvestre, after a look, lifted his expressive eyebrows.

"But no, Madame!" he replied. M'sieu, as he pointed out, never descended until nine.

"Attend!" said Madame bruskly. "At once you will serve upstairs M'sieu his coffee and his roll. At midday also you will carry to M'sieu his *déjeuner*. Understand?" Sylvestre understood. "Attend also!" Madame added, her tone sharply imperative now. "Should M'sieu descend to go out, or should he be asked for at the door, you will at once and without fail notify me! That is all," said Madame; and with a last look that swept the marketplace from end to end, she turned her back on the now somewhat wondering Sylvestre and lumbered toward the stairs.

She had just reached them, and with one pudgy hand upon the balustrade was heavily stamping upward, when a door opened on the floor above and a quick step sounded in the hall. Madame paused. A moment later, her air alert, she turned, and brushing past Sylvestre darted toward the dining room. Craig, descending swiftly, was just in time to see her skirts vanish through the doorway.

"Madame!" he called. "Madame!" and with a little shrug of annoyance Madame halted, then waddled back into view.

"Pardon, did M'sieu call?" she murmured.

Craig for a moment did not speak. Waving abruptly for the gaping Sylvestre to go, he walked to the dining-room door and closed it. During this Madame eyed him with evident uneasiness. "Well, M'sieu?" she inquired.

Craig went toward her, his eyes on hers.

There were many things he would have liked to ask Madame. He would have liked to know, for example, where and how Madame had first met his father. He would have liked, as well, to hear who his father was; where he really came from; and why for years he had fled. All this Craig felt sure Madame could tell him if she wished; for he had long been aware that some secret understanding existed between the two. And that the secret dated before the Craigs had come there, he also felt assured.

However there were one or two simple questions which, if Madame saw fit to answer, might shed a good deal of light on the matter. "Listen, Madame," he said quietly. "Last night you were here, were you not?"

Madame gazed at him dully.

"Here, M'sieu? Why, naturally!" she replied.

Craig wasted no breath in formalities, but plunged directly at it. "Then, Madame," he demanded, "who is Freest, and what road did Tevis go?"

Her expression did not change nor did her eyes even shift from his. Instead, Madame gazed at him with an air of blank surprise. "Tevis? Freest?" she repeated slowly. "I do not think I know the gentlemen."

But Craig now was in no mood to be played with like a child. Reaching forward, he laid his hand swiftly on Madame's arm.

"Then, Madame, if you won't tell me that, who was the man last night—the one who was there outside?"

The arm beneath his hand for an instant trembled slightly, but Madame's look and manner did not change. "A man?" she echoed. "What man?" Then she frowned a little, knitting her heavy brows. "*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Madame; "many men came last night. I do not comprehend."

Craig hardly waited till she'd finished. His hand, still laid on Madame's arm, gripped her till she winced.

"Yes, you do!" he retorted firmly. "Now tell me where to find him!"

"Find him?" echoed Madame. "Who?"

"The man who comes whistling!" he said.

For Craig knew well enough in part now what his father fled. It was no specter only—a wraith, a mere dream of a guilty conscience; it was instead a man of flesh and bone. Twice he had heard the fellow: the first time that night nine years ago, the evening near Lowestoft, when the man had come running through the dusk; the other time out in the square last night.

The Serving Woman Flashed a Signal at Him

"Who Was the Man Last Night?"

Let him once lay hands on him now and he would wring from the man, he promised himself, why that grotesque signal struck terror to his father's heart.

"Well, Madame?" inquired Craig.

Madame for a moment frowned again.

"M'sieu speaks in riddles," she announced. "A man who whistles?" She smiled lightly, as if amused. "Pardon, but perhaps M'sieu would tell me his appearance?" But Craig could not; he had never seen the man; and at the admission Madame raised her brows. "Never seen him? *Eh bien*," observed Madame; "I fear I cannot help you then."

"Do you mean that you won't?" Craig persisted; but whether Madame knew anything he had by now begun to doubt.

Suddenly Madame cleared her throat.

"M'sieu looks angry," she remarked; "so for once I will make bold to tell him something." A smile dawned softly on her lips. "Listen, M'sieu! I have in my time met one man who acted swiftly, rashly, as he felt; and do you know what happened to that man? He was destroyed by it!" Then she bent forward and laid a hand on his. "Be advised, my son. Do not do the same!"

Craig stared at her in surprise. In Madame's voice was something so strong and gravely significant that for a moment he could only gape. He was still staring at her when Madame abruptly moved.

"Pardon," she inquired, "but does M'sieu, your father, plan to leave his room this morning?"

"Why, he came down long ago!" Craig replied.

Madame swiftly turned. "Long ago!" she repeated.

Craig nodded. "Why, isn't he at breakfast?"

Madame let fall an exclamation, and instantly her careless manner vanished. Brushing Craig aside she lumbered to the door of the dining room and flung it open. The room was vacant. "*Vite!* Upstairs quick!" wheezed Madame; and frightened by her voice Craig raced up the stairway and made for his father's room. It was empty. In the grate a mass of burned papers still smoldered, sending up a thread of smoke, and on the table lay the other papers, evidently those on which his father had been working. Snatching them up he pocketed them; then rushing back to the stairs he was just in time to encounter Madame.

"Waste no time, M'sieu!" she ordered swiftly. "Your father has gone by the road to Trepied! Just now they saw him pass; and he will go to the dunes, I think!" Another wheeze escaped her; it was almost like a sob. "You must be swift, M'sieu!" said Madame; "that other, he watches there!"

Craig gave her one startled glance.

"That other? Who?"

A grin, ghastly in its effigy of merriment, parted Madame's lips.

"It is no joke, M'sieu! The man who whistles—Freest!"

The road to Trepied, at Etaples, emerges from a corner of the marketplace, and springing northward across the

river's wide, green, salt meadows, meanders briefly then beside the black, scrubby pinegrowth of the forest of Le Touquet. Beyond lie the sand dunes, a waste of desolation.

The heat of the summer day had already penetrated in among them when Craig, running swiftly, came there. It was as if he plunged into a furnace. The sand, like glass, slipped and slid beneath his feet; and the sun blazed upon it with a stagnant fixity that sent the heat waves dancing elfishly among its dips and rises. Far away the track, a narrow and sinuous ribbon, wound out of view among the wavelike hillocks; and there, half a mile ahead, he saw his father.

The old man had left the road; and up to his ankles in the unsteady going he was pushing onward, deep into the heart of the waste. He went slowly, zigzagging to and fro as if he hunted some particular place; and with a growing wonder Craig watched him as he struggled on. Presently the two were not more than a quarter of a mile apart; but though the old man looked back once, and Craig shouted at him, he did not seem to notice. Plowing onward, the lonely, feeble figure threaded its way in and out among the desolate gullies; and then suddenly his head bobbed over the skyline and he was gone. A moment later, from far across the dunes, Craig heard the signal!

It was not to be mistaken. Shrill and clear it pierced the stillness like a bugle; and Craig leaped forward, his heart cracking dryly against his ribs.

He was just in time to see.

It was grotesque. It was at the same time ghastly. His father, as if paralyzed, stood rooted in the middle of the sands; and down a long slope opposite came the man. He came briskly, too, and almost jauntily; but absurd as it looked, by intent obviously theatrical, there was no absurdity in the figure of old man Craig. Once he turned as if to run. Afterward, though, as if he realized his helplessness, he dropped both hands to his sides, and facing the man he waited. Craig gaped open-mouthed at the comedy.

The man neither paused nor faltered. Reaching the bottom of the slope he passed swiftly along the level. Then old Craig flinched back a step or two; and the other, altering his course to intercept him, suddenly stretched out his hand and caught him by the elbow. As Craig saw, he said something to his father, his air threatening; and at that Craig awoke. Shouting once, he plunged over the crest and made at full speed toward him.

The man, at Craig's cry, turned alertly and gazed toward the hill. His face for an instant shone in the sunlight, and Craig knew him then. It was the man, the one dressed like a seedy servant, who the night before had looked in at Madame's door. Now, seeing Craig, with one startled look he turned in his tracks and fled. Moreover, there was now no jauntiness in his gait. He ran like a rabbit, as if terrified, his face turned back over his shoulder.

But Craig did not follow him.

His father, staggering forward, groped with his hands at the air, and his knees giving beneath him, he pitched forward, face downward, on the sand. There was on his lips, as Craig reached him and raised his head, a little slaver of bloody foam; his eyes fluttered momentarily and a breath, a sigh, escaped him. But that was all. Old Craig's wanderings were at an end. He was dead.

That night, at ten o'clock, there came a soft rap at Craig's door, and shoving back his chair he arose. The room was in disorder. Three trunks stood against the wall, their contents strewn on the floor, while the bed was piled high with every conceivable object that makes up a man's belongings—clothes, toilet-cases, portfolios, a gun-case, handbags, cigar and cigarette cases, and so forth and so on. All were of the best quality, evidently the possessions of a man of circumstances; but what was more to be remarked, each and all had been emptied of their contents as if they had been subjected to a hurried search.

Mrs. Poultney stood at the door, and she looked at Craig.

"Well, found anything?" she inquired.

Craig, in answer, shrugged indefinitely.

That afternoon, when a cart from a near-by farm had borne him and his father's body to Madame's, Craig had told the Poultneys everything. It was a queer tale he had to tell, a stiff one to confess even to a friend, much less to mere acquaintances. As it happened, though, the Poultneys, too, had found it a facer. Madame, of course, held the key, the answer to the riddle; but Madame, it appeared, had flitted. At the first news from the dunes she had flung a few things into her handbag, and leaving Sylvestre in charge had bolted to the station. Sylvestre knew nothing. If approached Sylvestre's expressive shoulders very nearly sliced off Sylvestre's ears, such was his agitation, and he swore, uttering strange Gallic oaths. A thousand thunders! It was not only that Madame had departed, going hurriedly; she had forgotten to leave her keys. There was no food to be had! There was not a drop of wine! All was under lock and key, and they would die, perish—Name of Names!—succumb, unless M'sieu could advise—M'sieu in this case being Poultney. "Well, why not take an ax or hire a locksmith?" Poultney had inquired with ready American ingenuity; and at the suggestion Sylvestre had cried aloud, enravished. "M'sieu, he is a miracle of mind! A locksmith? *Sacré bleu!* I had not thought of that!" He would, in fact, have embraced Poultney had Poultney been willing to accommodate him.

Madame had gone to Paris. Nothing more was known.

"Then have you found nothing?" asked Mrs. Poultney as she came into the room.

"Please!" She Begged, White but Smiling Queerly. "I'm Sorry! Go!"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Craig; and walking over to the centertable he fumbled for a moment. It was the packet of papers he had snatched up that morning from his father's table. "What do you think of this?"

The paper he handed her was a steamship ticket calling for two first-class passages from Boulogne to New York aboard the S. S. Amsterdam, sailing three days later.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Poultney, "then your father must have meant to go home!"

Craig nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Poultney—that is, until he saw that man last night."

Then he handed her another paper, a note written in his father's hand. It was addressed to the steamship company and canceled the two tickets.

"It's just this," said Craig, his face grim. "For years my father has lived in terror of this man, this fellow Freest; though why I don't know. All I know is that wherever we have gone Freest has pursued us. We have never been able to elude him. Apparently Freest's purpose was to keep us from going home again—back to New York, I mean. However," added Craig, and he uncomfortably shrugged, "that's only a mere detail. Mrs. Poultney, I've found out where for years our money's come from!"

At the announcement Mrs. Poultney looked swiftly, her eyes lighting with interest. "Where? From your family?" she demanded.

Craig shook his head. He had no family, he knew. It was, in fact, one of the few things he did know about himself. Coloring faintly he told her what he had learned. "Mrs. Poultney, that money came from Madame!"

And so it had. Craig, in his search, had found a memorandum that gave the date and amount of every payment. The total ran close to forty-five thousand francs—nine thousand dollars, that is; and that Madame had that much to give seemed as inconceivable as that she had given it to his father. "Yes! but that isn't all," added Craig as he turned to the table again. "Look at this! It's what father was copying last night, a list of stocks and bonds as long as your arm!" He laughed lightly. "We were rich once, I know, but we were never as rich as all this! Now just run your eye over those," he remarked; and he spread out the papers before her.

In all there were three sheets of foolscap pinned together at the top. Each sheet was double-banked with figures; and at the bottom of the third page a balance had been struck $14,312,350.00. Each page bore at the head the notation:

STATEMENT OF MY L. T. N. Y. AFFAIRS
TRIAL BALANCE, NOV. 16, 1892

Fourteen million dollars! Once Mrs. Poultney and her husband had saved four hundred dollars; it had paid their passage abroad. But fourteen millions! A schoolboy tackling for the first time the fourth dimension, that or the infinity of space, could not have approached the matter more in awe! "Why, what do you make of it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Make of it?" echoed Craig, grinning sourly; "it's as simple as a-b-c! I've merely overslept! By and by some one will knock at the door and tell me to stop snoring!" Leaning over, then, he picked up the last of the papers and smoothing it out handed it to her. "Well, thank the Lord anyway!" he added piously, "here's something that isn't quite such a nightmare!"

The paper was a cablegram dated from New York ten days before.

Adair Paris sails Str Amsterdam Aug 16
Boulogne Better Not.

Then followed the signature.

"Gawtry?" Mrs. Poultney inquired.

"Never heard of him!" Craig promptly returned.

"Then you don't know what the message means?" she added.

For a moment Craig gazed at her reflectively.

"Mrs. Poultney, I know nothing positively. From what I've picked up—a word, a chance phrase or so, hints of this sort now and then—I've often thought that my father must once have been important in New York, probably in Wall Street. I don't know however. All I do know is this: Either he has been mixed up in some serious trouble—no, call a spade a spade—some crime—either that has happened or for years he has been the victim of a pretty raw, fierce conspiracy! It's one thing or the other, Mrs. Poultney!" Then he shrugged. "Well," he added grimly, "I imagine it's up to me to find out!"

"Why, what do you mean to do?" asked Mrs. Poultney.

"Catch the Amsterdam, of course! Adair is aboard, and either he'll tell me what happened to my father or I mean to find it out in New York!"

IV

THE Paris steamer train was late; and the Amsterdam, anchored in the roads outside, lay hove short upon her chain, ready to depart. She had been advertised to leave Boulogne at five, but the hour was already long past that;

and beside the quay, with her decks stowed high with baggage, the ship's tender rocked and butted in the harbor swell, tugging at her shorelines as if eager to be off.

Craig, as he paced up and down the long stone pier, began to feel the same impatience too.

"Hello! not fidgety?" asked Poultney who, with Mrs. Poultney, had come down from Etaples to say goodby; and Craig smiled, though the smile was a little feeble.

"Fidgety? No, just scared stiff!" he mumbled, whereat Mrs. Poultney nodded sympathetically.

"I don't wonder!" she exclaimed. "If after nineteen years I were going home I'd feel excited too!"

"Yes, but it's not going home that worries me," remarked Craig, wrying up his mouth. "What rattles me is trying to figure what'll happen when I get there! The fact is, Mrs. Poultney," he added, grinning just a little ruefully, "it begins to give me stage fright when I think of hitting New York all by my lonesome. Not only that, there's no telling all the mess I may get into once I stir up this business about my father. Of course I'm not going to quit, but just the same I'd feel a heap sight easier if I knew what sort of people I'm up against. But I don't!—and that's the rub! All I know is that for years they've hounded my father, eventually killing him; and while they can't hound me, that doesn't mean they can't make New York a little too hot for my comfort!"

At this the Poultneys for a moment glanced at each other, astonished.

"Too hot?" echoed Poultney. "Why, how?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied Craig, idly shrugging. "I'll land in New York unknown, you know, without an acquaintance, much less a friend. If they wished to get rid of me, who'd be the wiser?"

"Gad!" exclaimed Poultney; "you don't think they'd do that, do you?"

Once more Craig shrugged idly.

"That's why Madame bolted," he replied dryly. "She was scared stiff, I've learned."

And Madame was still missing too! What is more, from the moment she had slipped away from the Café Ragnuet-Bouldu, flitting for the station, not a word had been heard from her. Craig, up to the last moment of his departure, had waited expectantly, hoping she would reappear; but as it was evident now, what Madame knew Madame meant to keep strictly to herself. And that she knew much seemed obvious!

For example, there were the thousands of francs that for years Madame had dispensed so freely to his father. Why? And there was Freest too! Who was Freest? And how came Madame to know him? No doubt too, had Madame felt inclined, she could have told as well who Gawtry was, he who had cabled that laconic, pregnant message, "Better not!" There were a great many things Madame might have told had she only felt inclined.

"But what's the odds?" Craig added lightly. "No one knows I'm heading for New York. If I don't give myself away no one will know me from Adam. Then I can dig round and find out what I want, without any one's being the wiser. Besides," he added confidently, "I may not even have to take the trouble. The Adairs know all I wish to find out, and added to that, when these men, these fellows that have hounded my father, learn that I've got Adair behind me they'll be only too willing to steer clear of me! Wait till you see him!" Craig was saying, when a long-drawn hoot from the railroad yard outside announced the coming of the belated Paris mail.

Instantly the quay awoke into life. Aboard the tender the crew and a squad of stewards bestirred themselves, while at the head of the landing-stage the usual herd of licensed porters emerged miraculously from nowhere in particular, and with their accustomed excitement began to yell and jabber. Presently the engine, with its long row of varnished carriages, hove into view and came swaying down the spur-track.

Mrs. Poultney at this precise moment seemed seized with excitement too!

"Now don't forget!" she ordered, tugging Craig by the sleeve. "Don't forget! You remember you promised me!"

"Did I—promised what?" laughed Craig, and Mrs. Poultney clucked her tongue.

"Why, to point her out Miss Adair, of course!"

"All right," smiled Craig, coloring faintly. "There they all are now!"

Adair came first, and Craig knew him at a glance. Nine years had made few changes in the man. He was a little more florid, perhaps, a bit less active maybe; but his eyes were the same as ever—clear, steady and resolute. As he tramped along from the railroad carriage to the pier he gazed straight ahead of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Just the same, Craig had the feeling as he watched him that the man swept everything with that steady glance of his. Whether he saw Craig—or, that is, knew him—was another matter though. Beside Adair walked his daughter.

She had grown taller—tall, in the past nine years. Craig, however, could see little change in her face. It was more mature, of course, and perhaps somewhat more restrained; but in her gray eyes and in the curve of her sensitive mouth he still perceived, he was sure, the long-remembered gleam of animation, of vigor and spirit. At the moment, though, both she and her father seemed preoccupied, silently absorbed; and walking down the gangplank they found themselves a seat in the lee of the tender's deckhouse.

A little retinue followed. First came a lady's maid; then two men, one of whom Craig remembered having seen before. He was Adair's chauffeur, the same man that had driven the big limousine that day nine years ago. The other evidently was a valet; and all five, the Adairs and their three servants, had just passed aboard when Craig was aware of still another person strolling leisurely in their wake. He, too, seemed familiar; but Craig had to look twice before he was sure he knew him.

It was Willie Hemingway!

Time in its course through the past nine years had played weirdly with at least this one member of the company. Hemingway, at any rate, had altered, and he had altered queerly too. When Craig last had seen him Hemingway had been a boy, a chubby boy, as he recalled, with a rolypoly face and pale, inquiring eyes—in type a kind of cherub. Now, however, Hemingway was hardly that! He was still fat, still rolypoly, to be sure, and his pale, inquiring eyes were as pale and inquiring as ever; but in the man's eyes and his fat, flabby face there had come a look of aged worldly-wiseness that made one wonder how many years of living and experience he had already crowded into his brief span of life. A gray, sapient, half-bald schoolboy—that was Willie's look; and Craig was still gazing after him absorbed when there occurred a small diversion.

Close behind Hemingway walked a woman, a lady veiled and obviously trying to avoid recognition. A maid attended her, a tall, rawboned Englishwoman with high cheekbones, a wide mouth and big staring teeth. The two, hurrying at the heels of Hemingway, had just reached the gangplank when Hemingway halted, then turned halfway round. Stopping abruptly, the woman in the veil fell back a step, flung up her head and as instantly swept by him. It was the maid's part in this little byplay, though, that caught Craig's attention.

Hemingway, after glancing idly at the mistress, glanced then at the maid. Instantly his pale, protuberant eyes leaped as if in amazement; and with a quick gleam of recognition, an answering look, the serving woman flashed a signal at him. It was not to be mistaken. An almost open and direct communication had passed between Hemingway and the servant; and Craig was gazing at them when Mrs. Poultney called him back to earth.

"Well, goodby, Len!" smiled the little woman. "You'll be sure to write, won't you?"

Craig started. Their goodby forced on him the fact that when they left him he would be cut off from every friend. He was almost panic-stricken.

Poultney chimed in too.

"So long, old man!" he said as he wrung Craig's hand. "Sometime I hope we'll all meet again!"

"Sometime?" echoed Craig, wondering. "Why—why not? Of course we will!"

Poultney wrung his hand again.

"Hope so, old fellow!" he returned heartily. "Only when we get back home I'm afraid we won't all move in the same New York circles, Len!"

Craig stared at him astonished.

"Why not?" he demanded; then looked at Poultney sharply. "You're not joshing me, are you?" he grinned.

The tender bell was ringing now, the last luggage was aboard, and already the crew stood by at the gangway and the shorelines. Poultney, still smiling, cheerfully gave Craig a slap on the shoulder. "Run along, old man!" he replied, his voice a little husky. "We doped out long ago at Madame's that you and your father were somebodies. But God bless you anyway! We all hope that you'll come into your kingdom soon!"

Craig was still gaping at him when Mrs. Poultney reached up and caught him by the shoulder. Her eyes were soft, and she smiled as she drew his face down to hers.

"Good luck, Len!" she whispered swiftly. Then: "I think she's lovely!"

Long after the tender had left the quay Craig could see them there, watching and waiting until he was gone. A little lump rose suddenly in his throat. These two, he knew, were his friends, real friends, and clambering aft as the tender neared the Amsterdam's tall hull, Craig fixed his eyes on the flicker of white where to the last Mrs. Poultney waved to him energetically.

Then he could see them no more.

Four bells—six o'clock at sea—had just struck aboard the liner when the tender drew alongside. Craig, standing at the rail, took a last look back at France, at Boulogne and the bare, windswept hills that rose above the city. Eastward from the harbor's mouth the Channel shoreline ran far down upon the sky; and there in the distance the dunes raised their heads, gray and grim, riding like stormwaves in the evening's fading light. Etaples lay there behind them; and at the thought, the sudden recollection of what he left, Craig once more was seized with the panic-stricken impulse to bolt. Just then, however, a steward touched him on the arm. "*A bord*, M'sieu!" said the man; and Craig, snatching up his bag, hurried over the side into the Amsterdam's lighted companionway.

The Adairs had already disappeared. However there would be ample time to see them later; and following a steward he went to his stateroom on the deck below. There, five minutes afterward, Craig felt the ship throb and quiver as her engines ponderously turned over. They were off!

Craig's heart at the thought gave a sudden leap. He was free! He had left behind him, not only the place but the life that went with it—his exile, its years of distress, that and all its vagabond memories. Should he choose he could bury it all, cut loose from it effectually! The thought was inspiring! It was as if a weight had been lifted from his breast; and whistling cheerfully he unlocked his bag and began to lay out his clothes for dinner.

A moment later a knock sounded on his door, and the room steward put in his head.

"Telegram, sir, if you please—a wireless."

Craig's whistling came abruptly to an end.

"For me? Are you sure?"

The man was quite sure.

"For Mr. Craig, sir, Leonard Craig!" he responded; and in growing wonder Craig tore open the telegram.

(Continued on Page 69)

He Dropped Both Hands to His Sides, and Facing the Man He Waited

Confessions of a Colonizer

LEARNING BUSINESS BY BUMPS AND JUMPS

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

A GOOD many men I've talked with seem to have a hazy idea of the things that have shaped the whole bent of their business lives. I cannot understand this vagueness, for with me those things loom up as sharp and clear as a boom-town standpipe on a prairie skyline; not that I've got very far, but I know every step of the way I have traveled and can call by name the things that have put me ahead or set me back. And so it looks a little queer to me that any man who has arrived cannot take his own career apart and see what has made it go.

My first job was that of utility boy in the office of an old-fashioned railroad president in the Middle West. I was a husky, fair-faced, overgrown boy, with what a generous biographer might by courtesy call a common-school education. It was certainly common—what there was of it. But what I lacked in schooling I made up in voltage. I was alive all over—all the time.

One day, after I had just begun to settle into the routine of the office, something happened to me. The Old Man called me into his room and said:

"Take this bunch of annuals to Mr. Blossom and have him countersign them."

I did so—and then leaned against the desk of the chief clerk and watched him put his clear, flowing signature upon one pass after another. Suddenly the meaning of what he was doing flashed over me; without the name he was writing the pass was merely a useless piece of paper; with it, that bit of cardboard would carry its holder over the whole line—every day in the year if he liked. That looked like power to me then. And right there was where my get-ahead machinery started. I said to myself:

"Some day—and before very long too!—I'm going to do that thing myself. When a legislator or a big shipper out on the line hands up a pass the conductor is going to look for my name on it before he hands it back and makes out his station check."

On the Trail of the Job Higher Up

UP TO that minute my job had been simply a means to a pay envelope of three dollars a week. I had been mainly interested in not getting fired. But now it was all different. It was a job ahead of me that in itself fired my ambition. That it would probably carry a little heavier pay envelope was a minor consideration. Right then and there I stuck a peg ahead; and from that instant I was working toward it, tooth and nail!

To have authority to countersign a railroad pass may seem a petty ambition—it looks that way to me now of course; but fortunately it did not then. It was a definite ambition possible of attainment; and it woke me up. I felt that when I arrived at the dignity of inscribing my name across the face of a pass I would not ask anything more of the world. Why, the richest and the biggest men in the state—even the governor himself—would then have to get my signature or pay fares like common folks!

From that moment there were springs in my heels. Nothing in the office was allowed to get past me—when I was wanted I was on the spot; and every unoccupied minute was devoted to studying the things that the clerks were doing about me. I bought a shorthand book, studied nights and practiced on the office typewriters. Instinct told me not to make a nuisance of myself by asking too many questions; but I kept my eyes open and my ears pricked up like a terrier's. It is amazing how much knowledge of a practical sort a boy can pick up in a quiet way when he is keyed up to it and is working toward a definite point straight ahead of him.

The chief clerk was not so hungry for detail work as I was; besides he had been signing passes so long that all the novelty of it had worn off. He was so matter-of-fact in temperament, so unimaginative, that I doubt if he ever connected the idea of power and authority with affixing his name to a pass. There was where I had the advantage of him. Every time he countersigned a pass I watched him with hungry eyes. One day he noticed this and remarked:

"Say, son, how'd you like to take this job off my hands?"

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "I'd rather do it than go to a show! Do you s'pose the Old Man would stand for it?"

"Sure!" came his quick answer. "I'll fix it up with him right now."

And with that he disappeared into the president's office. A moment later the Old Man called me in and my signature was duly authorized and a notification slip sent out to the conductors on the line and to the passenger department in general. I secured one of those slips and took it home with me, pinning it up on the wall of my bedroom where I could see it the first thing when I woke each morning. I was prouder of that piece of paper than of any other thing I possessed, and I never shall forget the thrill that shot through me when I actually countersigned the first pass under the new authority that had been bestowed upon me by the president. My chest measure expanded to a degree that made me insufferable for some time; but when the other clerks in the office began to joke me and to refer to me as president I had sense enough to come down from my high horse and conceal my pride a little. However I cherished it in secret, just the same, for several months.

Then the edge of it began to dull a little, and one day I found myself thinking that after all it was not such a wonderful thing to be able to countersign a pass. Almost the very day that I came to realize this I was sent down to the yards with a bundle of papers to deliver to the president, who was just about to start out for an inspection trip in his private car. It was the first time I had ever been inside the private car of an official, and the novelty and the luxury of that kind of travel appealed to my imagination immensely. The president himself had not yet appeared, but the papers were received by a young man who said that he was the Old Man's car secretary. By the way he ordered the car crew about and gave instructions to trainmen and all who came to the car, I knew he was all he said he was.

That instant I set the peg of my ambition ahead again.

A car secretary was the biggest thing in sight and it was going to be my job! To give myself fair credit, before I left that car I had a rather clear idea of what a car secretary was. This information I picked up from the man himself and from the colored boys; and the more I learned about the job the stronger was my determination to grab it. When I thought of going out on the road in a car like that and being the man that all must see before they could get in to the Old Man himself, it made the authority to countersign a pass look decidedly insignificant.

Again I was tingling with a fresh ambition and driving forward toward it with an increased voltage. I had taken up all the slack that had unconsciously crept on me when the signing of passes had begun to be a stale and perfunctory thing. Once more my intuition came to my help; I saw that the job of being car secretary to a railroad president consisted mainly in understanding the president himself, in knowing his personal likes and dislikes and how he wished to have things done. That was all the cue I needed. From that time forward I studied the Old Man and mastered his personal angles until I could draw a diagram of them. More than that, I never lost a chance to put the results of that knowledge into practice. In a hundred different little ways I was able day by day to anticipate his wishes and serve him in the way a busy and important man likes to be served.

Playing Understudy to Billy Harp

AT THE start there was no indication that he or any one about the office took the slightest notice of my change in this particular; but after a little he fell into the habit of calling on me for things that he had before demanded of others. He seemed to like to have me about him and to feel that I could get things done the way he wanted them done with fewer instructions as to details than any other young man about his office. He even gave me things to do and instructions to transmit that had before been intrusted only to the envied Billy Harp, his secretary. He even dictated an occasional short letter to me and seemed satisfied with the way I turned it out. Every time he took a trip in his private car I was keyed up to high tension—and finally my hopes were rewarded when he said to his secretary:

"Better take the boy along this trip. The work is going to be heavy and he'll help out."

That was my chance to play understudy at close range and I made the most of it. It was a busy trip and no mistake! I absorbed a working knowledge of private-car politics and railroad administration at the rate of eighteen hours a day. A college boy coaching for a dreaded exam. did not have any the best of me in the matter of sopping up information in double-quick time. Among other things I learned that the car secretary was an expert in sopping up something besides information. He certainly was a consistent and cumulative drinker. Once or twice I detected a look on the president's face indicating that he was not blind to this tendency.

One day a few weeks later, when it seemed as if nothing out of the commonplace could possibly happen, the Old Man put down a telegram I had handed to him and said with a snap:

"Get hold of Harp, quick, and have him get the car ready to go out on Number Ten. Hustle!"

The trip was unexpected and Billy Harp was not to be found. He may have been at the ball game—and he may not. But, at any rate, in ten minutes of lively scrambling I could not get a trace of him, and so reported to the

Old Man. He looked sharply at me over his spectacles for an instant and then asked:

"Do you know what has to be done to ——"

"Yes, sir; I know!" I interrupted, without allowing him time to finish the sentence.

"Do it, then!" he snapped.

Just as I was going out of the office I heard him tell the chief clerk that when Harp turned up he should be paid off and discharged, and that "the boy" was to be his car secretary after this.

There are a good many things to be done in getting a private car ready for the road, but I had watched the process so carefully before that I felt equal to the job even on short notice and in spite of the fact that I was a little scared at the suddenness with which the new responsibilities had been dumped upon my shoulders. Incidentally I've learned that this suddenness of descent is a habit with responsibilities, and that they have a way of dropping upon shoulders that are ready to receive them.

What a job that was! I simply loved the excitement of it! Being commodore of an official car appealed to my natural pride, and I bought better clothes and improved my personal appearance. In every way I geared myself up to a new standard. I was now associating on close though subordinate terms with the biggest man on the line and had a chance to see how he handled big affairs with others. It was the best school in railroad administration that a young man could possibly attend. In a way I realized that at the time. Anyhow I allowed little to get past me. While I thought I was learning a lot about business itself -as I was—the biggest lessons in that job were had by watching the way in which able men handled themselves.

Incidentally my salary was soon raised to ninety dollars a month; and that looked like a small fortune to me then. I had not time to spend it all, so I started the habit of saving. Standards of living and dressing were not nearly so high then as they are now.

Those were days of hothouse development for me. I began to put away childish things and look at the world through a man's eyes. And it looked like a large red watermelon in which I was about to wet my face up to both ears! It seemed to me that I could do about anything that I cared to tackle. All day long I heard the Old Man and his associates talking in big figures and making little fuss about putting over things that ran high up into the thousands of dollars. My head undoubtedly swelled a few sizes and I became the young-man-in-a-hurry.

Things did not move quite fast enough in my direction to suit me entirely and little flies of impatience began to appear in my ointment—not big ones; just tiny gnats of itching discontent. This feeling did not come upon me, however, until the job of car secretary had begun to get just a bit common to me. I had filled the position for some time before I was aware of this change in my mental attitude. The work itself gave me a bird's-eye view of almost the whole field of railroad work; and it came to me one day that the door leading to a real official position in the railroad service was a chief clerkship.

Once more I moved the peg of my ambition ahead. But the chief clerk whose shoes I wished to fill was not promoted and he stubbornly refused to die or resign. Then it occurred to me that the road I was with was not the only one in the country and that it would be a broadening experience to work for another line. By checking up the successful railroad men of my acquaintance it appeared that few of them had stuck with the roads on which they had made their start.

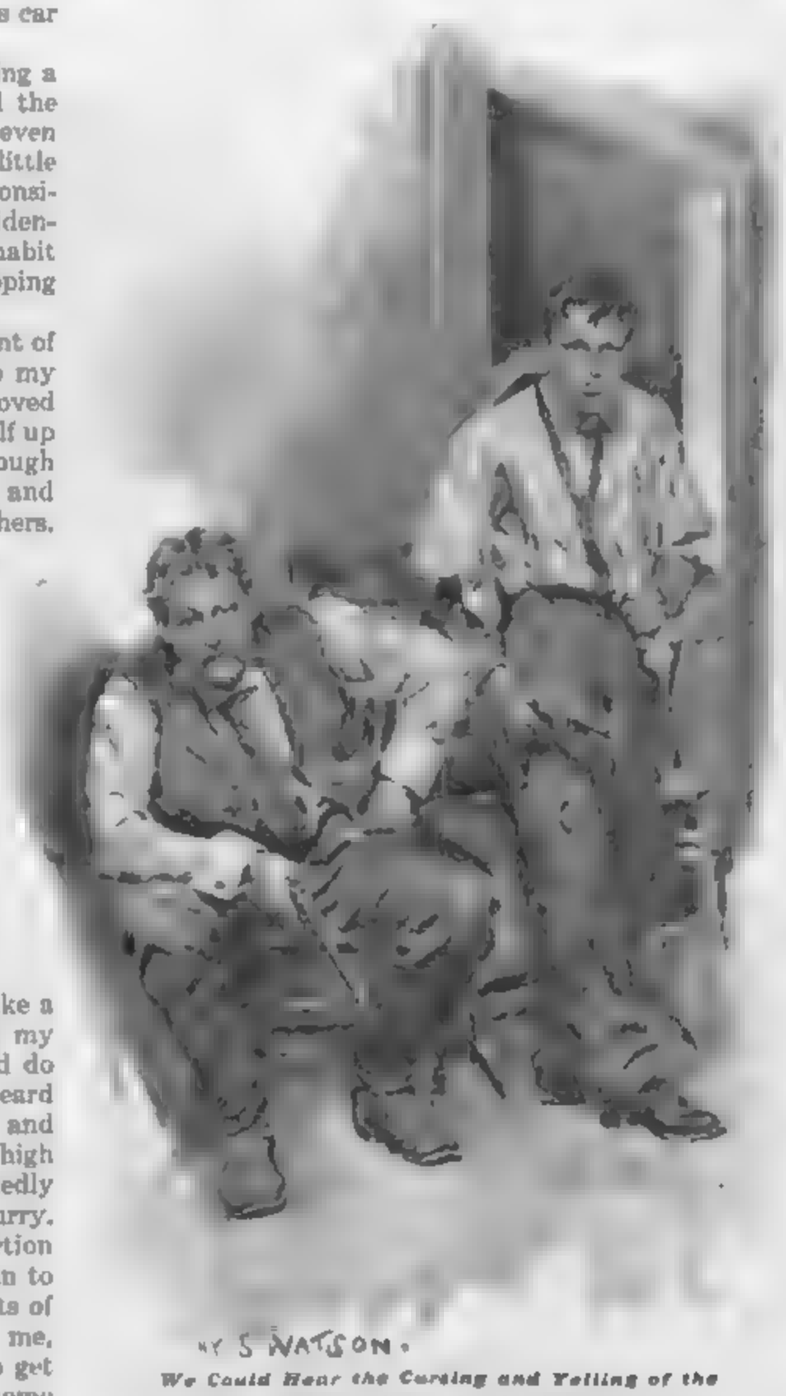
What it Cost to See the World's Fair

MY CHANCE came when the president of a Northern road—a man who had been aboard the Old Man's car and had seen me at work—offered me a position as secretary at an increased salary. I went with him and made good. How high I might have climbed if I had stuck there nobody knows—for I did not stick! Suddenly and without warning I became the victim of one of those tidal waves of belated foolishness that attack most young men of active temperament after they have made a good running start. The World's Fair was on in Chicago and I was possessed with a consuming passion to see it. A man suffering from the hives never wanted to scratch himself in six places at once any more than I wanted to see the World's Columbian Exposition.

Looking back at the insane intensity of that longing, I have concluded that it was simply a case of ingrowing vacation. From the time I had started as an office boy I had not taken a week's vacation—had not even realized that I wanted one. It had been all work and no play. But the great exposition of 1893 found me ripe for a regular vacation jag. For a time I fought this crazy impulse—then suddenly surrendered and jumped my job. I saw the World's Columbian Exposition—a plenty of it too!

When I came to my senses the country was entering upon a well-remembered financial stringency—and Chicago was nearest to the puckering string. A good share of my savings slipped away from me before I found a job as the driver of an express wagon at forty dollars a month. Some drop from a position at the elbow of a railroad president and a paycheck of one hundred and fifty dollars! But, at that, I had the advantage over a lot of Columbian Exposition seekers after knowledge.

Finally I worked into a place as stenographer in the office of the express company. It was an undesirable position



We Could Hear the Cursing and Yelling of the Cowboys Down in the Street

and so I began the old game of setting a peg ahead and working toward it. I went to a big typewriter office and left my application for a position as stenographer or secretary in a railroad office.

Railroad positions seemed to be all permanently filled that season; but in a few months I was getting eighty dollars from a big contracting firm engaged in building the West Side Elevated. There I remained for about a year—making two years of long nights largely devoted to solemn reflections upon how many kinds of a fool I had been in breaking the current of railroad promotion which had carried me steadily forward until I had gone off on my crazy tangent and yielded to the spring fever of the World's Fair appeal. Two years of perpetual penitence was a plenty. They left me a sobered man. When I came out of the dry-kiln of adversity I was well seasoned for the struggle of life. All I asked was to get back into the old railroad game. And I got my wish one day when the traffic manager of a great Western line sent a requisition for a stenographer to the typewriter office where my application was on file.

This man is one of the greatest railroad men in the world. He has remade "two streaks of rust in a right-of-way" into one of the most profitable and admirable railroad systems on the continent. And he has done it by developing men. From the minute I hung up my hat in his office I knew I had come across a big man, who would arouse a degree of loyalty in me that no other man had ever uncovered. Not long after I was hired by him he was called to the road where he has made his great record. He took me along with him. I never worked for another man as I did for him. He could not give me too much work. Hours did not count. I felt that the rejuvenation of that road was the biggest job on earth and that it was a privilege to have a part in it. And he appreciated my attitude—kept raising my salary until I was back again at the old point from which I had taken a plunge in my spasm of folly.

Then the old impulse to set a peg ahead and work up to it came back to me once more. While I was with my employer before he left the other road I had come into close contact with the work of the industrial commissioner of that line—acting as a traveling deputy commissioner out on the road, looking after the details of land development along the line. This task had interested me immensely; and so I made development work the peg toward which I bent all my energies.

Soon, however, a new phase of the situation became plain to me. I wondered why I had not been able to see it before. Many a man's stenographer has had to face the same thing, and many will face it in the future. I saw that I was chained to my notebook and typewriting machine simply because I gave the best of satisfaction as a secretary. The president was carrying a crushing load of work and responsibility, and he seemed to shrink from the ordeal of breaking a new man into a relationship so close and confidential as that of secretary. And when a chance came to escape—several did come—he simply raised my salary out of his own pocket and continued me at his elbow.

There is no doubt that my loyalty to him was an element in his reluctance to let me go. A number of things had happened to give him proof of this. Once—out on the line—an emergency had occurred that kept him working at high pressure for several days and nights in succession. In all that time he did not take his clothes off and was able to catch only a few winks of sleep at a time. Well, when the fight was over he made for his bed in the private car and said to me:

"I've got to sleep! Don't let a human being get in to me until I wake up of my own accord. Understand?"

He had been asleep but an hour or two when a stranger came and demanded an interview with him at once. I replied that the president was sleeping and had left orders not to be disturbed. Then the man—who, as I learned later, was a person of great importance—made the mistake of trying to push me out of the way and enter the car. Well, he did not get in—that's all! The Old Man had been without sleep for thirty-six hours and my orders were positive. He backed me up, too, when the man I had put out of the car made a fight on me later. Things like this brought the president and myself close together. He learned that I would stand without hitching and would carry out orders if it took a leg. And so he did not want to swap horses then—not for the secretary's harness at least.

The Day the Chief Clerk Blew Up

CONSEQUENTLY it looked mighty discouraging to me so far as working up to my next peg was concerned. But the harder it looked the stronger was my determination to break away from the ball-and-chain of the typewriter and get to doing business as a minor executive instead of as an office valet.

About all there was to that railroad then was the president and the group of loyal men he had gathered about him. The road was so hard up that it had not carfare in its clothes half of the time. Every man in the freight and passenger departments was straining for business; and when a solicitor was able to grab a good haul of freight away from a competitor the president seemed to notice it. Even a single carload of freight was not too small a matter to claim his attention then—the road needed the money.

When this situation became sharply defined to me, instead of merely a matter of subconscious understanding, I decided that the way to get loose from the typewriter was to get business! For that reason I snuggled up as close as possible to the freight department. I wanted to learn how it got business. One day, while mixing with the freight solicitors, I heard a tale of how two of them had failed to get a big shipment of iron pipe for the new oilfields at Beaumont, Texas. They seemed to feel that the task was hopeless. I fell to wondering if it really was impossible. Then the idea came to me: Why not make a try for it?

Without making any noise about it I went after that shipper—went easy, like a wise old setter dog I used to follow, being careful not to flush the bird. Before I left the shipper I had booked that pipe—several cars of it—for a long haul. That did not win me any wreaths from the solicitors who had failed to land it, but it attracted the attention of the head of the freight department and brought a smile of approval from the Old Man himself. Then I went after other business—and got some of it. When it looked as if I had worked almost up to the last peg I had set for myself, and I felt that any minute was likely to bring me an order of emancipation from the slavery of the typewriting machine—and it had come to seem that to me—something unexpected happened.

By nature I was always checked high and rode hard on the bit. Besides I had been working on a tense strain for months, as had everybody else in the office, including the chief clerk, who was a close temperamental understudy for the Kaiser. He was a born autocrat, but a very able man.

Conditions were electric—and one day this man exploded. He had done that before, but this time he made it personal. He said things unbecoming a chief clerk and said them straight to me. Before I knew what I was doing I had trimmed him in a way that mussed up the whole office.

My temper had tripped me—and the fat was in the fire again! The office was too small for the two of us after that

and the chief clerk held the high card. So I told the president I wanted to get into the producing end of the game, out in the open where there was plenty of room.

This time he did not oppose my going. Instead he handed me a penalty in the form of a fifty per cent reduction in salary and banishment to Chanute, Kansas. On the way down there I indulged in some solemn reflections on the business advantage and the personal bigness of the man who can hold himself down—under provocation—when the other man goes up in the air. A high temper is one of the most expensive business luxuries in which a young man can indulge. It is bound to throw him at some critical moment unless he breaks it to stand fire at the outset.

"Get the business!" became my motto from the moment I struck Kansas. I had to get it. Besides, I liked the game. It sank into me that the man who could get business enough could live down the damage of a bad temper or most anything else. I worked nights, days and Sundays. After a little I had a string of freight cars rolling to and from Kansas points that broke our station agents of the ancient Spanish siesta habit; and some of them did not take kindly to giving up their beauty sleep. Do not misunderstand me: I did not perform any miracle of the loaves-and-fishes sort in the freight business; but I did not leave any baskets of fragments lying round for competing lines, and I nursed and developed everything that looked like a freight germ in disguise.

The harder I hustled after freight in that rather sparsely settled country, the more I realized that the man who could create freight business was the big man in the railroad game. Who was he? I defined him as the man who could swap jackrabbits for settlers and plant cabins where prairies dogs and coyotes had preëmpted the ground. In short the colonizer looked to me like the real wizard in railroad traffic. Next to him I ranked the man who could go into an old, settled locality in the East and get business for a Western road that was unknown there.

The Most Important Contract of All

THIS led me to a study of territories—looked at from both these viewpoints. Oklahoma appeared to me to be the real Mecca for the ambitious colonizer and the states of the Southeast seemed to be the best-neglected territory for the itinerant freight traffic revival worker.

Once more I pushed the peg of ambition along—only this time I set two pegs instead of one. Meeting the head of the freight traffic department I took a map from my pocket, placed my finger on the spot indicating Atlanta, Georgia, and asked him how much freight the road was getting from that territory.

"About a car a day," he answered.

"That's nothing to what it should be," I remarked, "and some day I'd like to show you what can be done down there."

Then I left this remark with him to soak in and went out after more business.

About this time I signed up the most important contract of my life. I felt that if I did not close it nothing else would matter much after that. The methods by which I solicited that contract were perhaps not out of the ordinary—I presume they had been used before; but at any rate they were effective. In a word I came across a young woman who suited me right down to the ground. The minute I saw her I knew she would make not only just the wife for me but she would qualify as a full partner in every sense of the word. She has been that and more. If I had only been able to enter into that partnership back in the days before the World's Fair I should have been spared the humiliation of some of the silliest mistakes a young man ever made. When she married me I was drawing only seventy-five dollars a month and it was costing me seventy of that to live. How she ever had the nerve to marry me on such a meager pay envelope I have never been quite able to make out! But we got along all right and based our hope for better things on the fact that I was getting business—more business than anybody else had ever been able to get in that territory. Somehow we felt sure that on that basis something was bound to happen before long to put us on a better financial footing.

We had not been married many months before that something showed up on the calendar. Out of a clear sky I received a wire from the Old Man to go to the city of Oklahoma and work up immigration from that end. There was not another word of suggestion or instruction. Later I found out just how this thing came about. The Old Man and the new vice-president were out on the road in the official car. They fell to talking things over in a gossipy sort of way, and the vice-president—who was always strong on results—intimated that the immigration department was certainly not crowding the westbound trains with settlers for Oklahoma; that all the work was being done in the East, and that he had a notion that the right sort of a man on the ground in Oklahoma might be able to help a whole lot, though he was not sure just how the trick was to be turned. Then the Old Man spoke up and said:

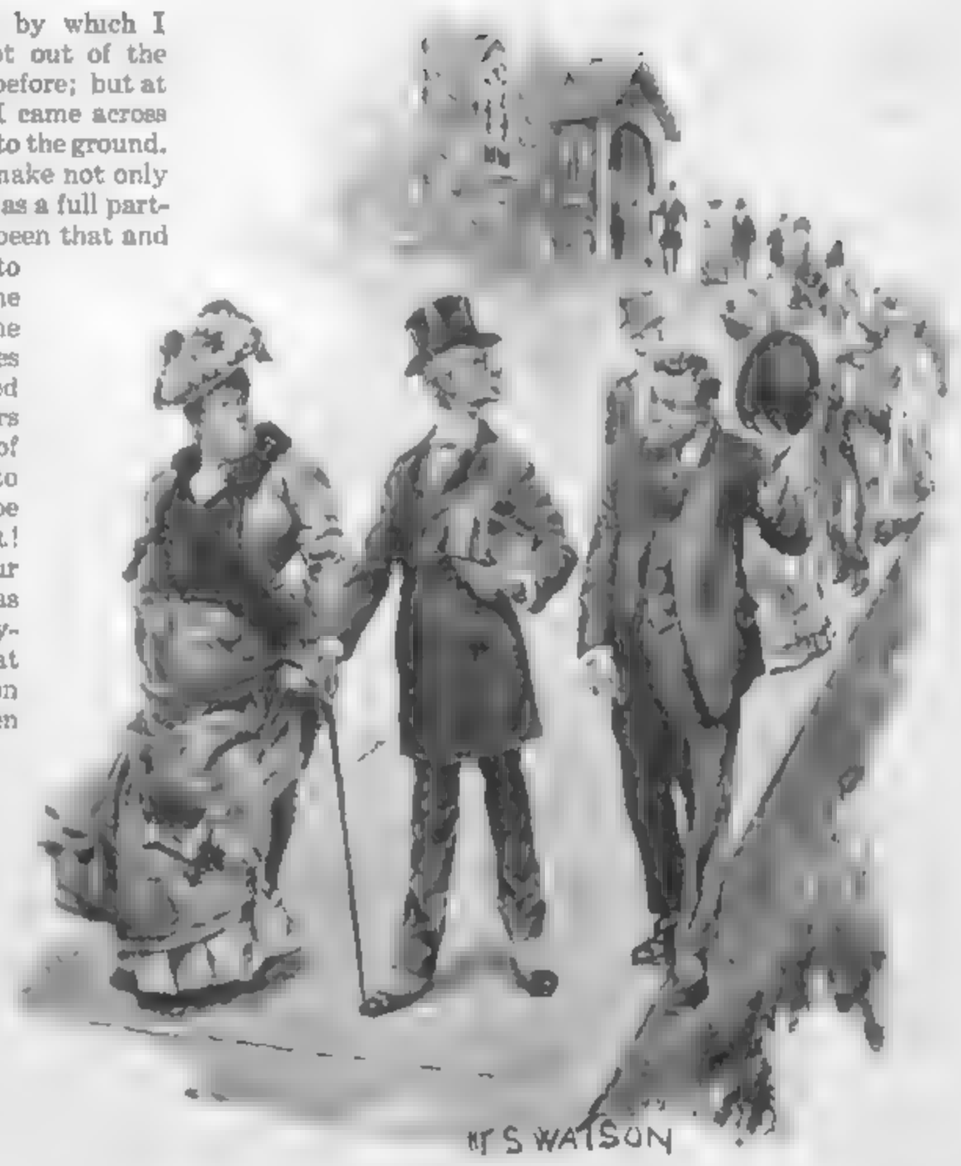
"I think Jobbins is the man for that place. He's a good mixer, knows how to get along with the common run of folks, and seems to be able to find a way to put over the thing at which others have failed. Besides, he's had about punishment enough—and he certainly gets the business!"

When I took that telegram home to the wife I hardly touched the ground. Here, at last, was my big chance; I had caught up with the most important peg that I had ever set for myself! We packed up that night and were on our way to Oklahoma in the morning. I wanted to get right on the big job without the loss of a minute.

One advantage of setting a definite peg ahead to work toward is that you just naturally do a lot of advance thinking and studying as to what you would do if you were suddenly put into the coveted position. This had always been a favorite pastime with me. The result was that this appointment did not catch me napping. I had observed that the average run of folks are generally influenced by their closer personal relationships. In country drug stores I have time and again heard customers ask for a particular brand of patent medicine and remark: "Mrs. Smith told me she tried a bottle and it helped her." When I wanted to indulge in the luxury of going to a good show I never thought of reading the dramatic reviews in the paper in order to find out which one was likely to please me best. Instead I asked my acquaintances about the shows they had seen and based my expenditure on their personal testimony. This is the way in which I reasoned the thing out to my wife on the way to Oklahoma:

"Practically every settler in that country now has come from some older and more thickly settled section. Nearly all of them have left behind a lot of relatives, neighbors and intimate friends. I'll bet that when the Oklahoma settler pulled out of the old town, back in Indiana, Ohio or Kentucky, he left behind a string of outstanding promises to write to those relatives and friends and tell them all about how he liked the new country. And it's a cinch, too, that he didn't redeem a hundredth part of those promises. If he didn't make good he was ashamed to write, and if he did succeed he was too busy to 'take his pen in hand.' That's just plain human nature! Besides, farmers are not much on letter-writing anyhow. My plan is to beat back into the country, find the settlers that have made good and write those letters for them. I believe that a few hundred letters of that sort will pull more real landlookers with money in their clothes out of the Corn-Belt country than any amount of broadcast advertising. It's the word-of-mouth thing from close friends and relatives that has the real drag to it, I believe. What do you think?"

"It's the surest thing you ever thought of!" she answered.



I Worked Nights, Days and Sundays

Honeymooning on Business

THAT settled our new colonization policy. On arriving at the city of Oklahoma I searched about until I found an old hunter's hack in a good state of repair. It was just the thing for our honeymoon business trip. What fun we did have in rigging that thing up to suit our special requirements! A comfortable bed was built into the body of the hack and a well-stocked chuckbox installed in the rear. But the most important part of our equipment was a typewriter, with a folding sewing table, a stack of envelopes and writing paper, several boxes of carbon sheets, and enough two-cent stamps to stock a new post-office. From a livery man I engaged a team of Kentucky horses, renting them for six months. After he heard what I was attempting he said: "My horses will be back in a week! If you keep them for six months you may have them for your own."

We were some excited when we drew up at the first farmhouse back from the railroad. Here was to be the virgin tryout of our great scheme. The first thing I did was to buy a feed of oats for the team—and I insisted on paying a good price for the ration too. I had figured it out that this would be a much better way of getting on right terms with the farmers than handing out cigars. I certainly made no mistake, for it worked every time. Of course I told him at the start that we were taking a sort of honeymoon trip, seeing the country and looking over conditions in Oklahoma. That loosened him up right away and he began to tell me how well he had done. After he had covered that subject and committed himself thoroughly as a champion of Oklahoma I asked him:

"When you left Ohio I suppose you promised your old neighbors and your relatives and friends that you'd write to them after you had settled and tell them all about how you liked the country?"

(Continued on Page 60)

The House Was So Small That We Had to Set Up the Typewriter in the Stable

BENSINGER'S LUCK

The New Start—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

FOR some time the horse had been acting badly, and Steve drove at a walk. It was already so dark that he had climbed out twice to make sure he was in the road. A wet snow was falling, driven by a bleak wind that penetrated to the bone. He was anxiously observing a point of light down the road, calculating that it must be a window in Hiram Winters' farmhouse, which was only two miles and a half from Three Falls.

As it happened, Hiram Winters was one of those farmers to whom Steve had given checks that Skellenger's Bank refused to honor. The circumstance obviously came to Mr. Winters' mind as he opened the front door in response to a knock, peered into the falling snow and made out Steve's face.

"I got a mighty sick horse out here, Mr. Winters," said Steve apologetically.

Now Mr. Winters was widely celebrated as an amateur horseleech and, in spite of the check, Steve's statement immediately claimed his interest. Together they got the horse into the barn and Mr. Winters examined it by the light of a lantern.

"Livery rig, eh? Len Small's little chestnut," he commented, identifying the animal. "Well, sir, she's goin' to croak, I guess. Probably she's as good as dead right now, but we'll do what we can."

Under Mr. Winters' direction they labored over the ailing animal for an hour and a half, at the end of which time she verified the farmer's mortuary prediction.

"Yes, sir, she's croaked," said Mr. Winters quite cheerfully, picking up the lantern and hooking it over his arm. "'Tain't once in a hundred times, in a case of that kind, that you can really do anything. I had a fine gray gelding ten, twelve years ago—one of the best horses I ever owned ——" Discoursing quite cheerfully in this manner, Mr. Winters led the way out of the barn and locked the door; then led the way to the house and entered by the kitchen, saying "Good night" quite amiably as he crossed the threshold and shut the door behind him.

Somehow it seemed to Steve a great deal colder and darker and snowier when the door closed. He understood that Mr. Winters, however ready to minister to his horse, had not the slightest intention of ministering to him. Of course the horse had never given him a bad check.

Steve found his way to the road, set his face toward Three Falls and plodded onward. He had a very special reason for remembering that it was Washington's Birthday. All the fall and all winter luck had been against him. He had tried to do a little something in the way of shipping potatoes, but found it impossible without a cent of capital and with a poor commercial reputation because of his failure. As agent for the Farm Utility Company he had driven over the country early and late in all sorts of weather, soliciting orders for cream separators, churns and small gasoline engines; but it seemed there was not a soul left within twenty-five miles of Three Falls in any direction who would have a cream separator, churn or small gasoline engine on any terms. He had been out three days this last trip and had not taken a single order.

The dead horse worried him. His credit was so low that Mr. Plum, his father-in-law, had to guarantee his account at the livery stable. Probably the liveryman would claim he had overdriven the horse and make Mr. Plum pay for it. He was already indebted to Mr. Plum for various small sums, to say nothing of board and lodging.

It was ten minutes to nine when he entered Mr. Plum's house by the kitchen—because he was dripping from the soggy snow and mud up to his ankles. He took off his wet overcoat and undercoat, removed his muddy shoes and rolled up his trousers, to save Mrs. Plum's carpets. To get upstairs and change his clothes he must pass through the sitting room and hall. He opened the sitting-room door, stepped in—and stood paralyzed.

A broad arch connected the sitting room and parlor. In the parlor looking round at him sat Mr. and Mrs. Plum in their Sunday clothes; young Mrs. Vernor in a pink-silk party dress, with lace all over it, a diamond brooch at her breast and roses in her hair, also, Eddie Skellenger in full evening dress, with white kid gloves. All of them looked round at the big, coatless figure in stocking feet, with trousers rolled halfway to the knees and with mussed hair. For a moment the paralysis seemed mutual. Then Eddie Skellenger grinned broadly and sang out: "Hello, Bensinger—just waked up?"

"I'd Try Robbing a Bank if I Knew How"

A voice on the stairs cried, "Oh! Is Steve there?" and Elsie came running down. She, too, wore a party dress—white, shimmering and costly looking, cut low in the neck, with a bouquet at her breast. She had put on one long white glove and held the other in her hand. A lacy scarf floated from her arm. She ran down the hall, saw Steve, halted and blushed furiously. He could see anger sparkling in her pretty blue eyes and he was pierced anew with the consciousness that both his big toes stuck through holes in his stockings.

"Why, how did you get so wet?" she asked—as though in point of fact she had very little interest in the subject.

"The horse died. I walked in," he replied in deep confusion. He observed that Eddie Skellenger was grinning in frank amusement.

"That's too bad. Better get on some dry things," Elsie murmured. "Well, are we all ready?" she added, turning to the parlor.

There was the business of getting on the ladies' wraps and saying "Good night." Mr. Plum went out holding one umbrella, while Eddie Skellenger held another—over Elsie. Looking down the hall and through the open front door Steve saw the younger people climb into the Skellenger automobile. The curdoor slammed behind them and the ponderous machine rolled away. Mr. Plum returned to the house.

Mrs. Plum glanced at her son-in-law's stockinged feet, observed icily, "You're dripping on the carpet," and sat down with her ample back to him.

Mr. Plum regarded his son-in-law with a kind of gloomy dubiety and inquired: "Horse dead, you say?" It had instantly occurred to him that as guarantor of the account at the livery stable he would very likely be called upon to pay for the animal. His son-in-law was costing him quite a bit of money in one way and another.

"Yes; she died out at Hi Winters'. It wasn't my fault," said Steve glumly, and went upstairs to change his wet clothes. He was ravenously hungry; but he would have perished rather than ask for a bite to eat.

He saw himself in the light of a stray dog that nobody wanted. He had failed all round and everybody was getting tired of the failure—even Elsie. He had known, of course, that she was going to the Washington's Birthday ball. He had told her over and over that she must not stay at home all the time because he could not go to parties. Even if he had known she was going with Eddie Skellenger it would not have lain in his mouth to say a word—he, who had not a dollar to his name and daily ate the bread of dependence at her father's table!

"The girl's doing mighty well to stand for me at all!" he thought gloomily. Nevertheless he had a fresh cause for despising his mother-in-law. He knew well enough that she had put on her best dress and made her husband don the untarnished navy-blue business suit that he usually wore only to church because Eddie Skellenger was going to be in their house a few minutes that evening. "Fat old snob!" Steve muttered under his breath as he took out a dry shirt. Yet who was he to accuse even her? Of course they were tired of supporting him; and they had good reason to be. He went downstairs with his mind made up.

"I'm going back to the farm," he told his father-in-law grimly, "and I'm going to stay there until I get on my feet—if it's a hundred years! This churn business is no good. I don't know's I'm any good myself. Anyway there's no reason why I should hang round here for you to support. Elsie'll stay with you and I'll come for her when I can make a decent living."

Mr. Plum considered it without emotion and observed impartially:

"Well, your name's certainly been Jonah for the Plum family this winter. I guess it would be just as well for you to go back to the farm and see if you can get your second wind. I'll settle up with the liveryman the best I can. You might drop in some day before long and give me your note for what's coming to me."

"I've sort of been thinking of something for quite a while," Steve replied in downhearted abstraction. "Maybe it's no good. None of my thinks seems any good. But—as you say—I'll go back to the farm and try to get my second wind. I guess it would be just as well if I went off pretty early in the morning. You can explain things to Elsie."

He did not really blame his wife for having been deeply humiliated when he appeared before her swell friends with his toes sticking out of his stockings; but in his present circumstances he did not want any explanations with her. He was sick of explanations as a substitute for cash. There was a flinty core in his heart. "I'd go right out and rob a bank tonight if I knew how!" he told himself.

. . . . . .

Steve sat on the edge of the cold forge in the little smithy at the Bensinger farm, staring at the dirt floor. It was twilight in there, not only because the windows were dirty but because a heavy snow fell from the lowering sky. But he was hardly aware of the twilight or the humid cold.

Two glass fruitjars sat at his feet, and his inert hand held a red morocco-covered memorandum book. He had dug the jars and the book out of a box that was buried under a pile of rusty junk in the corner. They were his inheritance from Uncle Judson Prothroe.

They had been in his mind more or less from the night he got them out of the old mill and hid them in the smithy. More and more, of late, with luck running steadily against him, he had recurred to the jars and memorandum book. Driving round the bleak country in a vain attempt to sell churns, he had thought of them by the hour.

The odd thing was that he could not, for the life of him, see any use in thinking about them. He told himself numberless times that he might just as well think of the man in the moon. Nevertheless the fascinating objects persisted in getting into his mind and refused to get out. The last four days he could hardly sleep for thinking of them. He had been at the farm a week now, and he ought to be thinking every minute of something practical—getting a job, or an agency for something he could really sell; anything that would bring in money. Certainly without capital or credit he could do nothing whatever with the jars and memorandum book, and he had neither; but Uncle Jud's bequest simply obsessed him.

Absently he looked at his big silver watch and saw that it was a quarter past four. The conclusion that, in any event, it was too late to do anything that day mechanically formed itself in his abstracted mind. And immediately—quite as though he had come to a decision that was the result of long and logical reasoning—he slipped from the edge of the forge, put a fruitjar under his arm, went to the barn and hitched up.

It was dark and the electric street lamps were lighted when he drove up at the side of Mr. Plum's drug store; but he knew the proprietor never went home until six.

"George W.," he began abruptly when they were together in the cluttered space behind the prescription desk, "I've got something here that we can both make a fortune out of—or else I'm plumb nutty," he added candidly. Removing his wet hat, he ran his muscular fingers through his hair and confessed rather thoughtfully: "By George, I don't know but I am nutty. I can't get my mind off that stuff."

Mr. Plum without the least enthusiasm had taken the fruitjar in his lean right hand. His mental attitude toward

Steve at the moment was strictly defensive. He suspected that his unfortunate son-in-law was going to strike him for another small loan. He raised a pair of coldly critical eyes from the brown, granular substance in the fruitjar to Steve's face; but felt reassured in one respect. Obviously Steve had not lapsed from his customary sobriety.

"What is the stuff?" he inquired more from politeness than from interest.

"Well, sir," Steve replied firmly, "it's the greatest food in the world! There's more nutriment in it, pound for pound, than in beefsteak or anything else. A man that eats it will never have indigestion or appendicitis. It will cut the cost of living for poor people or anybody else. It's the greatest stuff in the world!"

The druggist placed the jar on the prescription desk and observed:

"I ain't in the grocery business, you know."

"You don't need to be," Steve answered promptly. "We can make it right here—it's mostly grain, you know—and sell it all over the country. Once get it going, there's a million dollars in it. Taste it," he urged.

Mr. Plum unscrewed the cover, poured some of the brown granules into his palm and transferred them to his mouth.

"A cow might like it," he admitted a moment later. "I'd rather have beefsteak smothered with onions, myself. Where did you get it?"

It was a delicate question and Steve hesitated a moment before replying.

"Uncle Jud Prothroe showed me how to make it. That old man worked more'n ten years on it, George W.; and he was a great old scholar too. He knew chemistry from A to Izzard, and a lot of other things. He worked for years to get a food that would be just right. As he said, there'd been all sorts of inventions and discoveries in science, but we went right on eating the same kind of food they had in the Dark Ages. He wanted to have a scientific food and he got it."

By the hour Steve had listened to the old man's gentle dithyrambs over the scientific food. He repeated some of the arguments with honest conviction. They would patent it, advertise it, sell it all over the country. Look, for example, at the trainloads of patent medicines that were sold every day—and here was something that beat a patent medicine hollow!

"You're right enough about the patent medicines," said Mr. Plum with the first touch of interest he had yet shown. "By heck! I'd rather have a patent medicine than own the Bank of England. It don't cost anything to speak of to make the stuff. Why, I sell barrels and barrels of it right here. Yes, sir—if I had plenty of capital I'd go into the patent-medicine business myself. I've often thought of that. But, great Scott, Steve, it takes a mint of money to get anything like that started! Skellenger's the man for you to go to. And even if you had the money this stuff of yours is no good. A man eats it and feels just like he did before. If you expect to sell it you've got to make it in liquid form and put in plenty of whisky—with maybe a little morphine or cocaine—something that'll give 'em a jolt when they take it. That's what catches 'em, you know. Your cow fodder is no good, even if you had the capital."

"Why, it wouldn't take any great amount of capital," Steve urged, ignoring the other argument. "Probably these patent-medicine fellows didn't have much capital when they began. The thing is to get the stuff going and then spread out as the money comes in. You could get it started with only a little money."

"I don't see how," Mr. Plum replied skeptically, yet with interest. "It certainly costs lots of money to advertise."

"Why, no, it don't," Steve insisted—"unless you try to advertise all over at once. It just takes nerve and some thinking. I tell you, George W., I've thought a heap about this thing lately and I'm sure we could get it started without much money.

"Now here's one scheme I thought of," he continued earnestly. "Maybe it wouldn't work so well as some other scheme; but it will just show you that by thinking over it hard enough you can strike something that will work. Here's what I thought of: Suppose, now, we spend a few hundred dollars making up a batch of this stuff and go to the grocers right here in Three Falls and get 'em to agree to handle it. That wouldn't be hard if we show 'em that people will be asking for it. Then we've got to get people to inquiring for it."

"That's the whole trick," said Mr. Plum.

"Well, there's something in the papers about this balloon race they're going to have down South first week in April. Along about that time there will be a lot more in the papers. Everybody'll be thinking about it. Now if you've ever noticed when they send up paper balloons on the Fourth of July you can't tell to save you whether a balloon is ten feet long and two hundred feet in the air or a hundred feet long and two thousand feet in the air! Suppose we made up eight or ten balloons out of brown paper, about ten feet high, and tied a doll by a string to each one of 'em. The first fair day, when the wind was right, about the time of this race we'd send up a balloon so it would drift over the town. Half an hour later we'd send up another from a different point. You know how it is—if a man stops and looks at something in the air everybody else stops and looks. By noon pretty near everybody in town would be wondering about these balloons.

"Now we'd take another balloon and fasten it up on a platform wagon with a wire frame; and we'd get that smart little kid of Len Small's and dress him up fancy, and put Len's bulldog on the wagon seat beside him with a coat on. And we'd have the kid drive our wagon with the balloon on it all round town. There'd be a doll hanging from the balloon by a string, and everybody would catch on that the balloons they'd seen in the forenoon were just the same. And on the sides of the wagon we'd have a big sign—Saved by Health Food! or whatever name we decided to call it. Then our grocers would put some big posters up in their windows, with a picture of a balloon and a man dangling from it, and some snappy paragraphs in big type telling about Health Food. Maybe 'twould be a good idea to strike off some catchy circulars with a picture of a balloon and something about Health Food and distribute them all round. I bet you everybody in town would talk about Health Food by night! Then next day or the day after we might hire thirty or forty kids at a dollar apiece and put blue caps on 'em like messenger boys wear. We'd have some envelopes printed on yellow paper, with Telegraph Company across the top, so they'd look exactly like regular telegraph envelopes; and inside there'd be a message on a blank just like a telegraph blank. Everybody would open the envelope and read the message, thinking it was a telegram—but it would be about Health Food. Why, we can think up plenty of things like that, that wouldn't cost much money and would get the stuff started round here. As fast as the money came in we'd spread out."

They Were His Inheritance From Uncle Judson Prothroe

"Well, that sounds sort of plausible," the druggist replied thoughtfully; "but the trouble is, Steve, you're playing on a dead card. Even if people do start buying that bran of yours they won't keep on buying it, because there's no lift in it. You've got to give 'em some kind of booze or dope to keep 'em really interested. I don't see any show for your fodder."

Steve was disappointed. A couple of thousand dollars was all they needed to start, he urged, and if Mr. Plum did not care to venture the whole sum they might find two or three other men who would take shares.

"Well, see what you can do with somebody else," the druggist replied. "I might put in five or six hundred dollars if you can get some other people in."

Though disappointed Steve was not discouraged. He thought his father-in-law would view the fodder more hopefully later on. "Well, there's Jim Davidson," he speculated. "I happen to know he's got quite a bunch of loose change now and he's a pretty good sport. I believe he'll take a share. I'll go see him tomorrow."

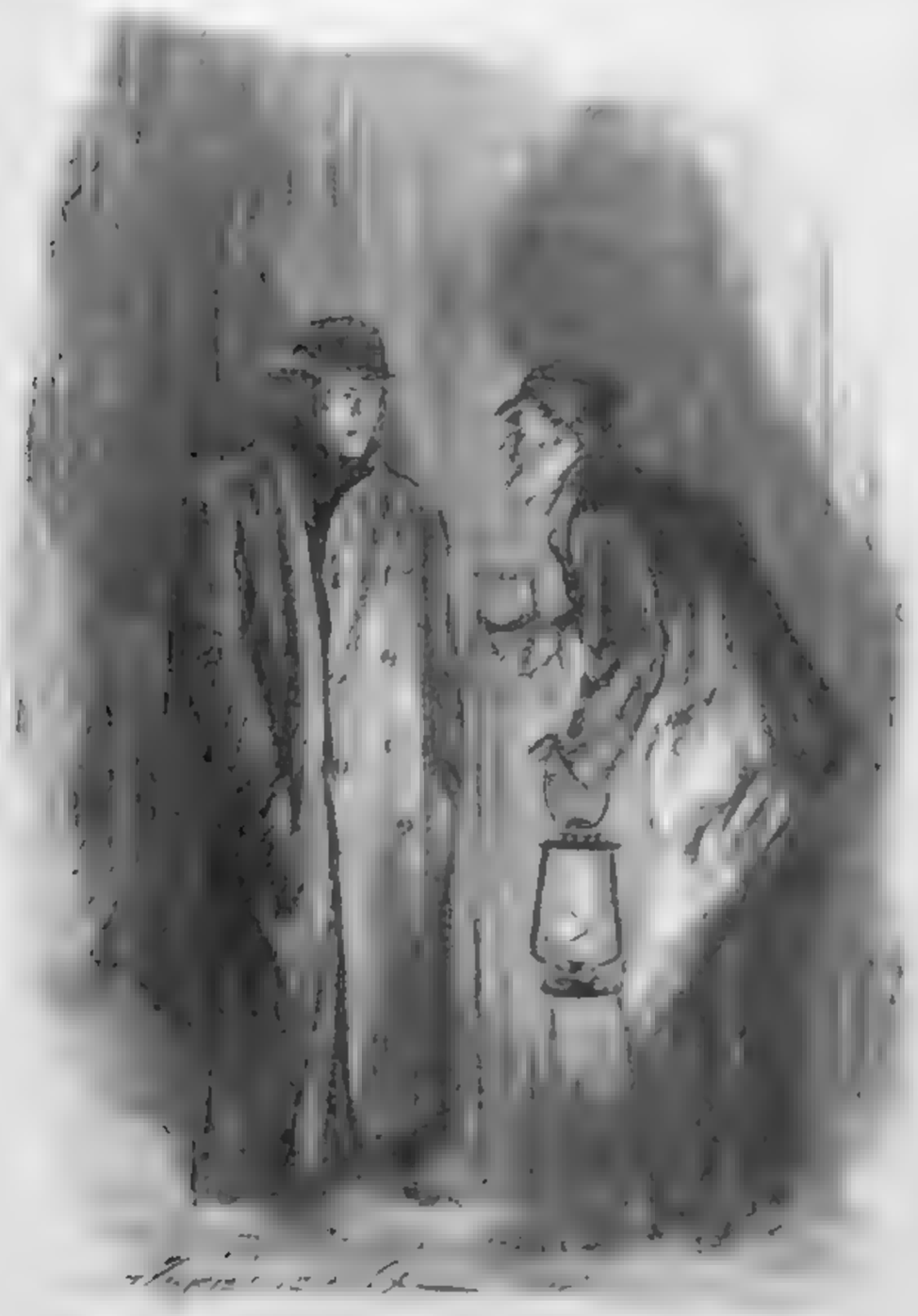
He did not see Davidson however. Cashier Judson, of Skellenger's Bank, sent for him. The suit to recover damages from the railroad for Steve's spoiled peaches had been set for trial. If any money were recovered it would, of course, go to the bank; but, as the nominal plaintiff, it was necessary for Steve to go to Minneapolis and testify. Cashier Judson very grudgingly and reproachfully advanced money to cover his expenses.

They had not expected so prompt a trial of the cause; nor, as it turned out, had they any reason to expect it. Having put the plaintiff to the expense of sending witnesses to Minneapolis, the wily defendant procured a number of short delays—then had the trial postponed to fall. Thus Steve spent the whole month of March most fruitlessly in Minneapolis.

He returned to Three Falls on April third and learned at the drug store that Mr. Plum had gone to Chicago on business. After seeing Elsie, Steve retired to the farm to await his father-in-law's return. They expected him the evening of the sixth, the young man in the drug store said.

The afternoon of that day Steve's neighbor, Jeb Miller, stopped in front of the Bensinger homestead to deliver the sugar, tea and lemons that Mrs. Bensinger had asked him to fetch from town. Steve went out to the wagon to get the packages and fell into neighborly conversation with Mr. Miller.

"Them balloon races now," said Mr. Miller presently, responding to a casual remark from Steve on the news of the day—"well, sir, it does beat the dickens what advertisin' dodges they do git up nowadays!" The farmer tittered and shook his head like one moved by a humorous recollection. "I was standin' on the corner by Skellenger's Bank 'long about half past ten this morning, you know, Steve, and I noticed some people lookin' up into the sky—and of course I looked up; and there was a balloon sailin' over town and a man danglin' from it like he was goin' to



Hiram Winters Was One of Those Farmers to Whom Steve Had Given Checks That Skellenger's Bank Refused to Honor

fall. Course we was all talkin' about it, thinkin' it was one of them balloons from Louisville. Then about one o'clock here come Len Small's kid dressed up like a clown and drivin' Len's dappled pony to a wagon, with Len's bulldog dressed up in a red coat and hat on the seat beside him. And here fastened up on that wagon, Steve—by jiminy!——" Mr. Miller paused to smite his thigh and laugh outright. "On that wagon, Steve, was a balloon with a doll tied to it—same, you see, as we'd seen sailin' over town. The whole thing, by gum, was just a patent-medicine advertisement!"

Mr. Miller could not recall the name of the patent medicine. It was a new one, he thought.

It was rather late in the afternoon; but Steve hitched up and drove to town. As he turned into Main Street the city's largest drug store lay on his right hand. Both its broad plate-glass windows contained flaming posters, with a picture of a balloon and a man dangling therefrom, with the legend: Saved by Doctor Ingraham's Secret of Health. The dingy brick walls of Mr. Plum's establishment were plastered from top to bottom with similar placards and the show windows were piled high with four-cornered brown-glass bottles. The label showed a venerable gentleman with flowing white beard.

The little drug store had an unwonted appearance of activity. Six or eight people were gathered beside the flyspecked soda fountain, while the proprietor—holding one of the brown bottles in his left hand and wagging his right forefinger impressively at it—discoursed to them upon the merits of the mixture.

"Hello, Steve!" he exclaimed with unusual geniality as his eye fell upon his son-in-law's burly figure. "I want to see you. Just go back." He jerked his head in the direction of the prescription case and continued his discourse for so long that the electric lights were turned on.

Meanwhile Steve sat behind the prescription desk, overhearing the druggist's lecture. People seemed to go out, but others came in. When the druggist at length came back he was in a more expansive mood than his son-in-law had supposed possible.

"That was a good idea of yours all right, Steve," he began at once right heartily, and even clapped the young man on the shoulder. "It's going to do the work. I guess everybody in town's talking about the Secret of Health tonight. They're beginning to buy, and when they once get a taste they'll come back for more. I believe I'm going to make a go of it." He seemed, in fact, quite happy and full of an eager, nervous energy.

"What is it?" Steve asked rather dully. He felt, as he afterward confessed, just flabbergasted.

"The Secret?" said Mr. Plum with a wide smile. "Well, it's whisky and senna, with a little cocaine to give it more lift, and flavoring extract to make it tasty. The rest is water. Doctor Ingraham, you know, is the physician who invented whisky," he added with an even broader smile.

He dropped in the chair opposite Steve, with his hands on his bony knees, and continued with the utmost seriousness:

"I've been wanting to see you. There's a good place for you in this—a good place right now; and it'll get better right along if the thing goes. I want a bright, energetic young man to travel some—pushing the Secret, you know—a fellow that'll have some good ideas on advertising and can write the testimonials, and so on. There'll be plenty of things to do, and you're just the man for the place. I'll give you seventy-five dollars a month right at the start, and more as the business grows. It will put you on your feet right away; and it opens up a fine future for you, young man."

It seemed to Steve that he had never before noticed what a lean, red, leathery, bony creature his father-in-law was. His thumb and forefinger itched to close firmly upon the long, ruddy nose; but he realized there was absolutely no more use in quarreling with George W. Plum than with a pig for putting its feet in the trough.

"Don't you want me any more, Steve?" Elsie asked—not bitterly, but like a hurt child. Her pretty lips quivered and he could see that she strove to repress tears.

Steve swallowed hard and replied doggedly, staring down at the rug:

"Yes, I want you. I think I'll always want you, Elsie; but, you see—this job—I don't want to say anything about your father. He backed me up all winter. I owe him quite a bit of money. I'm under obligations to him. But this business—I think there ought to have been a different arrangement. I—I won't take that job!" he burst out, baffled and miserable, looking up at her with his heavy eyebrows drawn together.

"Papa said he offered you seventy-five dollars a month to start with, and more soon—and it would be a steady thing that you could count on." Elsie glanced down at the rug and added in a low voice: "We could live on that. We could take the little cottage and live together as a husband and wife should—if that was what you really wanted to do, Steve. You must know it isn't very pleasant for me to be living on my parents, away from you—and everybody talking about it."

"Oh, I want to! I want to!" he declared fervently. "I know how it is for you. I know—maybe I'm no good, Elsie. I sure haven't been any good for you. I know it looks to you as though I didn't want to; but I can't take that job, Elsie. I've gotta try something else."

"What?" she asked, looking squarely up at him. Her voice was gentle, but it made him realize that he had been ineffectually trying things ever since he married her. Was he, after all, no good? He himself had made the suggestion, but had never for a moment taken it seriously. The question now penetrated to his marrow.

"I'd try robbing a bank if I knew how," he replied rather at random. "No—I can't take that job," he added decisively. "I've gotta try my own way." The penetrating question seemed to have seared and hardened him.

He felt it when he left the house—a heightened hardihood. "I'd rob a bank in a minute if I knew how!" he repeated to himself grimly. He knew as little about bank robbery, however, as about anything else. The practical question was: Where could he raise two or three thousand dollars to get his scientific food started? He was perfectly ready to tackle anybody, he told himself—even Peter J. Skellenger. As he walked on toward Main Street he set his jaw firmly and quickened his pace. He proposed to tackle Cashier Judson the moment he could reach him.

The cashier listened impatiently and almost perforce for a few moments, worrying his grizzled mustache.

"You're crazy! I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole," he snapped when he had grasped the proposal. "You'd better get a job driving a dray, Bensinger, and take a pledge to keep out of debt," he added irritably as he turned away. The loss of twenty-five hundred dollars which the bank had incurred through Steve had been the subject of several very unpleasant conversations between himself and his employer, Peter J. Skellenger.

Steve wandered out on the broad cement flagging in front of the bank, thrust his hands absently in his empty trousers pockets and glanced quite aimlessly down the street. So far as he could see at the moment he had no place to go and nothing to do.

The April day was pleasantly warm, and he was wearing the gray suit he had bought to get married in. It was as good as new, for he had put it away during the winter. The large gold watchfob that Elsie had given him at Christmas depended from his watch pocket. It did not occur to him just then that a comparative stranger noting his good felt hat, composed, clean-shaved face, new-looking clothes, gold watchfob and polished shoes, might easily have mistaken him for a person in very prosperous circumstances. That occurred to him somewhat later.

Drifting leisurely away from the bank entrance he even smiled a little over the thought that Cashier Judson's advice might be sound. Then he was aware of a figure beside him. The figure had emerged from the stairway door by which one reached and departed from the offices over the bank. The larger of those offices was occupied occasionally by Peter J. Skellenger, and the figure was that of Mr. Skellenger.

A stocky, deep-chested little person was the millionaire, with a wide forehead, deep-set gray eyes and a fleshy nose. His mottled complexion would have suggested indigestion and liver trouble to an expert eye, and his small chin did not match the bold architecture of his upper face. He held a sheaf of papers in his right hand and seemed on his way from the office to the bank; but in closing the stairway door his eye fell upon Steve and he paused.

"Fine day, Mr. Skellenger," Steve observed blandly. It was the longest speech he had ever made to the millionaire. Ordinarily he would have nodded and passed on; but today he felt reckless. Something in the millionaire's settled gaze arrested him. Pausing, he added: "Great weather for the farmers."

"H'm! Fine watchfob you're wearing," said Mr. Skellenger.

Then Steve understood the look that had subtly arrested him. It expressed Mr. Skellenger's righteous indignation that a man who owed him twenty-five hundred dollars should be abroad in a new suit, wearing an expensive article of jewelry.

"Yes. I got it the other day," Steve replied. He glanced about and stepped nearer.

"You know, Mr. Skellenger, I've been thinking of coming to see you," he said rapidly under his breath. "There's a leak in your bank."

He was rewarded by seeing Mr. Skellenger draw back slightly as though he had been struck, while a look of horror appeared in his deep-set gray eyes, and his mouth opened.

Steve nodded earnestly.

"I know what I'm talking about. If I don't nobody does. Remember that I told you."

Mr. Skellenger got his breath and snapped:

"I don't believe a word of it! You're lying!"

"All right," said Steve warningly. "I knew that's what you'd say. That's why I haven't come to see you. All the same I know certain people are taking money out of there whenever they want to. Look hard enough and you'll find it. Remember, now, that I told you."

With that he turned abruptly and walked briskly down the street. When he had gone a little way he chuckled aloud, his eyes twinkling. "Chesty little old tightwad!" he thought with derisive glee. "That'll keep him awake for a week! I bet he gets in half a dozen expert accountants, now, and it costs him a thousand dollars!" At that thought he chuckled again. The words he spoke to the millionaire had just popped into his head and he had uttered them in exactly the same spirit of impersonal reprisal that moves an urchin who has been unjustly spanked to heave a stone through the first convenient window he sees. No doubt it was low and childish; but for a few minutes Steve was much pleased with himself. The sensation had become very novel to him.

He would hardly have thought of it again; but on the second day following the mail brought a plain envelope, addressed to himself in typewriting and containing a plain card that read: "Please call at my office at half past four today. P. J. S."

Steve chuckled afresh over the card; but he perceived that it raised a problem of some importance. Should he ignore it or go and laugh in the old tightwad's face; or might there possibly be something to his own advantage in it? At any rate he decided to go.

When he was seated opposite Mr. Skellenger at the substantial oak table in the latter's office—with the door locked—the millionaire looked him straight in the eye and announced:

"If you know anything about the bank, Bensinger, that it would be to my advantage to know I'll pay you well for the information."

Steve had by no means expected so downright a proposal. He did not know how delicate Mr. Skellenger's position really was. The bank was a private institution. Its proprietor declined to organize it under state or national law, because it would then be subject to official inspections. It did, in fact, a brisk business in the loanshark line and conducted various other transactions that Mr. Skellenger did not choose to lay bare before a prying and impertinent official eye. Neither did he choose to give much personal attention to the business. He dearly loved his ease and the

(Continued on Page 73)

"If You'll Lend Me Four Thousand I'll Make it Worth Your While"

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

I Worked Days and Half-Days at Anything I Could Get

XXIV

OUT in the country, at the Belmont Academy, I went to work in a small, perfectly appointed steam laundry. Another fellow and myself did all the work, from sorting and washing to ironing the white shirts, collars and cuffs, and the "fancy starch" of the wives of the professors. We worked like tigers, especially as summer came on and the academy boys took to the wearing of white duck trousers. It consumes a dreadful lot of time to iron one pair of duck trousers—and there were so many pairs of them. We sweated our way through long sizzling weeks at a task that was never done; and many a night, while the students snored in bed, my partner and I toiled on under the electric light at steam mangle and ironing-board.

The hours were long, the work was arduous, despite the fact that we became past masters in the art of eliminating waste motion. I was receiving thirty dollars a month and board—a slight increase over my coalshoveling and cannery days, at least to the extent of board—which cost my employer little—we ate in the kitchen—but which was to me the equivalent of twenty dollars a month. My robuster strength of added years, my increased skill and all I had learned from the books were responsible for this increase of twenty dollars. Judging by my rate of development I might hope before I died to be a night watchman at sixty dollars a month, or a policeman actually receiving a hundred dollars, with pickings.

So relentlessly did my partner and I spring into our work throughout the week that by Saturday night we were frazzled wrecks. I found myself in the old familiar work-beast condition, toiling longer hours than the horses toiled, thinking scarcely more frequent thoughts than horses think. The books were closed to me. I had brought a trunkful to the laundry, but found myself unable to read them. I fell asleep the moment I tried to read; and if I did manage to keep my eyes open for several pages I could not remember the content of those pages. I gave over attempts on heavy study, such as jurisprudence, political economy and biology, and tried lighter stuff, such as history. I fell asleep. I tried literature and fell asleep. And finally, when I fell asleep over lively novels, I gave up. I never succeeded in reading one book in all the time I spent in the laundry.

When Saturday night came and the week's work was over until Monday morning, I knew only one desire besides the desire to sleep, and that was to get drunk. This was the second time in my life that I had heard the unmistakable call of John Barleycorn. The first time it had been because of brain-fag; but I had no overworked brain now. On the contrary, all I knew was the dull numbness of a brain that was not worked at all. That was the trouble. My brain had become so alert and eager, so quickened by the wonder of the new world the books had discovered to it, that it now suffered all the misery of stagnancy.

And I, the longtime intimate of John Barleycorn, knew just what he promised me—maggots of fancy, dreams of power, forgetfulness; anything and everything save whirling washers, revolving mangles, humming centrifugal wringers, fancy starch, and interminable processions of duck trousers moving in steam under my flying iron. And that was it. John Barleycorn makes his appeal to weakness and failure, to weariness and exhaustion. He is the easy way out. And he is lying all the time. He offers false strength to the body, false elevation to the spirit, making things seem what they are not and vastly fairer than they are.

It must not be forgotten, however, that John Barleycorn is protean. As well as to weakness and exhaustion does he appeal to too much strength, to superabundant vitality, to the ennui of idleness. He can tuck in his arm the arm of any man in any mood. He can throw the net of his lure over all men. He exchanges new lamps for old, the spangles of illusion for the drabs of reality; and in the end he cheats all who traffic with him.

I did not get drunk, however, for the simple reason that it was a mile and a half to the nearest saloon. And this, in turn, was because the call to get drunk was not very loud in my ears. Had it been loud I should have traveled ten times the distance to win to the saloon. On the other hand, had the saloon been just round the corner I should have got drunk. As it was I would sprawl out in the shade on my one day of rest and dally with the Sunday papers. The comic supplement might bring a pallid smile to my face and then I would fall asleep.

Though I did not yield to John Barleycorn while working in the laundry, a certain definite result was produced. I had heard the call, felt the gnaw of desire, yearned for the anodyne. I was being prepared for the stronger desire of later years.

And the point is that this development of desire was entirely in my brain. My body did not cry out for alcohol. As always, alcohol was repulsive to my body. When I was bodily weary from shoveling coal the thought of taking a drink had never flickered into my consciousness. When I was brain-wearied after taking the entrance examinations to the university I promptly got drunk. At the laundry I was suffering physical exhaustion again, and physical exhaustion that was not nearly so profound as that of the coalshoveling. But there was a difference. When I went coalshoveling my mind had not yet awakened. Between that time and the laundry my mind had found the kingdom. While shoveling coal my mind was somnolent. While toiling in the laundry my mind, informed and eager to do and to be, was crucified.

And whether I yielded to drink, as at Benicia, or whether I refrained, as at the laundry, in my brain the seeds of desire for alcohol were germinating.

XXV

AFTER the laundry my sister and her husband grubstaked me into the Klondike. It was the first gold rush into that region—the early fall rush of 1897. I was twenty-one years old and in splendid physical condition. I remember, at the end of the twenty-eight-mile portage across Chilkoot from Dyea Beach to Lake Lindeman, I was packing with the Indians and outpacking many an Indian. The last pack into Lindeman was three miles. I back-tripped it four times a day and on each forward trip carried one hundred and fifty pounds. This means that over the worst trails I daily traveled twenty-four miles, twelve of them under a burden of one hundred and fifty pounds.

Yes, I had let a career go hang, and was on the adventure path again in quest of fortune. And, of course, on the adventure path I met John Barleycorn. Here were the chesty men again, rovers and adventurers; and, though they did not mind a grub famine, whisky they could not do without. Whisky went over the trail, while the flour lay cached and untouched by the trailside.

As good fortune would have it the three men in my party were not drinkers. Therefore I did not drink save on rare occasions and disgracefully when with other men. In my personal medicine chest was a quart of whisky. I never drew the cork until six months afterward in a lonely camp where, without anesthetics, a doctor was compelled to operate on a man. The doctor and the patient emptied my bottle between them and then proceeded to the operation.

Back in California a year later, recovering from scurvy, I found that my father was dead and that I was the head and the sole breadwinner of a household. When I state that I had passed coal on a steamship from Bering Sea to British Columbia, and traveled in the steerage from there to San Francisco, it will be understood that I brought nothing back from the Klondike but my scurvy.

Times were hard. Work of any sort was difficult to get; and work of any sort was what I had to take, for I was still an unskilled laborer. I had no thought of a career. That was over and done with. I had to find food for two mouths besides my own and keep a roof over our heads—yes, and buy a winter suit, my one suit being decidedly summery. I had to get some sort of work immediately. After that, when I had caught my breath, I might think about my future.

Unskilled labor is the first to feel the slackness of hard times, and I had no trades save those of sailor and laundryman. With my new responsibilities, I did not dare go to sea, and I failed to find a job at laundering. I failed to find a job at anything. I had my name down in five employment bureaus. I advertised in three newspapers. I sought out the few friends I knew who might be able to get me work; but they were either uninterested or unable to find anything for me.

The situation was desperate. I pawned my watch, my bicycle, and a mackintosh of which my father had been very proud and which he had left to me. It was and is my sole legacy in this world. It had cost fifteen dollars and the pawnbroker let me have two dollars on it. And—oh, yes—a waterfront comrade of earlier years drifted along one day with a dress suit wrapped in newspapers. He could give no adequate explanation of how he had come to possess it, nor did I press for an explanation. I wanted the suit myself. No—not to wear. I traded him a lot of rubbish that, being unpawnable, was useless to me. He peddled the rubbish for several dollars, while I pledged the dress suit with my pawnbroker for five dollars. And for all I know the pawnbroker still has the suit. I never intended to redeem it.

I could not get any work though. Yet I was a bargain in the labor market. I was twenty-two years old, weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds stripped, every pound of which was excellent for toil; and the last traces of my scurvy were vanishing before a treatment of potatoes

chewed raw. I tackled every opening for employment. I tried to become a studio model, but there were too many fine-bodied young fellows out of jobs. I answered advertisements of elderly invalids in need of companions. And I almost became a sewing-machine agent on commission, without salary. But poor people don't buy sewing machines in hard times; so I was forced to forego that employment.

Of course it must be remembered that, along with such frivolous occupations, I was trying to get work as a wop, lumper or roustabout. But winter was coming on and the surplus labor army was pouring into the cities. Also, I, who had romped along carelessly through the countries of the world and the kingdom of the mind, was not a member of any union.

I sought odd jobs. I worked days and half-days at anything I could get. I mowed lawns; trimmed hedges; took up carpets, beat them and laid them again. Further, I took the civil-service examination for mail carrier and passed first. But, alas! there was no vacancy and I must wait. While I waited, and in between the odd jobs I managed to procure, I started to earn ten dollars by writing a newspaper account of a voyage I had made—in an open boat down the Yukon—of nineteen hundred miles in nineteen days. I did not know the first thing about the newspaper game, but I was confident I could get ten dollars for my article.

I did not. The first San Francisco newspaper to which I mailed it never acknowledged receipt of the manuscript, but held on to it. The longer it held on to it, the more certain I was that the thing was accepted.

And here is the funny thing: Some are born to fortune and some have fortune thrust upon them; but in my case I was clubbed into fortune, and bitter necessity wielded the club. I had long since abandoned all thought of writing as a career. My honest intention in writing that article was to earn ten dollars. And that was the limit of my intention. It would help to tide me along until I got steady employment. Had a vacancy occurred in the post-office at that time, I should have jumped at it. But the vacancy did not occur, nor did a steady job; and I employed the time between odd jobs with writing a twenty-one-thousand-word serial. I turned it out and typed it in seven days. I fancy that was what was the matter with it, for it came back.

It took some time for it to go and come, and meantime I tried my hand at short stories. I sold one for five dollars. One editor gave me forty dollars for another. A magazine offered me seven dollars and a half, pay on publication, for all the stories I should deliver. I got my bicycle, my watch and my father's mackintosh out of pawn, and rented a typewriter. Also, I paid up the bills I owed to the groceries. I recall the Portuguese grocery-man who never permitted my bill to go beyond four dollars. Hopkins, another grocer, could not be budged beyond five dollars.

And just then came a call from the post-office to go to work. It placed me in a most trying predicament. The sixty-five dollars I could earn regularly every month was a terrible temptation. I could not decide what to do. I shall never be able to forgive the postmaster of Oakland. I answered the call and I talked to him like a man. I frankly told him the situation. It looked as if I might win out at writing. The chance was good, but not certain. Now if he would pass me by and select the next man on the eligible list, and give me a call at the next vacancy —— But he shut me off with:

"Then you don't want the position?"

"But I do!" I protested. "Don't you see, if you will pass me over this time ——"

"If you want it you will take it," he said coldly.

Happily for me the cursed brutality of the man made me angry.

"Very well," I said. "I won't take it."

XXVI

HAVING burned my one ship I plunged into writing. I am afraid I always was an extremist. Early and late I was at it—writing, typing, studying grammar, studying writing and all the forms of writing, and studying the writers who succeeded in order to find out how they succeeded. I managed on five hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and came pretty close to working the nineteen waking hours left to me. My light burned until two and three in the morning, which led a good neighbor woman into a bit of sentimental Sherlock Holmes deduction. Never seeing me in the daytime, she concluded I was a gambler, and that the light in my window was placed there by my mother to guide her erring son home.

The trouble with the beginner at the writing game is the long, dry spells, when there is never an editor's check and everything pawnable is pawned. I wore my summer suit pretty well through that winter, and the following summer experienced the longest, dryest spell of all, in the period when salaried men are gone on vacation and manuscripts lie in editorial offices until vacation is over.

My difficulty was that I had no one to advise me. I did not know a soul who had written or who had ever tried to write. I did not even know one reporter. Also, to succeed

Which Led a Good Neighbor Woman Into a Bit of Sentimental Sherlock Holmes Deduction

at the writing game I found I had to unlearn about everything the teachers and professors of literature of the high school and university had taught me. I was very indignant about this at the time; though now I can understand it. They did not know the trick of successful writing in the years 1895 and 1896. They knew all about Snow-Bound and Sartor Resartus; but the American editors of 1899 did not want such truck. They wanted the 1899 truck and offered to pay so well for it that the teachers and professors of literature would have quit their jobs could they have supplied it.

I struggled along, stood off the butcher and the grocer, pawned my watch and bicycle and my father's mackintosh—and I worked. I really did work and went on short commons of sleep. Critics have complained about the swift education one of my characters, Martin Eden, achieved. In three years, from a sailor with a common-school education I made a successful writer of him. The critics say this is impossible. Yet I was Martin Eden. At the end of three working years, two of which were spent in the high school and the university and one spent at writing and all three in studying immensely and intensely, I was publishing stories in magazines such as the Atlantic Monthly, was correcting proofs of my first book—issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Company—was selling sociological articles to the Cosmopolitan and McClure's, had declined an associate editorship proffered me by telegraph from the city of New York, and was getting ready to marry.

Now the foregoing means work—especially the last year of it, when I was learning my trade as a writer. And in that year, running short on sleep and taxing my brain to its limit, I neither drank nor cared to drink. So far as I was concerned, alcohol did not exist. I did suffer from brain-fag on occasion, but alcohol never suggested itself as an ameliorative. Heavens! Editorial acceptances and checks were all the amelioratives I needed. A thin envelope from an editor in the morning's mail was more stimulating than half a dozen cocktails. And if a check of decent amount came out of the envelope, such an incident in itself was a whole drunk.

Furthermore, at that time in my life I did not know what a cocktail was. I remember, when my first book was published, several Alaskans, who were members of the Bohemian Club, entertained me one evening at the club in San Francisco. We sat in most wonderful leather chairs and drinks were ordered. Never had I heard such an ordering of liqueurs and of highballs of particular brands of Scotch. I did not know what a liqueur or a highball was, and I did not know that Scotch meant whisky. I knew only poor men's drinks, the drinks of the frontier and of sailortown—cheap beer and cheaper whisky that was just called whisky and nothing else. I was embarrassed to make a choice, and the steward nearly collapsed when I ordered claret as an after-dinner drink.

XXVII

AS I SUCCEEDED with my writing my standard of living rose and my horizon broadened. I confined myself to writing and typing a thousand words a day, including Sundays and holidays; and I still studied hard, but not so hard as formerly. I allowed myself five hours and a half of actual sleep. I added this half-hour because I was compelled to do so. Financial success permitted me more time for exercise. I rode my wheel more, chiefly because it was permanently out of pawn; and I boxed and fenced, walked on my hands, jumped high and broad, put the shot and tossed the caber, and went swimming. And I learned that more sleep is required for physical exercise than for mental exercise. There were tired nights bodily when I slept six hours; and on occasion of very severe exercise I actually slept seven hours. But such sleep orgies were not frequent. There was so much to learn, so much to be done, that I felt wicked when I slept seven hours. And I blessed the man who invented alarm clocks.

Still no desire to drink. I possessed too many fine faiths, was living at too keen a pitch. I was a Socialist, intent on saving the world; and alcohol could not give me the fervors that were mine from my ideas and ideals. My voice, on account of my successful writing, had added weight—or so I thought. At any rate, my reputation as a writer drew me audiences that my reputation as a speaker never could have drawn. I was invited before clubs and organizations of all sorts to deliver my message. I fought the good fight, went on studying and writing, and was very busy.

Up to this time I had had a very restricted circle of friends. But now I began to go about. I was invited out—especially to dinner; and I made many friends and acquaintances whose economic lives were easier than mine had been. And many of them drank. In their own houses they drank and offered me drink. They were not drunkards, any of them. They just drank temperately, and I drank temperately with them as an act of comradeship and accepted their hospitality. I did not care for it—neither wanted it nor did not want it; and so small was the impression made by it that I do not remember my first cocktail or my first Scotch highball.

Well, I had a house. When one is asked into other houses he naturally asks others into his house. Behold the rising standard of living! Having been given drink in other houses, I could expect nothing else of myself but to give drink in my own house. So I laid in a supply of beer and whisky and table claret. Never since that has my house not been well supplied.

Still, through all this period, I did not care in the slightest for John Barleycorn. I drank when others drank—and with them, as a social act. And I had so little choice in the matter that I drank whatever they drank. If they elected whisky, then whisky it was for me. If they drank rootbeer or sarsaparilla I drank rootbeer or sarsaparilla with them. And when there were no friends in the house, why, I did not drink anything.

Whisky decanters were always in the room where I wrote; and for months and years I never knew what it was—when by myself—to take a drink.

When out at dinner I noticed the kindly, genial glow of the preliminary cocktail. It seemed a very fitting and gracious thing. Yet so little did I stand in need of it, with my own high intensity and vitality, I never thought it worth while to have a cocktail before my own meal when I ate alone.

On the other hand, I well remember a very brilliant man, somewhat older than I, who occasionally visited me. He liked whisky; and I recall sitting whole afternoons in my den drinking steadily with him, drink for drink, until he was mildly lighted up and I was slightly aware that I had drunk some whisky. Now why did I do this? I do not know, save that the old schooling held—the training of the old days and nights, glass in hand with men—the drinking ways of drink and drinkers.

Besides, I no longer feared John Barleycorn. Mine was that most dangerous stage when a man believes himself John Barleycorn's master. I had proved it to my satisfaction

in the long years of work and study. I could drink when I wanted, refrain when I wanted, drink without getting drunk and, to cap everything, I was thoroughly conscious that I had no liking for the stuff. During this period I drank precisely for the same reason I had drunk with Scotty and the harpooner, and with the oyster pirates because it was an act performed by men with whom I wanted to behave like a man. These brilliant ones, these adventurers of the mind, drank. Very well. There was no reason I should not drink with them—I who knew so confidently that I had nothing to fear from John Barleycorn.

And the foregoing was my attitude of mind for years. Occasionally I got well jingled, but such occasions were rare. It interfered with my work—and I permitted nothing to interfere with my work. I remember, when spending several months in the East End of London, during which time I wrote a book and adventured much among the worst of the slum classes, I got drunk several times and was mightily wroth with myself because it interfered with my writing. Yet these very times were because I was out on the adventure path, where John Barleycorn is always to be found.

Then, too, with the certitude of long training and unholy intimacy, there were occasions when I engaged in drinking bouts with men. Of course this was on the adventure path in various parts of the world, and it was a matter of pride. It is a queer man-pride that leads one to drink with men in order to show as strong a head as they; but this queer man-pride is no theory—it is a fact.

For instance, a wild band of young revolutionists invited me as the guest of honor to a "beer bust." It is the only technical beer bust I ever attended. I did not know the true inwardness of the affair when I accepted. I imagined that the talk would be wild and high, that some of them might drink more than they ought, and that I should drink discreetly. But it seemed these beer busts were a diversion of these high-spirited young fellows whereby they whiled away the tedium of existence by making fools of their betters. As I learned afterward, they had got their previous guest of honor—a brilliant young radical, unskilled in drinking—quite pipped.

When I found myself with them and the situation dawned on me, up rose my queer man-pride. I would show them—the young rascals! I would show them who was husky and chesty—who had the vitality and the constitution, the stomach and the head—who could make most of a swine of himself and show it least. These unlicked cubs who thought they could outdrink me!

You see, it was an endurance test; and no man likes to give another best. Faugh! It was steam beer. I had learned more expensive brews. Not for years had I taken steam beer; but when I had I had drunk with men, and I guessed I could show these youngsters some ability in beer guzzling! The drinking began and I had to drink with the best of them. Some of them might lag, but the guest of honor was not permitted to lag.

And all my austere nights of midnight oil—all the books I had read—all the wisdom I had gathered—went glimmering before the ape and tiger in me that crawled up from the abysm of my heredity—atavistic, competitive and brutal, lustful with strength and desire to outswine the swine.

When the session broke up I was still on my feet; and I walked erect, unswaying—which was more than could be said of some of my hosts. I recall one of them in indignant tears on the street corner, weeping as he pointed out my sober condition. Little he dreamed the iron clutch, born of old training, with which I held to my consciousness in my swimming brain, kept control of my muscles and my qualms, kept my voice unbroken and easy, and my thoughts consecutive and logical. Yes—and, mixed up with it all, I was privily agrin. They had not made a fool of me in that drinking bout. And I was proud of myself for the achievement. Darn it! I am still proud—so strangely is man compounded.

I did not write my thousand words next morning, however. I was sick—poisoned. It was a day of wretchedness. In the afternoon I had to give a public speech. I gave it, and I am confident it was as bad as I felt. Some of my hosts were there in the front rows to mark any signs on me of the night before. I don't know what signs they marked, but I marked signs on them and took consolation in the knowledge that they were just as sick as myself.

Never again! I swore. And I have never been inveigled into another beer bust. For that matter, that was my last drinking bout of any sort. Oh, I have drunk ever since—but with more wisdom, more discretion, and never in a competitive spirit. It is thus that the seasoned drinker grows seasoned.

To show that at this period in my life drinking was wholly a matter of companionship, I remember crossing the Atlantic in the old Teutonic. It chanced at the start that I chummed with an English cable operator and a younger member of a Spanish shipping firm. Now the only thing they drank was "horse's neck"—a long, soft, cool drink, with a lemon peel or an orange peel floating in it. And through that whole voyage I drank horse's necks with my two companions. On the other hand, had they drunk whisky I should have drunk whisky with them. From this it must not be concluded that I was merely weak. I did not care. I had no morality in the matter. I was strong with youth and unafraid, and alcohol was an utterly negligible question so far as I was concerned.

XXVIII

NOT yet was I ready to tuck my arm in John Barleycorn's. The older I got, the greater my success, the more money I earned, the wider was the command of the world that became mine, and the more prominently did John Barleycorn bulk in my life. And still I maintained no more than a nodding acquaintance with him. I drank for the sake of sociability: when alone I did not drink. Sometimes I got jingled, but I considered such jingles the mild price I paid for sociability.

To show how unripe I was for John Barleycorn, when at that time I descended into my slough of despond I never dreamed of turning to John Barleycorn for a helping hand. I had life troubles and heart troubles that are neither here nor there in this narrative; but combined with them were intellectual troubles that are indeed germane.

Mine was no uncommon experience. I had read too much positive science and lived too much positive life. In the eagerness of youth I had made the ancient mistake of pursuing Truth too relentlessly. I had torn her veils from her and the sight was too terrible for me to stand. In brief, I lost my fine faith in pretty nearly everything but humanity, and the humanity I retained faith in was a very stark humanity indeed!

This long sickness of pessimism is too well known to most of us to be detailed here. Let it suffice to state that I had it very badly. I meditated suicide coolly, as a Greek philosopher might. My regret was that there were too many dependent directly upon me for food and shelter for me to quit living. But that was sheer morality. What really saved me was the one remaining illusion—the people.

The things I had fought for and burned my midnight oil for had failed me. Success—I despised it. Recognition—it was dead ashes. Society, men and women above the ruck and the muck of the waterfront and the forecastle—I was appalled by their unlovely mental mediocrity. Love of woman—it was like all the rest. Money—I could sleep in only one bed at a time. And of what worth was an income of a hundred porterhouses a day when I could eat only one? Art, culture—in the face of the iron facts of biology such things were ridiculous, the protagonists of such things only the more ridiculous.

From the foregoing it can be seen how very sick I was. I was born a fighter. The things I had fought for had proved not worth the fight. Remained the people. My fight was finished, yet something was left still to fight for—the people. But while I was discovering this one last tie to bind me to life, in my extremity, in the depths of despond, walking in the valley of the shadow, my ears were deaf to John Barleycorn. Never the remotest whisper arose in my consciousness that John Barleycorn was the anodyne, that he could lie me along to live. One way only was uppermost in my thought—my revolver; the crashing eternal darkness of a bullet. There was plenty of whisky in the house—for my guests. I never touched it. I grew afraid of my revolver—afraid during the period in which the radiant, flashing vision of the people was forming in my mind and will. So obsessed was I with the desire to die that I feared I might commit the act in my sleep; and I was compelled to give my revolver away to others who were to lose it for me where my subconscious hand might not find it.

But the people saved me. By the people was I handcuffed to life. There was still one fight left in me, and here was the thing for which to fight. I threw all precaution to the winds; threw myself with fiercer zeal into the fight for Socialism; laughed at the editors and publishers who warned me and who were the sources of my hundred porterhouses a day; and was brutally careless of whose feelings I hurt and of how savagely I hurt them. As the "well-balanced radicals" charged at the time, my efforts were so strenuous, so unsafe and unsane, so ultra-revolutionary, that I retarded the Socialist development in the United States by five years. In passing I wish to remark at this late date that it is my fond belief that I accelerated the Socialist development in the United States by at least five minutes.

It was the people—and no thanks to John Barleycorn—who pulled me through my long sickness. And when I was convalescent came the love of woman to complete the cure and lull my pessimism asleep for many a long day, until John Barleycorn again woke it. But meantime I pursued Truth less relentlessly, refraining from tearing her last veils aside even when I clutched them in my hand. I no longer cared to look upon Truth naked. I refused to permit myself to see a second time what I had once seen, and the memory of what I had that time seen I resolutely blotted from my mind.

I was very happy. Life went well with me. I took delight in little things. The big things I declined to take too seriously. I still read the books, but not with the old eagerness. I still read the books today, but never again shall I read them with that old glory of youthful passion

(Continued on Page 65)

I Had Let a Career Go Hang, and Was on the Adventure Path Again

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The Model Ambassador

OUR ambassador at the Court of St. James should be able to hand a teacup with grace and precision; he should know the difference between a macaroon and a soda cracker at the first rapid glance; he should be so habituated to evening clothes that he can wear them without surreptitiously feeling himself to see whether he is hanging together. It is highly desirable, though not absolutely necessary, that he be in such a financial position that he can give an expensive dinner without having to pawn the embassy clock until the next paycheck comes in. That he should be readily teachable on points of etiquette and have a powerful predisposition toward associating with the very best people goes without saying.

With these qualifications, almost any ambassador will get on very well. Experienced attachés will instruct him in the subtleties of English society; and, with Washington only ten minutes away by cable, the political portion of his duties will be easy.

The title describes his office with an accuracy not often found in official nomenclature. His mission is to the Court of St. James, which is the plumed hat modern England wears for show occasions. As for representing the United States in Great Britain, millions of words, proceeding from thousands of men, are doing that.

Free Trade Without Low Wages

EVERY new statement of British foreign commerce enforces the point that free trade may mean cheap goods without meaning low wages. Our exports have more than doubled in fifteen years, and so have England's. She still sells abroad much more manufactured goods than any other nation—which, of course, she could not do if her goods, on the whole, were not cheaper than those of other countries—and at the same time she continues to pay the highest wages in Europe.

While the United Kingdom's foreign trade has more than doubled in fifteen years, it is an interesting fact that our own share in that trade, on both sides of the ledger, has increased relatively less than that of any other big division of the world. British exports to us during the period have increased less than fifty per cent, while exports to India, Australasia and Germany have increased almost a hundred per cent; to Canada more than fourfold. Imports from Asia, South America, Australasia and Africa have increased nearly a hundred and fifty per cent; from Europe one-half; but from North America only one-third.

After all our agitation on the subject, the United Kingdom still sells South America nearly two dollars' worth of goods to our one. You will find many ingenious explanations of this fact; but the simplest one is that England is the best market to buy in—though paying higher wages than any European competitor.

A Hundred Years After

A MARCH cablegram said: "The Berlin Bourse was closed today in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the deliverance of Prussia from Napoleonic rule." About the same time the semi-official Cologne Gazette was observing: "Never before have our relations with France been so strained as they are now. Never before has the spirit of revenge been more manifest there. Never before has the French alliance with Russia and friendship with England been so much in evidence. All this is for the sole purpose of reconquering Alsace-Lorraine. In whatever quarter of the world the flames may begin it is certain we shall have to cross swords with France." And immediately after this inspired utterance, ministers of the German states were called into conference to consider ways and means of raising two hundred and fifty million dollars for frontier fortresses.

For ten years the Fatherland has been straining every financial nerve in a naval competition with England. It turns now to keener competition with France and Russia in land armaments.

Meanwhile across the border there is a lively agitation for a return to the three-year system of military conscription—the term having been reduced to two years in 1905 as a measure of relief to the oppressed French peasants.

Napoleon made war pay its own way. Modern European statesmanship is hard put to it to make armed peace pay its way. The great Corsican was not without a sardonic sense of humor. We imagine him chuckling.

A New Kind of Tax

HAVING decided to spend a quarter of a billion dollars for extraordinary military purposes, Germany is considering extraordinary methods of raising the money—including a war tax that is, we believe, a novelty in modern governmental finance. This is a direct tax on private fortunes, beginning at a dollar and a quarter for each five hundred dollars of fortunes below fifty thousand dollars, and gradually rising as the amount of the fortune increases. Fortunes above two hundred and fifty thousand dollars but below two and a half millions would pay one per cent. Those between five and twelve millions would pay two per cent. Those above twenty-five millions would pay four per cent.

This is not a tax on income, but on the principal of the fortune. If a fortune above twenty-five million dollars yielded its possessor a five per cent income this tax would take four-fifths of his income for the year in which it was levied.

For the benefit of nervous German millionaires it is declared that this extraordinary tax would be levied only for a single year. But, with Germany's headlong naval and military competition with all Europe, how long may it be before another occasion for extraordinary expenditures arises? We almost wish there were a like tax in the United States—to be applied exclusively to Jingoes.

Where Bank Money Goes

COMPTROLLER MURRAY puts the banking power of the United States at twenty-two and a half billion dollars. That is the total sum the banks have to lend and invest. But only twenty-nine cents out of every dollar of it is in commercial loans. The remainder is in loans on real estate, loans on collateral—mainly stocks and bonds—and in outright investments in stocks and bonds. This includes the savings banks. Eliminate them, and the commercial banks—national and state—have a dollar and forty cents in loans on real estate, loans on collateral, and in stocks and bonds, for every dollar of commercial loans, except as some part of the loans on collateral are really commercial loans on warehoused goods.

Commercial loans are actually the most liquid of a bank's invested assets. They are based on goods that are bound to be consumed in the processes of living; consequently they are bound to liquidate themselves. Real estate and stocks and bonds, of course, are practically non-liquid. They can be realized upon only when some investor is found who is willing to purchase them.

If our banks were able to realize promptly on commercial loans—as virtually all European banks are, through a central organization that stands ready to rediscount such paper—we should expect to see a larger proportion of bank assets in loans of that character, which would be a good thing all round.

We regard this as one of the very first points the banking committees at Washington should ponder.

The Friendless Bear

POLITICIANS, editors and other emotional persons can never reconcile themselves to the wicked man who sells short. It seems to be a well-nigh universal notion that, though some virtue may attach to speculating for a rise, speculating for a fall is merely a modern manifestation of original sin

As a matter of fact, every apology for the bull can be applied with equal force to the bear. In purely speculative transactions—such as constitute about nine-tenths of the business on the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade—the one complements the other; and if either has any economic usefulness the one has it quite as much as the other. Bears tend to check the bulls' exuberance when stocks or commodities are rising; and on the other hand their covering tends to sustain a falling market. Nor does short selling depress prices—except temporarily; for he who sells must presently buy.

Morally and economically the bear's case is exactly as good as the bull's; but sentimentally there is a large difference. It vexes us that anybody should think anything is going to fall. We applaud prophets of success—not of failure. We demand to be shown the bright side—whether there is any or not.

The Wrong and the Remedy

ORIGINALLY the common stock of the Steel Corporation was thinner than water; but it is not now. The last annual report shows that, first and last, six hundred million dollars of net earnings have been used for the purpose of solidifying the water. One hundred and seventy-five million dollars have been paid in dividends on the common stock. Four hundred and twenty-five million dollars of earnings have been appropriated for the purchase of additional property, for new construction and for the retirement of mortgage liens—all to the benefit of the common stock.

Six hundred million dollars is far more than three years' full wages for every hand employed by the corporation. Last year, after deducting approximately forty-five million dollars from earnings for ordinary repairs and maintenance, the corporation further deducted twenty-two millions for extraordinary replacements and twenty-five millions for common stock dividends. These two sums—applied to strengthen the common stock—would have increased the pay of every employee, from the president down, by twenty-five per cent.

That common stock issue was an economic crime. It puts a perpetual handicap upon higher pay, shorter hours and lower prices; but any corporation is still at liberty to issue all the common stock it pleases—if not in one state, then in another. Here is a very tangible trust evil that legislation can easily cure. Why does not legislation go about it? The wrong is patent; the remedy at hand. We should rejoice to see one practical step taken by the Federal Government on this trust subject.

The Job-Hunters

LESS than ten thousand jobs are at the disposal of the President—"with the advice and consent of the Senate." In March there were on file at Washington one hundred and thirty thousand applications for these jobs.

The average pay of the presidential jobs is slightly less than two thousand dollars a year, but this includes Cabinet members, judges of the Federal courts, interstate commerce commissioners, and all other relatively high-salaried officers. Nearly eight thousand of the jobs are second-class and third-class postmasterships, with pay running from one thousand to twenty-nine hundred dollars a year—snug harbors for the potentates of village politics; but aspirants for second-class and third-class post-offices rarely visit Washington to forward their claims. Eliminate them and the positions at the top, and you have left not over a thousand jobs to account for the presence at the capital of a job-hunting army.

What any man who has punch left in his composition would want of about nine-tenths of these residual jobs is past comprehension. It is a fair guess that few men with punches in their composition want anything of them.

Squeezing the City Tenant

CONGESTION of population was the subject of a recent exhibition in Gotham. One exhibit consisted of a bell, with this legend beneath it: "Every time this bell rings land values in New York advance a thousand dollars." The bell rang every five minutes. Sales of choice land parcels at a valuation equivalent to twenty-five or thirty million dollars an acre were mentioned—all leading up to the conclusion that, based on the average rental of a three-room tenement, about one-third of the average factory-worker's income goes for rent—in other words, to support the enormously enhanced market value of urban lands that accrues to the benefit of the landlord.

Buildings are now taxed at the same rate as land. Thus, if you tear down an old, noisome, ramshackle tenement worth five thousand dollars, and replace it with a well-lighted, ventilated, sanitary structure worth thirty thousand, a grateful community immediately raises your taxes. Even in crowded Manhattan, over seven thousand parcels of land lie vacant, being held by speculators for a rise. By way of remedy it is proposed gradually to lower the tax rate on buildings and raise that on land until the former is only one-half of the latter; but prudent landlords generally require the lessee to pay all taxes on the land.

There is a growing problem here that will have to be solved before many years. Landlords will not be allowed to sit on the city's neck—with both hands in its pockets—indefinitely.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The New Indian Chief

Lone Chief

NOT many literary men are politicians, though numerous politicians try to be literary men. Try, I said. But on occasions there have been conjunctions of the literary and the political; and the proof of it is found in the fact that one of our leading novelists has recently been made secretary of the interior.

It is quite possible this statement may cause various persons to look up the name of the present secretary of the interior, which is Franklin K. Lane, and then ask: What novels did he ever write? To all such inquiries the reply must be that Franklin K. Lane never wrote any novels—or, if he did, he has successfully concealed the fact. It passes the comprehension of some people that a man or a woman may be a leading novelist and not write a line of a novel. But that is the truth.

Mr. Lane has confined his writing to speeches and briefs and opinions; and the opportunity to allege that there may have been a modicum of fiction in these productions is spurned at this point with the contempt it deserves.

His novelizing has been by word of mouth; and I venture to say he has had the most appreciative public, the longest period of popularity and the greatest support any similar novelist of our time has received. His entire production has been absorbed. There has been a continuous and insistent demand for more of his work. He has never made a failure or produced a line that has not met with instant and enthusiastic applause.

Show me any other novelist who can truthfully say as much or have as much said for him!

It is quite true that the circulation of Mr. Lane's works is to a degree limited; but it is comprehensive. There are no returned copies; nothing is left cumbering the shelves. Mr. Lane's public takes everything he offers and clamors for more. That, I assert, is the true mark of enduring success; for complete, absorbed circulation is the test, inasmuch as it means appreciation and the recognition of merit.

At present Mr. Lane's novel-hearing constituency is confined to one person—his daughter Nancy, aged some eight or nine years; but a more loyal constituency a novelizer never had! For some several years Mr. Lane has offered his novels to Miss Nancy, and each one has been received by her with gracious enthusiasm. The work has been serial in character. It has run continuously for some five years, and a chapter has been added each night just before the Sandman came round in the Lane household.

It has been a tale of moving adventures and high surprise by flood and field, with the same heroes and heroines; and it has dealt with fairies, elves, gnomes, Indians, papooses, cannibals, sailors, hunters, pirates, treasure-seekers, birds, bees, the little folk of the forest, princes, princesses, the leprechauns of Ireland, and many other interesting characters. All science has been enlisted and all art made vassal to the tale. Every new invention has been used, such as airships, wireless telegraphy, and the like; and on occasion a few kings and queens have been introduced—a most comprehensive work, in many volumes, but with never a dull moment in it.

The Chief and the Little Princess

AND now a great thing has happened, for Mr. Lane has been made a real, sure-enough Indian chief by his Indian wards, who come under his ministrations as secretary of the interior; and more than that—oh, a great deal more than that—Miss Nancy has been made an Indian princess, and has been given a pair of truly-booly beaded moccasins, all for her very own! And her father has been given a pipe. You can see what that means. Every night now, just before bedtime, Mr. Lane can assume his character of Indian chief—his Indian name is Lone Chief—and Miss Nancy can assume her character of Indian princess; and then the Indian parts of the great Lane novel will have a verisimilitude that will be fine—simply fine! And thus does literature get another boost—and it is well!

It is hard to excite early enthusiasm over political appointments among those who make a business of watching Washington affairs and writing about them. So many promising buds have been blasted that the chronicler is likely to wait for the blossom before saying anything. No matter what a man has done elsewhere, Washington demands in every official walk that he prove up there. Past performances do not count if they are past performances elsewhere. But many a lackluster Washington eye brightened when it came upon the name of Lane while scanning the Cabinet list—brightened perceptibly; for Lane is a man who has made good in Washington—made more than good at the nubbin of things; nor has there been a doubt expressed that he will make good in the Cabinet.

A little more than seven years ago Lane came from California to take a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was a lawyer in San Francisco and had been the Democratic candidate for governor of that state, defeated by a few votes—counted out, his partisans still claim; but, whether or no, he was not governor. He was then forty-two years old, a broad-shouldered, thick-chested man—clear-eyed, red-blooded, strong, virile and a student. He jumped into the intricate interstate commerce affairs, and worked night and day until he came to be one of the leaders in that important body—and then to be the leader, having a mastery of his subjects and a mind that not only could comprehend but could decide.

One of the problems that fell to him was the investigation of the complicated express-company contention; for weeks and months he studied rates and tables and maps and schedules, and his investigations and conclusions made the present parcel post system far easier of accomplishment than it would have been had he not made his examination. A large number of other cases—notably the Spokane rate case—came to him for the ultimate opinion; and he was made chairman of the commission not long before he was put into the Cabinet.

With the development of the country and its resources, the place of secretary of the interior is far more important than most of the other Cabinet places; and the President considered his appointment to that office with extreme deliberation, and gave great thought to the matter. Various men were proposed, many of them good men; but at the last he selected Lane, and thereby added sixteen to his string for level-headed judgment and keen appreciation of the sort of man that place demands. And Lane is going about his job with the same energy and ability that characterized his work as interstate commerce commissioner, which means that he will be a good secretary of the interior, the same being no slouch of a job.

Lane is essentially a Wilson kind of Democrat if a Wilson kind of Democrat is the kind of Democrat Wilson's advance notices indicate. He is a radical, but he is a sane radical. He is a progressive, but he isn't a fanatic. He is a good politician, and he has a wide knowledge of governmental needs and the courage of his convictions on whatever subject he may have in hand.

Probably it would be conventional to say Lane is breezy, as he comes from the West; but I shall not say it, for most of those breezy persons turn out to be merely windy—and there is a distinction there. What Lane is is a fine, companionable, earnest, hearty, sincere man, with no frills about him; with a big head and a big brain in it; straight, reliable, able and strong.

He likes the mountains and the woods and the water—can catch a fish, sail a boat, shoot a gun, do something at golf; and on the indoor side can make a rattling speech, tell a story—and reads omnivorously. In addition to all this, by virtue of the fact, no doubt, that he once ran a newspaper in Tacoma, he has that inherent literary talent to which I have referred, and is one of our leading novelists.

Should any feel inclined to scoff at this statement, those scoffers are confidently referred to Miss Nancy Lane, aged nine or thereabout, who will give abundant testimony in the secretary's behalf.

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Feeding the Multitude

By Edward Hungerford

THIRTY minutes before the big bell of Trinity booms out noontide, New York's busiest grubtime has begun. A few early breakfasting clerks and office boys begin to find their way toward the shrines of the coffee urns and the heaped-up piles of sandwiches. Of course in New York breakfast is an almost endless affair; but this is another affair and far more serious. The second meal of the big town's business day really begins at half past eleven. Fifteen minutes later it is gaining real headway. Thin trails of stenographers and clerks are finding their way, lunch-bound, through the cañonlike streets of downtown Manhattan—streams that momentarily increase in volume. By the time Trinity finally booms its twelve stout strokes down into the street there is congestion upon the sidewalks—the favorite stools at the counters and the better tables in the higher-priced places are being filled rapidly.

At twelve-thirty it begins to be luck to get any sort of accommodations at the really popular places; before one o'clock the tensity of grubbing verges on panic and pandemonium. And at a little before three cashiers are totaling their receipts, cooks donning their hats and coats to go uptown, waiters upturning chairs and busses are scrubbing floors with scant regard for belated lunchers, who have to be content with the crumbs that are left after the ravaging and hungry army has been fed. Order after pandemonium—readiness for two hours of gorge upon the morrow! The restaurants and lunchrooms are as quiet and as empty as they were at eleven; but some six hundred thousand men, boys and women have lunched in the business part of Manhattan that lies south of Twenty-third Street, at a total cost, according to the estimate of a shrewd restaurateur, of a quarter of a million dollars.

The feeding of the multitude at lunchtime in New York is no novelty, though only within recent years has it become a great and systematized business. There are many of the purveyors in downtown Manhattan who have long since passed half a century of active service; in a musty markethouse there is one oyster stand, still famous, which boasts that it has served its simple seafood dishes since 1833. And it is only a little time since Old Tom's, down in narrow Thames Street, just off Broadway, which had been doing business since the far-away days of the eighteenth century, closed its doors for the last time. Its old home was torn down to make way for a skyscraping office building, and Old Tom's was literally thrown out into the street! A good many more of the comfortable, old-fashioned eating places of New York have had to quit for that very same reason.

The Last of John Meehan

Though there are eating places in New York—and one of them of the most aristocratic in the land—that make no idle boast of lineage and of the accomplishments that the years may bring them, it was really not until the close of the Civil War that the restaurant business as we know it today was really born. It took hungry armies returning from the South to give birth to some really famous purveyors for lunch-hungry New York business men. Oyster houses, chophouses and delectable eating places of many quiet sorts began to sprinkle the side streets off Broadway below Canal Street. New York was sweeping northward upon its narrow island space—there were beginning to be good stores on both Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets—and the business of lunching downtown began to be differentiated. Though offhand it might have seemed rather unprofitable catering—because of the limited hours—more and more men seemed to be able to find their way to it, some of them in extremely modest fashion at the beginning.

Typical among these was a young Irishman who started in 1866 what he called Dolan's Coffee and Cake House, in Park Row, almost in the shadow of Barnum's Museum. Of all these modest little eating places, springing up because New Yorkers were seeing their homes retreat farther and farther from their places of business, Pat Dolan's was perhaps the most modest, even after it had moved a little farther up the Row—to a point about opposite the side entrance of the new post-office. Yet Dolan's, with its simple scale of prices hardly changing with the years, earned its way. Patrick Dolan died in 1903. He left a fortune of nine hundred thousand dollars, earned from the purveying of simple dishes—ham and beans the most famous of them all—through a period of less than forty years. His nephew, John Meehan, came into the larger part of the fortune, including the business; and when his friends asked him what he was going to do, now that he was a rich man, he told them to watch him and see.

They saw. They saw a tall, sparse man, who knew the odd human craft along Park Row as he might know the fingers of his hand, stand through long, hard years at his eating bar, his long, glistening blade slowly slicing the corned beef and the ham in the way that seemed best to suit the tastes of his patrons. His uncle had stood there in the same way before him. They had watched the business and the business had thrived under their watching. Only the other day John Meehan left his stand in the humble little eating house, going north, to his Harlem home to sicken and to die. Park Row stopped its humdrum of chatter about murders and politics to take note of his passing. Why, there was hardly a soul on the famous street who did not know John Meehan—few who could not recall the occasional cheery nods that had come from the tall, sparse man. They were chattering about his fiftieth birthday—that day five years before when the Row had stopped work for a few hours that there might be a parade; that folks might crowd into the tiny little eating place and interrupt the carving of meat with their congratulations as they gazed upon the letters that Teddy Roosevelt and George McClellan and Charlie Murphy and all the other big fellows had sent. And if Mr. Dana and Mr. Greeley had lived to see that day—the very thought exceeded even lively imaginations!

A New Kind of Lunchroom

And yet Dolan's was but typical of the many little eating houses of New York that the years made famous—the pioneers who first recognized that a man could not overload his stomach at midday and finish his fill of work. There was and still is another "lunch" place that has never boasted even a bill-of-fare.

These little coffee houses, however, were only forerunners of the lunchroom that was yet to meet the hunger of downtown New York. It came long after the town had passed the million mark, and was a solid red-and-brown city all the way from the Battery tip of Manhattan to away up past Harlem. One man studied the fundamentals of the coffee houses and then went farther. He boldly swept away many of their pet traditions and builded anew. It was late in the eighties when he opened the first of his restaurants—a showy, glittering place, immaculately clean. But it was not the showiness of the place or the Scriptural mottoes that hung upon its walls, alternating with more worldly advice as to the watching of one's coat and hat—not even the prayer service that opened it for the first time—that amazed seasoned New Yorkers. It was the fact that you could walk into the place, choose from its counters such simple lunch dishes as suited your fancy, devour them at your leisure in broad-armed chairs, after the fashion of college classrooms; and then—this was the real shock—you quickly computed in your own mind the cost of the lunch, paid the cashier at the door your own computation and departed. Of course the place was tipless; but that honor plan, that took away New York's breath—wise old New York, that had the wickedest reputation in the land, including that of snatching up every spare penny in sight! It did not take the hardened New Yorkers long to prepare an estimate of the number of weeks it would take the restaurant to fail.

However, the owner knew New Yorkers better than they knew themselves. He brought the average man's unwillingness to do the small or the mean thing to a business

basis, and the restaurant he established between Park Row and Nassau Street never abandoned its remarkable "honor plan" with its customers from the opening until today. The Scriptural mottoes have long since gone from its walls and the owner has been dead a number of years, but the restaurant that he founded—the first of an extensive chain—has stuck to its cardinal principle of honor in the average man, and waxed immensely prosperous by so doing.

Others took the hint—indeed, there is still much discussion as to who really founded the honor plan so distinctive a feature of New York lunchrooms. For instance, one man started a quick lunch in New Street—down back of the big silent citadel of Standard Oil—somewhere along about the year 1890. His place, though eschewing Scriptural mottoes and the shiny white tiles, also offered upon its long counters food of good quality and well prepared, making for every form of cheap and convenient service. It prospered from the beginning, and it began to seem as if the day of the heavy luncheon in downtown New York was waning; but his place and other restaurants, similarly organized and springing from a very modest "eating hole" for messenger boys and brokers' clerks at the side of the Stock Exchange, did not go quite so far in their honor plan. They established lusty-lunged boys at cash registers. The customer ate his fill, computed from the plain pricemarks on the various sorts of foods his indebtedness to the place, and gave the figure to one of these boys. The youth immediately "bawled out" the amount—to use a popular phrase—and handed him a check with his indebtedness printed plainly upon it. The customer then paid the money to a near-by cashier. The lunchroom proprietors had some check not only upon their patrons but upon their employees as well; and it is this plan that has prospered most in the congested downtown tip of Manhattan.

Catching a Wealthy Welsher

Under it the lunchroom magnates have waxed prosperous. New York business boys and business men are honest as a general thing—particularly honest in these little matters. Here and there one may cheat to the amount of five cents—or possibly even ten—but seldom more than that, and seldom for even such small amounts. Once there was a case of cheating that has become historic, and here is the story of it:

Into one of these early quick-lunch places used to come one of the downtown capitalists of penurious nature. His check was generally for ten cents—sometimes fifteen; on rare occasions, twenty. Suspicion somehow became directed toward him. This lunchroom had a detective who had an eagle eye. He noticed the man and quietly observed him. He found that the capitalist was eating twenty-five or thirty cents' worth a day and paying for it but ten or fifteen.

The detective reported this to his superiors. They looked up the man and let the matter run on, never saying a word. Months passed and the peculations of the magnate—for these were veritable peculations—kept on in just the same ratio. Finally one day the proprietor called the gentleman into his private office. Quietly he informed him that all had been discovered and calculated! "If you will now, at this desk, sit down and write me a check for ———"—he named a certain well-known New York charity and stipulated a substantial amount—"nothing will be done. If not we will prosecute! We have the goods on you!"

The man stormed, but it was without avail. The proprietor calmly heard him out and pushed blank checks toward him. Inside of fifteen minutes the check was signed—and a crushed, disconsolate man made his way out.

"It is all very simple," says the manager of one of these big lunchrooms who stands beside you for a moment at the entrance of one of his places—it boasts that it serves more than three thousand lunches each business day between eleven o'clock and three. "I've been through the whole mill—coming up. I've been checkboy and milkman, general understudy to the cooking arrangements, oysterman, cashier—now I'm looking out for this particular beanery. . . . Honor among business men? There's a lot of it! A few years ago there was a girl upstate who started in to help make both ends meet by manufacturing home-made candy. The candy was so good and the girl so likable that she could not find time both to make and to sell it; so she let it sell itself. She put an unlocked glass case filled with her wares, all plainly labeled, down in the lobby of the local skyscraper, and let people help themselves and make their own change. She made out—and that was going some!

"We've never gone quite that far. We'd trust the New Yorker pretty far, but we still stick by our checkboys. Take this boy over here—like a good many others of our midday workers here, he is getting ready to go to college."

The checkboy has fine lungs. He can shout "Fifteen cents!" at a smug-looking broker so you can hear the echoes across the long room; and it is our private prediction that when he gets to Harvard he will be leading the cheering on the sidelines!

"Fifteen! Thirty cents! Twenty-five! Twenty! Thirty-five cents! Forty cents!" he calls out in his raspy, high-pitched monotone. It occurs to you that he does not add the word cents until he has reached thirty, and you wonder if that is not a single grudging note of respect to the man who has ordered the higher-priced lunch.

"Nope!" says the manager. "We treat 'em all alike—the boy who's got a nickel to spend and the man who doesn't hesitate at lobster salad at thirty cents a throw. That's system! But twenty sounds too much like thirty to be quite safe; and so he adds the cents for the thirties and the thirty-fives."

"Then you don't run too many risks?" you venture.

"No, sir," is the prompt reply; "but we're willing to go quite a way, at that. Yesterday there was a man in here who runs a 'cafeteria' out in Chicago. I was telling him some of the rules of the game—how, when a customer comes in and throws his hat down in a chair before he goes over to the sandwich and the coffee counters, that chair is his until he gets good and ready to go! My Chicago friend laughed at that. 'If we were to do that out in my neck-o'-the-woods,' he said, 'the customer would lose his hat!' And the uptown department stores don't take any chances either. At about the biggest of them they make the women decide what they will eat, but before they can start in they must buy a check—pay in advance, you understand. They tried the downtown way—but now they take no chances."

The floor manager laughed nervously.

"Refined Lunches" for Girls

"It's different with the women downtown," he went on. "We've started one quick buffet lunch on the honor plan—same dishes, prices and service as at the men's places; but this one is for business girls. They said at first that we shouldn't make good with them—but we're ready to start another within a month. And the business girls don't cheat—no matter what their shopping sisters uptown may try to do!"

Fifteen years ago, when downtown New York commenced to be invaded by petticoated persons in ever-increasing numbers, business girls found themselves, when it came to eating time, decidedly like fish out of water. Alone or in pairs, and without masculine escort, they were looked upon with critical suspicion in the big, high-priced restaurants; and their funds, in any event, did not run to these. Then, as now, the average cost of a lunch in the big New York downtown restaurant was seventy to eighty cents, including the tip to the waiter. The "beaneries" of half a generation ago—merely "stoking places" for the laying in of food—were not pleasant, according to the feminine mind. For a year or two the girls suffered. Then a man of commercial instinct had an idea.

He saw the young women pouring into downtown and needing food each noon. He figured the nickels, dimes and quarters from their little pocketbooks that then could buy nothing they wanted. Then he hunted out one woman here and another there of keen business sense and good executive ability, and, keeping himself in the background—letting it appear that this was a peculiarly feminine enterprise—he started girls' luncheon clubs. If you were a girl you paid a small monthly fee and got a "refined lunch" at low prices. And the doors were barred to all save women. For years the plan was a huge success. One of the earliest enterprises of this sort had

The best-liked Soup ever made—

Liked best by the most people and the most-particular people. The most tempting and wholesome of soups; the most useful. Do *you* get the full benefit of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

You know how good it is when prepared simply with hot water, but prepared with milk or cream it is even more delicious. You can serve it in various attractive ways as a soup-course; and combined with many other simple dishes it makes them doubly appetizing.

Why not write *today* for our little free booklet which describes some of these inviting combinations? Enjoy the *full variety* of satisfaction found in this perfect soup.

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A[illegible] in haste to get a
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I'm standing on the chair."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Boudon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
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Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato Okra Vegetable
	Mutton Broth	
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Brings Economy and Comfort

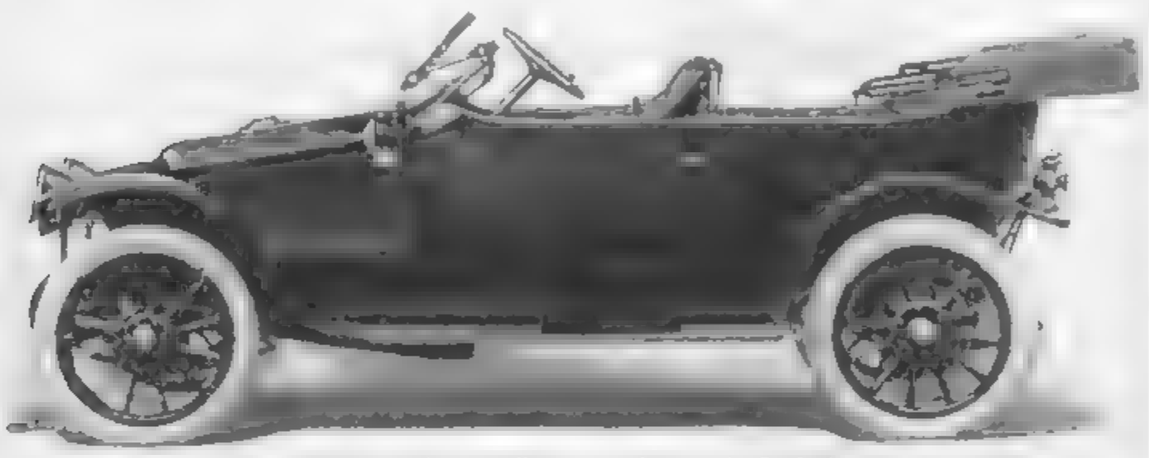
LET'S get right down to brass tacks. What folks want in a motor car is increased comfort and greater economy of maintenance and up-keep.

The Franklin car is fact-backed on these points in a very marvelous manner.

It is a fact that the average Franklin owner gets 6000 miles or more out of an average set of tires and 98 per cent. of Franklin drivers do not carry extra tires, because they have no fear of blow-outs.

Proper tire equipment is really an engineering problem and we have worked it out on a scientific basis.

A leading car of fine reputation, weighing 4450 pounds, has the same size of tires that we put on a car weighing 3350 pounds. The result is obvious. Most any reliable tire man will tell you that the Franklin idea is the right idea.



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car $3600

Results in actual service prove the fact that Franklin cars go at least 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. further on a gallon of gasoline than other cars of similar class. In these days of high gasoline, that is also an economy item worth figuring.

Franklin comfort results from a combination of causes. Look at our four full elliptical springs—designed to give the greatest possible degree of riding ease.

Look at our laminated wood frame. No other car has it. We could buy a good steel sill for $12—the one that we use costs $25. We pay the difference because steel won't take up shocks and vibrations and wood will.

Steam hammers are always set up on a wood foundation and this foundation will last till it rots. Steel or cement would go to pieces from vibration. The only hammer with a metal handle is a tack hammer. Any engineer can explain this point to you. He will tell you we are right.

When we want to get a dealer in a town, we ship a car there and then go to our prospect and tell him we want him to accept a car with our compliments and ride around in it for a few days. The car tells its own story. We usually get the dealer.

Suppose you go to our dealer in your town and tell him that you are "from Missouri" on this comfort and economy proposition. If you do not readily locate our representative, write to us direct.

Fact-Backed Franklin cars are made as follows:

Franklin Six "38,"	$3600
Franklin Little Six "30,"	2900
Franklin Four "25,"	2000
Franklin "18" Runabout,	1650

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several establishments and coined money. Its real value, however, was in pointing the need in downtown New York for food for business women, served as they wanted it.

Some wise restaurant keepers saw early that there were as many different types and grades of business girls downtown as there were of men. They did not attempt to lump them all together regardless of salary or caste. Working on this principle, a restaurant in Maiden Lane has had for years a feminine lunch clientèle so valuable and so large that the entire second floor of a large building is given up to it. Many of the highest salaried women employees in New York come here daily—girls who get from twenty-five to forty-five dollars a week—confidential secretaries and high-speed stenographers, many of them no longer young. In many cases these women constitute the sole support of their families. They form what are practically luncheon coteries each day, and their checks average from fifty to seventy cents. They are always attended by the same waitresses; and—not only in this restaurant but in several others—the waitresses are tipped weekly, purses being made up for them. A group of four or five business girls chip in and give their waitress anywhere from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars a week. As this waitress daily serves four or five groups, the purses make a nice addition to her salary.

A curious thing is that these waitresses are regarded as friends by their customers. They are recognized as business women like themselves. The waitresses not only get these purses but also many gratuities in the way of articles of dress and adornment. These presents are not given patronizingly, but as tributes to a working sister who is an expert in her line.

Downtown business girls in New York lunch very sensibly, though for some unexplainable reason they rarely eat soup. Sweets are popular, but not invariable. The New York business girl prefers candy, with fruit as a second choice, to be eaten sometime during the afternoon. In big offices where many girls are employed candy pools are often made, each girl contributing five cents and getting her pro rata, one member of the staff being delegated to make the purchase. Eaten in this way, the candy is a stimulant in the late afternoon hours.

The Business Girls' Parade

The New York downtown business girl takes a full luncheon hour. It is seldom a minute more or a minute less. She is willing, as a rule, to make overtime at night, but she feels she must have her sixty minutes in the middle of the day. A part of the luncheon hour is always reserved for a stroll, unless there be a downpour. The younger girls hurry through eating in order that they may have a full half hour's promenade; those who are older eat more leisurely and walk but ten or fifteen minutes. But all walk some. Certain downtown streets, from twelve to two o'clock each day, present the appearance of a high school. There is much pairing off and quiet flirtation. This noonday promenade of the girls, who are almost invariably in twos or threes, is one of the sights of downtown New York.

One downtown hotel has a distinctive assembly of older business women—the proprietors of stenographic and other businesses, and the big feminine executive heads and high-priced secretaries—who form what is practically a women's luncheon club that has existed for a decade. Another feature of business women's lunching, and the most picturesque of all that downtown New York can offer, is the gathering of young girls in the cemeteries of Trinity Church and St. Paul's Church on pleasant days. They sit down among the tombstones with their little packages of food, and eat and chat and then stroll. No one molests them; and the church authorities, though a little flustered when this began, have seen that there is no harm in it and let the girls have their way. There is always great decorousness, and these big, old open-air spaces in the midst of the crowded street cañons are enjoyed by the little women, who appreciate the grass and winding paths after the hard pavements.

Not all the business girls of downtown are content with sitting after lunch among the tombstones of St. Paul's churchyard or that of Trinity. He was indeed a canny lunchroom man who took note of all the younger generations of business girls strolling in the narrow streets of downtown Manhattan; who remembered that all New York, rich and poor, loves to dance; and who then fitted up an unrentable third-floor loft over his eating place as a dancing hall. Two violins and a piano, a gray-bearded sandwich man to patrol downtown streets with Dancing! placarded fore and aft upon his boards—and the trick was done! Mamie told Sadie, and Sadie told Elinor, and Elinor told Flossie; and the lunchroom man began to grow famous. He made a further study of the psychology of his patrons. There were the young fellows—shipping and file clerks, and even ambitious office boys—to be considered. There were the after-dinner smokes of these young captains of industry to come into the reckoning. The lunchroom man placed a row of chairs along one side of his dance-room, and over them: Smoking Permitted at This End of the Room!

After that, Mamie and Sadie and Elinor and Flossie had partners, and the lunchroom man was on the highway to a six-cylinder car. He has his imitators; and if you are in business in lower Manhattan, and your stenographer begins to hum the Gaby Glide about half an hour before noon, you can very well know that she is gathering steam for the blissful twenty minutes of dancing that is going to help her digest her luncheon.

"We have not quite come to a dancing place for our patrons, though we are experimenting with an orchestra in one of our lower Broadway establishments," says one of the big lunchroom caterers; "but a strong point with our patrons is the absolute cleanliness of our establishments and our employees—and I am using that word in its broadest sense."

The Lunch-Basket Extinct

This man has long since ceased to stand upon the floor of his lunchroom. He sits at his desk in a private office, high above one of the busiest streets of New York, and smiles inwardly when he thinks of the old days—twenty years ago—when he began his restaurant business. He used to cross Cortlandt Street Ferry each morning, and most of the Jerseyites round him carried their lunch-baskets.

"You cannot get an eight-dollars-a-week stenographer in a downtown office to carry a lunchbox to work these days!" he tells you as he probably realizes his own part in the making of the transformation; for he is the head of a chain of restaurants, and every one of them is brought to the same exact standard.

"We did our part," this man slowly admits, for real modesty is a strong trait in his nature; "we helped bring the popular-priced lunchroom out of dirty, musty basements. We insisted upon absolute cleanliness—cleanliness in the selection and the preparation of our foodstuffs; cleanliness on the part of every single one of our employees.

"We understand there is a lunchroom proprietor over in Boston who is so particular about this very point that he has engaged a professional manicure, who gives her entire time to the hands of his cooks and waitresses."

Here is still another restaurant, close to the Battery, characteristic of a type that has sprung up on the tip of Manhattan Island within the past dozen years. You reach it by skirting the front doors of unspeakably dirty eating houses in a mean street of the Syrian quarter. Finally you turn the corner of a dingy brick building that was once the home of one of the contemporaries of the first of the great Vanderbilts, and which has managed to escape destruction for three-quarters of a century, and face the only skyscraper in congested New York that stands in a grass-plotted yard—the whim of its wealthy owner. A fast elevator whisks you up thirty stories to the top of the building, and you step into the lobby of what looks at first glance like that of some swagger restaurant in uptown's Fifth Avenue! It is a lunching club—one of the newest in the town as well as one of the most elaborate.

Elaborate, did we say? This is the elaboration of perfect taste—unobtrusive rugs, hangings, lighting fixtures and furniture; great, broad rooms; and from these windows there comes to you one of the spectacular views that lie before you from the manmade peaks of Manhattan. To the south, the smooth, blue surface of the upper bay—in the foreground a nine-hundred-foot ship coming to the new land, her four

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great funnels lazily breathing smoke at the first lull in her four-day race across the Atlantic; to the east, a mighty river and its bridges, Brooklyn—and, on very clear days, visions of Long Island; to the north, the most wonderful building construction that man has ever attempted; to the west, the brisk water highway of the Hudson, and beyond it Jersey City, sandwiched in between the smoky spread of railroad yards.

This is the sort of thing that Mr. Downtown Luncher may have—if he is willing to pay the price. On torrid summer days he may ascend to the roof garden, may glance lazily below him at the activities of the busiest city in the world, and sip up the cool breezes from the sea while folks down in the bottom of the Broadway chasm are sweltering from humidity and heat. And in the winter he will find a complete gymnasium in operation on another floor of the club, with a competent instructor in charge. The "Doctor," as they like to call him, will lay out a course of work. And that course of work, calling for half an hour of exercise just before lunch each day, will make dyspeptic and paunchy old money-grubbers alike hungry as farmhands coming in to dinner.

And yet this club, typical of so many others in the downtown business heart of Manhattan, is but a cog in the mighty machine of the lunching of the workaday multitudes of downtown. Its doors are closed and lights are out at six o'clock in the evening, save on extraordinary occasions; while most of its corps of a hundred or more well-trained waiters go uptown to assist at the dinner and late supper rushes of the fashionable restaurants in the theater and hotel district. It, like most of its compeers, is an outgrowth of the wonderfully comfortable old Lawyers' Club which was completely destroyed in the great fire that burned the Equitable Building in January, 1912. From that organization, famed for its noonday hospitality and the quality of the folks you might meet between its walls, have sprung many other downtown lunching clubs. It costs from fifty to a hundred dollars to enter them, and about as much more yearly in the form of dues. And their restaurant charges are far from low-priced. They are never very exclusive organizations, and yet they give to the strain of workaday New York its last lingering trace of hospitality—the hospitality that has lingered round Bowling Green, Trinity and St. Paul's since colonial days and the oldtime coffee houses.

Quaint Restaurants of Various Types

Between these great clubs—steadily growing in number and in size—and the popular low-priced lunchrooms there is coming each year to be less and less of a medium. The high-priced general restaurant is being slowly but surely crowded out of existence in downtown New York. It is coming constantly to be more and more the fact that a man either eats at a lunch-counter or at his club—that is, a man of affairs. You have already heard of how woman has come to her own in business Manhattan and has demanded her own lunching privileges; and if you had the inclination you might find many lunching provisions for their employees maintained by institutions, from the simple engagement of a caterer to serve a cold lunch, with hot coffee, six days a week, to concerns that maintain complete culinary establishments for the comfort of their officers and employees.

These argue that there is a real economy—to say nothing of real efficiency—in providing their folks with clean, healthy, sustaining midday meals. All of which is quite another story.

To tell of all the quaint eating places that still hold sway in lower Manhattan is quite impossible within my allotted space. There are stalls along South Street, the marginal way along the East River front of Manhattan, where many a man has found it possible to make a very good lunch on clams or oysters at a cent apiece—standing up and chatting with a most whimsical old gentleman who may have inherited the stand from his father or his grandfather. These stalls have a good, steady patronage and never lack customers.

Remember that in a great city like New York there are a great many people of all tastes. Scattered all over downtown are kosher restauranta, ranging from twenty-five-cent table d'hôtes to much-ornamented eating rooms where the checks foot up large and everything in them is in accordance

Individuality

is *personal electricity*—the magnetism that draws one man to another. Just as your portrait *on canvas* should throb with your individuality and be your "second self", so should the clothes you wear. Every line should contribute its mite toward the whole.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes
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are your portrait in cloth. They are taped and tailored *personally for you*—to *your* inches and to *your* individuality—to interpret *your* character and characteristics—to magnify *your* physical gifts and graces and to minimize your faults—to be your *woven-and-needled likeness.*

Clothing "manufactured" in *quantity* can have no *individuality*, for individuality is the outward expression of *one man alone.* Don't bury *your* individuality—bring it up and out to the full in Kahn-*Custom*-Tailored-Clothes that, being drafted and draped for *you alone*, throb with *personal electricity.*

Go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Kahn Custom-Tailored Suit—guaranteed as though bond-backed. Look in his window for our seal, reproduced below. Watch your local newspaper for his advertising.

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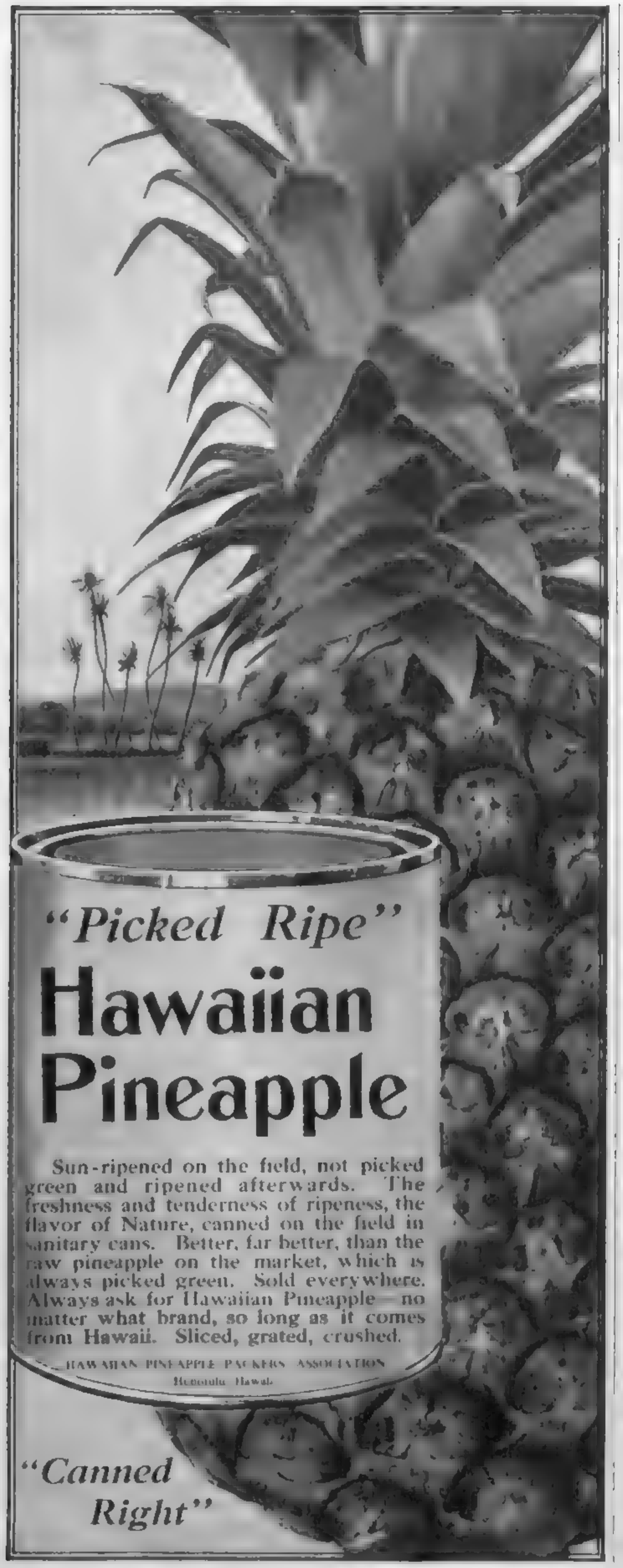
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Hawaiian Pineapple
Sun-ripened on the field, not picked green and ripened afterwards. The freshness and tenderness of ripeness, the flavor of Nature, canned on the field in sanitary cans. Better, far better, than the raw pineapple on the market, which is always picked green. Sold everywhere. Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple—no matter what brand, so long as it comes from Hawaii. Sliced, grated, crushed.
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"Canned Right"

with Jewish dietary laws. The orthodox Jewish population, during working hours below the City Hall, is large enough to make these very profitable enterprises. Hebrew lettering on the windows stares out at you in block after block.

The downtown Spanish restaurants in New York are very little known, but from their unique bills-of-fare they fill their own important place in the feeding of the multitude. There are perhaps half a dozen Spanish restaurants downtown, all prosperous and established, with a steady, much-admiring clientèle. The majority of them are located in the heart of the tobacco trade, between John and Wall Streets, and their mainstays are the Spanish-speaking folks along the thoroughfares in that region; but they have countless American patrons who, for a change, eagerly eat the excellent frijoles, the chile con carne and the tamales they fondly believe are the national dishes of Latin America and Spain.

Fulton Street, Nassau Street, John Street and Maiden Lane are the great restaurant highways however—by all odds the greatest grub streets in all the world. Some real-estate experts who study city trend in all its details maintain that within a few years these four streets will form one continuous eating place. Recently some one figured that Nassau Street, less than half a mile long, had thirty-six restaurants, with more coming. Frequently one building will have two or more different restaurants. In two buildings in that narrow highway there are three large "food factories." They have acquired that name because that is what they are.

The Wet-Weather Restaurants

Downtown there is a noted restaurant that is simply an annex to a big American wine-producing firm, and is used to advertise that business. It is said to be operated without profit, but pays because it increases materially the sales of the wine offered. It holds its own, though close to some of the largest exclusive restaurants in New York. One of these occupies four floors of a building and its tables seldom have a vacant place during the three hours in the middle of the day. In these restaurants the Swiss waiter rules. They quickly establish a clientèle. One of them, on Fulton Street, though almost next door to an old, established concern of national reputation, has had no difficulty in filling its tables daily. It has become known downtown as a "wet-weather restaurant"—the most valuable reputation any high-class lunching place can get. A wet-weather restaurant means that it is so good that people will go to it in stormy weather, even though it is several blocks away, rather than to one nearer.

One of the famous old downtown hotels has been doing business steadily since 1835, and the gray-haired room-clerks will show you the rooms that Daniel Webster and Henry Clay occupied on their occasional visits to New York. This oldtime hostelry has many dining rooms, but its real fame today is in the lunch counter—a New York institution that has been in existence for nearly half a century! It is in a great room in the center of the building, and big business men come and sit on stools at the carving counters. At one counter can be had coffee and other beverages, sandwiches and pastry; at another, oysters; at still another, hot meats and vegetables. None of these are low-priced and all are served with great speed. The counter-men know that swift service brings custom.

Three o'clock! Before the last echoes of Trinity's bell go ringing down through Wall Street, to halt until another day the busiest market in the world—the multitude has been fed. Miss Stenographer has had her salad and éclair, two waltzes and perhaps a "trot," and is back at the keys of her typewriter. Mr. President has perhaps entertained that Certain Party at the club and made him sign that pretty important contract. And the Certain Party and Mr. President rode for half an hour on the mechanical horses in the gymnasium. What fun, too, for these old boys!

Three o'clock! The cashiers are totaling their receipts; the waiters and the busses are upturning chairs and tables to make way for the scrubwomen, and are already donning their overcoats to go uptown; but the six hundred thousand have been fed! New York has caught its breath in midday relaxation, and once more is hard at work putting in the last of its hours of the business day with renewed and feverish energy.

Yes, Madam,

there's a big demand for

The New Food Drink

INSTANT POSTUM

and the capacity of the factories at Battle Creek has been more than trebled within the past year.

"There's a Reason"

Instant Postum is just regular Postum so processed that only the soluble portions are retained.

No Boiling

A level teaspoonful in a cup with hot water, sugar, and enough cream to change the color to golden brown, produces ***instantly*** a perfect beverage having delicious taste and aroma.

Postum is absolutely free from caffeine or any other harmful ingredient—

But it **does** contain the vital food elements stored in wheat which Nature uses for the sure rebuilding of body and brain.

Instant Postum is sold by grocers everywhere.

A 5-cup trial tin sent for grocer's name and 2c. stamp for postage.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE CRIMSON CRACKERJACK

(Continued from Page 9)

to carry several thousand dollars' worth of lumber pending its arrival at Ocean View and the collection of his bill from his customer. He suggested, therefore, that the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, send their invoices, with bills-of-lading attached, to a bank in San Francisco; then, as fast as the cars arrived, he, Grubb, would go to the bank, pay the invoice covering the particular cars that had arrived, and thus gain possession of the bills-of-lading. By his paying for the lumber prior to unloading it and prior to its delivery to him by the railroad company, the mill would be amply protected.

Though this course might seem a little unusual and the mill might have very good reason to fear that eventually they might be stuck with a hundred cars of lumber unsold, in case he failed to live up to the terms of his purchase, still Mr. Grubb felt that his reputation and standing in the market would preclude such a suspicion; and to that end he referred them to the Black Butte Lumber Company, 214-218 Lumbermen's Building, San Francisco, for whom he had done considerable business during the past three years. Of course Grubb failed to state that he had consummated this business at a monthly stipend of seventy-five dollars and not at a two and a half per cent commission, as the manager of the Atlas Mills naturally surmised when he received Grubb's letter. He at once wired the Black Butte Lumber Company, asking for a rating and a report on U. S. Grubb, whose name did not appear in either Dun's or Bradstreet's, or the Red Book of the Lumbermen's Credit Association.

How anxiously Ulysses Grubb watched the counter in the main office all day long following the arrival of his letter at Portland! Whenever a messenger boy came in and poked his small head over that counter, Mr. Grubb fairly pounced upon him and tore the telegram from his grimy hands. It was not accounted unusual for Grubb to receive all telegrams, open them and answer them without referring them to Hudner.

Eventually his vigil was rewarded by the receipt of the telegram from the Atlas Mills. Immediately Grubb wired back in the name of the Black Butte Lumber Company, informing the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, that U. S. Grubb had been known to them very intimately for nearly three years; that his record was without a blemish; that, though he was operating on small capital, still his standing was unquestioned and he had the confidence of many of the heaviest buyers in the trade. He was cautious and had never been known to speculate.

The Black Butte Lumber Company believed him to be absolutely honest and trustworthy, and a salesman of rare ability. They had never known him to start anything that he had not finished!

"Well, I guess that isn't laying it on too thick," soliloquized Grubb as he rang for a boy and sent the telegram away without the formality of taking a copy of it. "Every statement in that telegram is the truth."

He did not even prepay the telegram! Ulysses Grubb proceeded upon the hypothesis that if the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, wanted any information about him they could pay for it.

Two hours later he received a wire from the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, informing him that his plan of payment was acceptable to them; that they had accepted his order and were mailing their acceptance that afternoon.

Ulysses Grubb quivered like a hooked fish, now that he found himself irrevocably obligated to purchase approximately forty-five thousand dollars' worth of lumber with less than one hundred dollars capital on hand to meet the invoices when the cars arrived—not to mention the mere trifle of, say, twenty thousand dollars freight additional.

"It's a fearful long chance!" he muttered to himself. "If the railroad company holds me up I'll have to get out of the lumber business or change my name. It's a hundred-to-one shot that the cars will never be shipped; but I'll take the long odds and bet my business reputation that they get by the agent at Portland. And if they do!" Ulysses Grubb turned in his swivel chair and cast a sheep's eye at the beautiful Tabitha Tapscott, busily pounding the keys at an adjacent desk. "And if they do!" he repeated to himself. "Oh, you Tabby Tapscott! Watch out for a tall man with red hair. He's going to cross your lifeline."

When Grubb's two weeks' notice had expired Hudner had failed to secure a man to take his place, and he pleaded with Grubb to stay a little longer. Grubb would have gladly stayed another two weeks, but he dared not limit himself to any set period. He merely stated that his affairs were still *in statu quo* and liable to crop at any time; but until the preservation of his own interests made it absolutely imperative that he should leave he would stay with Hudner. The reason for this is, of course, obvious. The Atlas Mills had been shipping out cars at the rate of six a day, and already there were thirty-five carloads rolling south from the Columbia River—and not a splinter of it sold! But Ulysses Grubb knew the market; he knew the dearth of lumber and the frenzied efforts of the yards to secure lumber by way of water transportation to fill their long-overdue orders, and the prospect worried him not. Sometimes, when he reflected upon the situation, he was almost inclined to advertise an auction sale and sell each carload off to the highest bidder.

The period that followed the shipment of the first six cars were days of terror and nights of woe and evil dreams to Ulysses Grubb. Every telegram that came to the Black Butte Lumber Company threw him into a cold perspiration until he had opened it, for he had had the effrontery to give their office as his own address, and he lived in momentary dread of the receipt of a telegram from the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, informing him that Ocean View had been declared within the embargo and that he had well known this when fooling them into signing an ironclad contract with him; that they would repudiate the contract and sue him for conspiracy to defraud and blackmail; that they would publish him far and wide in the trade papers and brand him as a tincan operator, and forever debar him from making any headway in the lumber business.

However, the days wore on and still there came no news of detention to his cars until on the morning of the tenth day Bill Perkins, the Ocean View agent, called him up and informed him that five cars had just arrived.

Ulysses Grubb walked into the office of C. W. Hudner and held out his hand.

"Goodby, boss!" he said. "I'm on my way. My personal interests demand it."

He collected from Matthews the amount due him for salary to date, shook hands with Miss Tapscott—squeezed her hand in sentimental fashion—and departed on the trail of his destiny. Half an hour later he walked in on F. W. Palmerston, manager of the Phoenix Lumber Company.

"Oh, hello, Grubb!" said Palmerston cordially. "What's the good word?"

"I can deliver you five cars of rough-dimension, assorted lengths and sizes, and a fair proportion of each," retorted Grubb.

"I see. Well, Mr. Grubb, you'll find a hitching strap just outside the door ——"

"Honest?" interrupted Ulysses Grubb.

"Tie it up," said Palmerston. "Don't tease me that way. It's brutal!"

"I have five cars of it, I tell you," reiterated Grubb, "and the first nice retail lumber dealer who pays me cash, less two per cent, can have the five shunted in on his spur track by nine-thirty tomorrow morning."

"But how can you do it, Grubb? How're you going to deliver?"

"Easy. Got a little pull with one of the S. P. people and he shoos 'em through for me."

"Good Land of Love!" cried Palmerston. "Can this be true? Lemme see your specifications."

Ulysses Grubb handed him typewritten manifests of the contents of each car and Palmerston skimmed through them.

"I'll take 'em all," he said. "Sure you haven't gone crazy, Grubb, and this is only one of your hallucinations?"

"Yes, I'm crazy—like a fox! That stock will cost you twenty-nine dollars a thousand—on account of the prompt delivery let us say."

"You crimson burglar! The market's only twenty-six."

"And as bare as a bone. Do you think I'm kicking holes in this infernal embargo

Motherly Mothers:

Child Hunger
Must Have a
Special *Child-Hunger* Food

Giving Your Child a Slice of Bread Buttered With Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the same as giving him a medium-sized tumbler of full cream milk

Your child is constantly using up three things in his little body—Strength, Heat and Energy.

How does he get them back? By eating foods that contain Strength, Heat and Energy.

Milk contains all three in just the proportions needed by the child. That is why Mother Nature selected milk as the food for infant hunger. It is the greatest food known.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on bread, crackers or toast contains strength, heat and energy in almost the same proportions as milk. That is why food experts are now urging that mothers use this ideal food for Child Hunger.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made of Virginia and Spanish peanuts, roasted, blended, salted and crushed to a creamy nut-butter.

Being crushed fine it is partially pre-masticated, which means that the tiny tots digest it easily.

The milk-like proportions of strength, heat and energy in Beech-Nut Peanut Butter come from the scientific blending of the Virginia and Spanish peanuts. Therefore, see that your child gets *Beech-Nut Brand.*

'Phone your grocer today for a glass jar, 10c and upward.

BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER

The New Mid-Meal Food For Child Hunger

WAS EVER SUCH A BREAKFAST AS THIS:

Baked apple, thick cream—Thin Beech-Nut Bacon not fried nor broiled, but baked on a baking rack in the oven, till of such bacon deliciousness as to excite even a callous taste to ecstasy—Beech-Nut Grape Fruit Marmalade; no less exquisite of flavor than Beech-Nut Bacon—Thin, tender toast—Good brown coffee and rich cream.

Send for fascinating free book "Beech-Nut Breakfast News", describing the sunny Beech-Nut Pure Food Plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley.

If you have any trouble getting Beech-Nut products, write us.
Other Beech-Nut products of the unusual Beech-Nut flavor are:

Beech-Nut Sliced Beef
Beans with Tomato Sauce
Red Currant Jelly
Oscar's Sauce
Spiced Plum Preserves

Beech-Nut Olive Oil
Clear Cider Vinegar
Tomato Catsup
Grape Jelly
Concord Grape Jam, etc

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. 42 Beech St., Canajoharie, N. Y.

WHEN the EVER-READY meets a beard, it's all off. Like magic, the EVER-READY blade shaves close and clean without a scratch or pull.

The EVER-READY keen edged, triple tested blade wipes off the beard, clean and clear with ease and safety, and will repeat the good work surprisingly often without changing the blade.

You can strop or rehone an EVER-READY blade, if you like.

The marvel of marvels is the entire, complete EVER-READY 12 bladed outfit for $1.00. A triple plated, rustproof, lather catching safety frame, guaranteed to give no less than ten years' service—twelve (12) guaranteed EVER-READY blades (12—count them), stropper in handle and all in a solid, splendidly made velvet lined case—all for $1.00.

If the EVER-READY isn't better than you have a right to expect, we'll return your dollar with a smile and quickly.

Sold throughout the world by Druggists, Hardware Stores and General Stores. Everywhere you can buy

Extra Blades—10 for 50c.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Herald Square, NEW YORK

Canada—International Distributing Co., Montreal
Europe—International Distributing Co., London

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Blades $1

for a paltry two and a half per cent? Not little Ulysses S. Grant Grubb! I must have twenty-nine dollars for those cars, and I'm too proud to stand here all morning begging you to take them. I ought to charge you a dollar a thousand extra for giving you first hack at the lot, you ingrate!"

Palmerston said some uncomplimentary things about Ulysses Grubb, but he took the five cars nevertheless.

Grubb handed him five invoices covering the cars. Two per cent had already been figured and deducted and the net total of the five invoices added on a little tag.

"Give me the money," said Ulysses Grubb.

"Sure! Give me the bills-of-lading."

"Yes! And have you go ruin my good thing—eh? I guess not. My bills-of-lading are in bank, with invoices attached, and I've got to lift the whole works before I can deliver you your cars. Give me your check now, dated tomorrow, and give me also a formal order for the five cars. Specify the car numbers. Then, if those cars aren't in your yard by nine-thirty tomorrow morning, you can stop payment on the check. The bank doesn't open until ten, you know."

"Well, it's a devilish queer procedure," grumbled Palmerston; "but I need the lumber, and if I don't get it some contractor or builder is going to run amuck and kill me. I'll give you the check. Got any more cars coming?"

"Only ninety-five more. I suppose you heard I've quit the Black Butte people. This is a flyer on my own account."

"By Jupiter, you're no fledgling, then, when it comes to flying! Let me know when you have some more in; and meantime be sure I get these five by nine-thirty tomorrow morning or I'll stop that check. Here it is, with the order for your five carloads."

On his way uptown Ulysses Grubb paused in one of the gangways of the Phoenix Lumber Company and fell to figuring on the white-surfaced side of a piece of 1-by-4-inch flooring. Here is the little example in arithmetic that Ulysses figured out:

If a redheaded lumberjack buys five cars of rough-dimension lumber at fourteen dollars a thousand at the mill, plus seven dollars freight, and sells it at twenty-nine dollars a thousand, f. o. b. San Francisco, how much should he make, allowing an additional profit of two and a half per cent on the net base price, if the five carloads aggregate 86,872 feet?

The answer was $708.71!

"Sacred cats!" gasped Mr. Grubb, and fairly flew uptown to the International Bank and Trust Company, while there danced before his excited vision a dining-room set, a few modest but real oriental rugs, and a sure-enough gas stove, with the beloved Tabitha Tapscott presiding over it.

Grubb sent in his card to the president of the International Bank and Trust Company and within a few minutes was ushered into the presence of the banker. Grubb had once caught a glimpse of this august personage through a plate-glass window, and it had struck Grubb at the time that, for a banker, he was a human being; and a banker with a heart in his breast was the man that Ulysses Grubb needed very badly today.

Grubb wasted no time in preliminary skirmishing. Metaphorically speaking, he spread his hand on the table and invited the banker to take a look. He produced his contract with the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, also the check of the Phoenix Lumber Company and their order for the five cars; and showed the banker where he, Ulysses Grubb, stood to make $708.71—if he could only get that check cashed and lift the invoices with the bills-of-lading attached!

"Where are these invoices and bills-of-lading, Mr. Grubb?" the banker inquired.

"In the Marine National Bank."

The banker figured quickly that if five cars would net a profit of seven hundred and eight dollars, one hundred cars would net a profit of over fourteen thousand dollars; and a fourteen-thousand-dollar account is welcome at any bank. Moreover the banker had conceived an intense admiration for the brain that could scheme a fourteen-thousand-dollar profit out of thin air, and his sporting blood was roused. He was a peculiar banker, in that he figured most risks as a matter of ninety-nine per cent morality and brains, and the remaining one per cent financial. He decided to take a chance on Ulysses Grubb.

"Very well, Mr. Grubb, we'll finance you. Deposit your check with the receiving teller and we'll give you credit for it after it passes through the clearing house tomorrow. Meantime we'll take your note at one day for the sum you require, and you can give me your check, dated tomorrow, for the face of the note and interest for twenty-four hours."

Grubb thanked him, consummated his business with the bank, and with a certified check for the amount required to lift the invoices in the Marine National and another for the freight due Bill Perkins, he departed on the run. Fifteen minutes later he was breaking the speed laws across the city in a hired automobile to Ocean View. At nine o'clock next morning Palmerston, of the Phoenix Lumber Company, looked out his office window and saw a switch engine shunting five carloads of lumber into his yard.

Ulysses Grubb had delivered the goods!

Palmerston sent the assistant manager to represent the company at the noon meeting of the Builders' Exchange that day. As for himself he dared not leave his office; for if Ulysses Grubb could deliver Columbia River lumber by rail, when the largest concerns in the Northwest could not, then was Ulysses Grubb the greatest of all prestidigitators; and a great peace filled Palmerston's soul when he reflected that, of all the retail dealers in San Francisco, he alone was in touch with the good thing!

About half past eleven Ulysses Grubb strolled into the office.

"I've got ten more," he announced.

"Got the invoices with you?" demanded Palmerston huskily.

"Did you ever see grass growing on a racetrack? Of course I've got them—and they aren't made out in blank either! They're all Phoenix Lumber Company to U. S. Grubb, debtor. You owe me that much." And he tossed a tag over to Palmerston, who wrote a formal order for the ten cars and told the cashier to give Mr. Grubb a check.

"Hello!" said Grubb as he glanced at the date of the check. "I see you've made this payable today."

"Oh, that's all right, Grubb. I trust you," replied Palmerston almost tenderly. "Come to lunch with me."

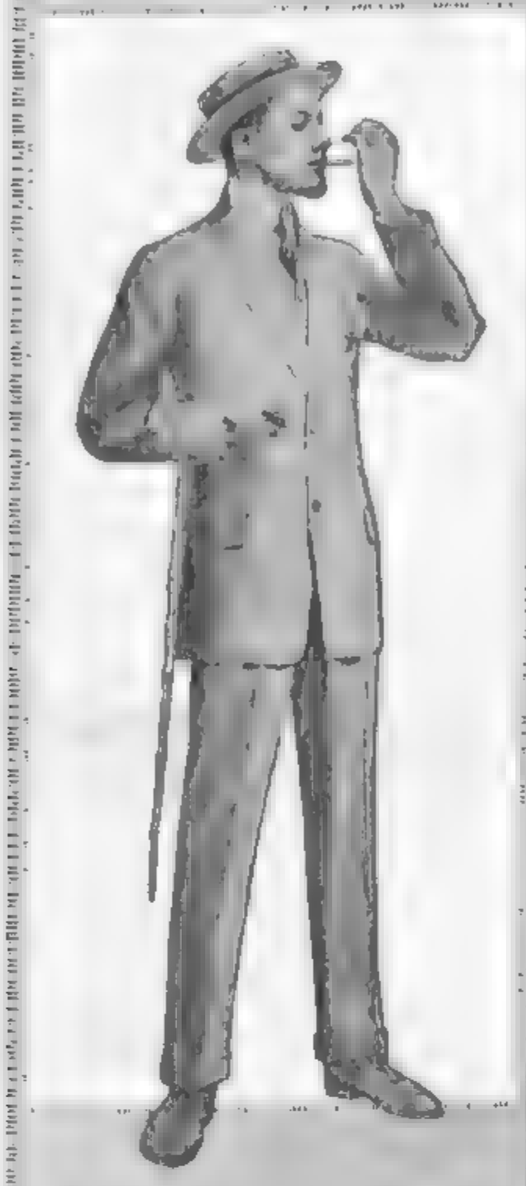
Grubb accepted with alacrity, for a luncheon with Palmerston would, he felt confident, prove a welcome change from his three-year diet of fifteen and twenty cent snatch-me-quicks.

We might go on at great length and relate how Ulysses Grubb's one hundred carloads kept rolling into Ocean View for the succeeding thirty days; of how Mr. Grubb, scenting lucrative business, increased his order thirty cars and bought a hundred cars from another mill on practically the same terms; how Ulysses Grubb paid out some of his easy profits in overtime to engine crews to shunt his cars into the yard of the Phoenix Lumber Company under cover of darkness, so that competitors of Palmerston, seeing the cars standing on the spur track, did not know whether they had just been loaded in the yard and were being shipped out, or whether they had been loaded elsewhere and just shipped in.

We might relate how eventually the word leaked out among architects and builders that the Phoenix Lumber Company was the only concern in town that could supply rough building lumber at anything remotely resembling prompt delivery, and how various competitors of the Phoenix Lumber Company ate their hearts out in envy, wondering where Palmerston got the lumber!

We might relate how eventually the night watchman of the Albion yard got it in confidence from the night watchman of the Phoenix yard that his boss was the smartest man in San Francisco, because he could get lumber by rail when the others could not; of how the superintendent of freight at the Fourth-and-Townsend station of the S. P. was appealed to and replied that he could give no information except to his own company officers; how the engine crew that shunted the cars into the Phoenix yard, being appealed to, replied that they were picking the cars up at Ocean View; and lastly, how Bill Perkins, being in turn appealed to, pointed to some bogus car-tags and had his veracity impugned by the man who questioned him; whereupon Bill Perkins called up U. S. Grubb in the yard office of the Phoenix Lumber Company, where he made his headquarters, and

Sincerity Clothes



This is an age of "things as they seem." The world judges quickly; you are taken for your face value. Thus the *real* importance of *good dressing.*

We have this idea strictly in mind in building

Sincerity Clothes

They are *distinctive clothes;* made to reflect the individuality of the men who wear them.

Write for our new Book of Styles. It is very attractive and you'll be glad you sent for it.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

CHICAGO

informed Grubb that the dogs of war were let loose; that, in the event of a request for information coming to him from the general freight agent, all the money in the world could not buy his silence.

Ulysses Grubb, seeing breakers ahead, wired his mills frantically to rush the loading of his cars, and placed an additional order for twenty more cars. When the last twenty had been reported shipped out, and still the storm refused to break, Ulysses Grubb contracted with the Atlas Mills for forty cars at the original figure of fourteen dollars at the mills. Even if the embargo should be lifted before their arrival, the price at which they were bought would net him a handsome profit; and he was well content to handle them, even at two and a half per cent.

The day the last four cars of his twenty-car order arrived in Ocean View, the general freight agent of the S. P. Company sat up and scratched his ear reflectively. Perkins, the agent at Ocean View, had just turned in his monthly report, and the G. F. A. was amazed at the discovery of the enormous increase in the freight receipts of that all but defunct station. While he was cogitating over it Mr. J. Augustus Redell, of the Redell Lumber Company, walked in on him without the formality of first sending in his card.

"Well, Mr. Redell," said the general freight agent affably, "what can we do for you today?"

"Nothing, I hope," replied Mr. Redell icily; "you've done me enough already! Unless you can explain satisfactorily to me this leak in your lumber embargo I'm going to sue your company for huge damages and petition the courts to revoke your franchises in this state."

"What leak? What are you talking about, Redell? There has been no leak in our lumber embargo and I defy you to prove it!"

"There is a leak," roared J. Augustus Redell; "and I will prove it! Your favoritism in the matter of shipments to the Phoenix Lumber Company is in direct violation of the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and, by George, you'll let me in on this good gravy or the fat's in the fire!" He pounded the desk vigorously to emphasize his argument. "If you're going to shoo nearly two hundred and fifty carloads of lumber in to one company, you can do it for two companies; and I'm damned if I'll stand quietly by and see my business go to a competitor with a pull! Proof? You make me tired! Go out to Ocean View and ask your agent there where all this lumber is coming from. I asked him, and he tried to give me the wrong steer on a lot of bogus car-tags that seemed to show the cars came from a mill thirty miles down the coast, in San Mateo County. Well, he can't fool me! They grow redwood and some bull pine down there, but this is Douglas fir! Fir! Fir, I'm telling you! You can put me up a tree, all right; but I'm lumberman enough to know what kind of a tree it is when I see it. You can't make a sucker out of me!"

"I'll look into this right away, Mr. Redell," protested the bedeviled G. F. A., and forthwith rang up Bill Perkins at Ocean View.

"Perkins, this is Mr. Bowen, the general freight agent. I notice a remarkable increase in your receipts for freight this month. Where does this excess come from?"

"Lumber, sir," piped poor Bill Perkins faintly.

Though he was on Ulysses Grubb's payroll for twenty dollars a week and hated to lose the money, Bill Perkins was, nevertheless, an honest man.

"Where does this lumber come from?"

"Willamette Valley points, sir."

"How many carloads have come through since the embargo went into effect?"

"About three hundred, I should say—offhand."

"Holy sailor! Who is it consigned to?"

"A young fellow by the name of Ulysses Grubb."

"Where's his office?"

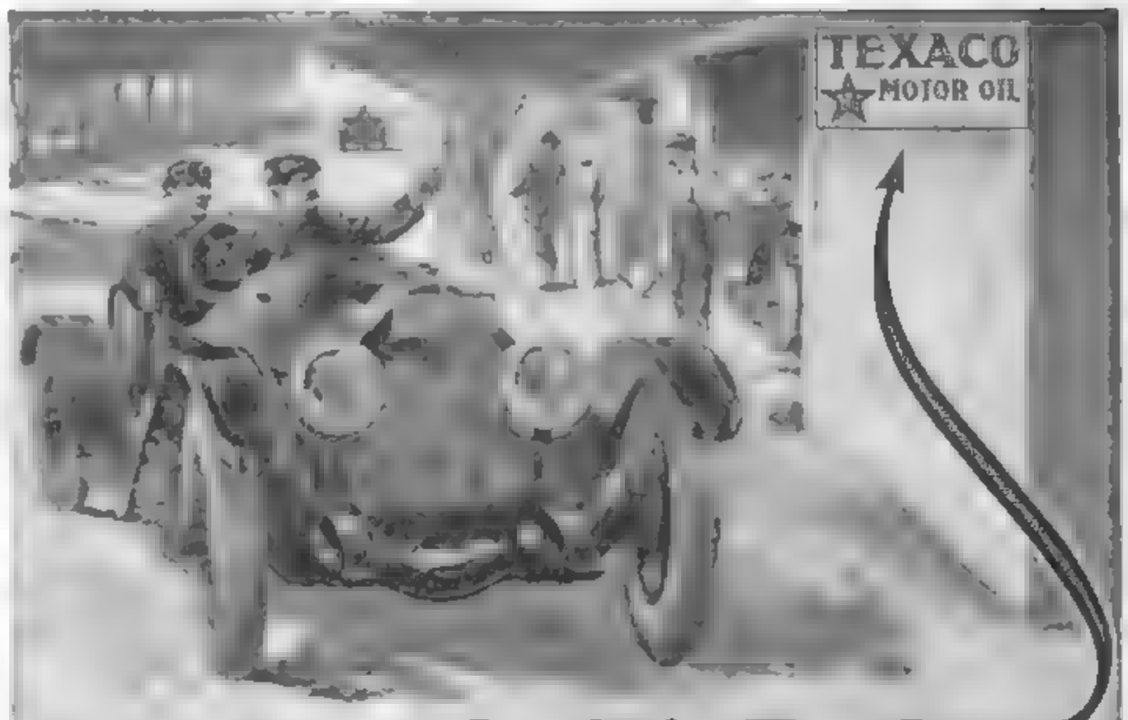
"Under his hat, I think. All I know about him is that he has a telephone number."

"Then you have no idea where he can be found? How's that? Does he mail you certified checks for the freight?"

"No-o-no, sir. He comes out with 'em himself."

"When is he due at your office again?"

"In about an hour, Mr. Bowen. He has some cars in this morning."



When Touring, Look for This Sign

IT INDICATES unfailingly garages where you will receive courteous, efficient service and where you can get Texaco Motor Oil. It blazes the main highways from Tampa to Bangor; from New York to Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis. From the Mississippi, East, it acts as a friendly, helpful guide.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

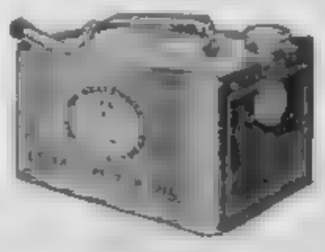
and a good garage go together. When you find one you find the other. For the garage man who has the interests of his customers at heart gives them the best of everything regardless of profit or price.

Texaco Motor Oil gives *maximum power with minimum consumption.* It has been put to severe and lengthy competitive tests by some of the largest manufacturers of pleasure cars and trucks. Every manufacturer that has so tested it has adopted it for his own use and recommended it to the purchasers of his cars.

These tests have shown a saving of from 15% to 31% in consumption of gasoline and 18% to 33% in consumption of oil. These remarkable figures are due solely to the high quality of the oil.

Texaco Motor Oil will not deposit a hard carbon crust. It will not congeal at a temperature of zero. It gives perfect lubrication at all times and in any type of motor.

For sale in 1 and 5 gallon cans at most good garages and supply shops. For instructive and interesting booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," address Dept. D, 12 Battery Place, New York City.



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"That will do, Perkins." The general freight agent hung up just as an office boy brought in the card of Mr. J. C. Kirk, president of the Black Butte Lumber Company, of Chehalis, Washington.

"More war, I suppose," muttered Bowen. "Show Mr. Kirk in."

Mr. Kirk entered—in a hurry. He was hopping mad.

"I have called," he began, "to demand an explanation of the flagrant favoritism being shown certain Oregon manufacturers in the matter of shipments of lumber in carload lots. I have reliable information to the effect that the Atlas Mills, Incorporated, of Portland, Oregon, have, within the past sixty days—and notwithstanding your ridiculous alleged embargo—shipped no less than one hundred and fifty cars to this city, while other mills are daily being forced to decline business ——"

"S-sh!" said Mr. Redell softly. "Don't speak so loud, Kirk. I'm here on a similar errand. Hold your temper and we'll both sit in on the game until the other fellows find it out. Heretofore you and I have been on the outside looking in. After today we'll be on the inside looking out." And he glared at the unhappy G. F. A. malignantly.

"Gentlemen," said Bowen, "it is a fact that nearly three hundred carloads of lumber have slipped through our embargo during the past sixty days. I am unable to explain it, but I assure you it has not been done through any favoritism on the part of this company. My car is outside; and if you will both accompany me we'll go out to Ocean View and lay for the man higher up. If there has been any crooked work going on you may rest assured it will be met with summary action on my part."

Ulysses Grubb, arrayed in a charming suit of tweeds which his tailor had assured him was rich but not gaudy, had his crimson head thrust through the little grille-work window of Bill Perkins' lonely old counter, stacking up several hundred dollars in gold pieces, when General Freight Agent Bowen, accompanied by J. Augustus Redell, of the Redell Lumber Company, and J. C. Kirk, of the Black Butte Lumber Company, walked into the station.

"Here's where I sing my swan-song," whispered Bill Perkins hoarsely. "It's the big chief himself! You gotta stand by me, Mr. Grubb. I'm a fambly man, I am ——"

Mr. Grubb turned and faced the new arrivals.

"Why, hello there, J. C. Kirk!" he said cordially, and thrust out his hand as he recognized the president of the Black Butte Lumber Company. "Glad to see you. When did you come down from the mill?"

"My dear Grubb, how are you!" said Kirk. "This is indeed a pleasure. Glad to meet you, Grubb. I came in on the Shasta Limited this morning—and it's all your fault. Why did you quit us, Grubb? Dang it, why didn't you write me and tell me you weren't satisfied? Since you have left our employ—a fact that I assure you I regret exceedingly—Mr. Hudner has been so overworked that he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Matthews and Cameron are a pair of wooden men, and I had to come down and help Hudner out until he can get a new man broken in. By-the-way, Grubb, meet Mr. Bowen, general freight agent of the railroad company, and Mr. Redell, of the Redell Lumber Company."

Redell shook hands with Mr. Grubb, little dreaming that he was fraternizing with an enemy. Bowen also wrung Mr. Grubb's hand, but he knew whose hand he was shaking.

"Gentlemen," said Bowen, "this is the man behind. Mr. Grubb, will you oblige me by telling these gentlemen how you managed to pick a hole in my lumber embargo and shoo three hundred carloads of lumber into San Francisco?"

"You—Grubb—you—have you —— Are you the man who's been doing this?"

"Shame on you, Grubb!" said J. Augustus Redell.

"Nothing wrong about it," protested poor Grubb.

"Perhaps not," rejoined Redell; "but it was devilish selfish of you to keep the good thing to yourself! You might at least have sold me some of your lumber. My check's never been sent back N. S. F. But put us next to your combination, now that you're out of business."

"With all the pleasure in life. But before I start out I want to say that Perkins here had nothing to do with it. It's up to the railroad company entirely. They were careless enough not to include specifically the station of Ocean View in the long list of stations included in the embargo, though they were careful to designate San Francisco as an embargo port. Now, though Ocean View lies in the city of San Francisco, it has always been listed separately in the list of stations named in the printed lumber tariffs and honored with a definite freight rate. Somebody forgot to accord it a similar honor in the embargo list, probably because the Bay Shore Cut-off has practically diverted all traffic off the loop through the Mission, and Ocean View is being rapidly forgotten. However, you still retain an agent and I took advantage of this fact.

"I figured that when my cars were shipped out of Portland, consigned to Ocean View, the agent there would look over his list of embargo points to see if Ocean View was included. Not finding it there, he would look in his lumber tariff and find it—with a seventeen-cent rate. Station agents and freight agents have all their work laid out for them by rule, and only exceptional agents presume to break these rules. These are the men who get to be railroad presidents. When they see something going wrong they correct it, rule or no rule; but the number of men of that species is limited in the railroad business.

"The percentage of chance that the Portland agent was a dub was strongly in my favor; so I sat down and played the game. I figured that when he discovered he wasn't breaking any printed rule he'd start the cars south—and he did. I figured that if any agent along the line noticed it he would make a mental note to pass the buck up to the Portland agent, in case a row developed over it—or else he would figure that it was lumber designed for S. P. construction work, or a favored shipper, and shoo 'em right along. It all worked out beautifully, and I didn't kick any hole in your darned old embargo. You left one there for me and I walked in. I'll bet you a dinner for the bunch that I can go through it again and pick enough holes to make it look like a Swiss cheese!"

"By Jove, Grubb, you're a wonder! Now why didn't I see that opening? Hang it, if it had teeth it would bite me," mourned Redell.

Bowen turned to J. C. Kirk.

"And am I to understand, Mr. Kirk, that Mr. Grubb was once in your employ and you let him get away from you?"

"I didn't," growled Kirk with emphasis on the personal pronoun; "it was that penny-pinching manager of ours—Hudner."

"Grubb, I'll give you a job as sales manager at two hundred and fifty," said Redell. "I'm doing a pretty nice little jobbing trade in the San Joaquin Valley ——"

"Not under any circumstances, Redell," Bowen struck in. "I saw him first and he belongs to me. I cannot promise to raise Mr. Redell's ante, Mr. Grubb, but I'll call him. If you come with the railroad company I venture the prophecy that you'll be drawing down a thousand a month within five years."

Ulysses Grubb turned to J. C. Kirk.

"Well, Mr. Kirk, speak up!"

"I'd love to," said Kirk sadly; "but I haven't got the heart to fire Hudner and I couldn't hold you anyway. Men like you have to be their own men—and I'm afraid of you! You'd take the mills away from me when I wasn't looking."

"Better come with me, Grubb," pleaded Bowen. "Your graft is gone anyhow. Ocean View will go on the embargo list today. I'm going to wire that Portland agent and put him wise."

"You can't do that," wailed Ulysses Grubb. "I have forty cars ordered; and if you force me to cancel the order it will hurt my reputation for square dealing ——"

"Come, come, Bowen! No rough work here," pleaded J. Augustus Redell. "Grubb's too good a scout to put the skids under him that way. Wire your Portland agent to accept those forty cars and give our friend Grubb a chance to clean up. Then, after the forty are shipped, go ahead and put Ocean View on the embargo list. Don't be hard on a young fellow, Bowen."

"Impossible, Redell. I cannot take a chance on getting the company into difficulties with other shippers."

"Well, if you can't, I can," retorted Mr. Redell grimly. "I'm bringing a matter of twenty million cedar shingles from Gray's Harbor to San Francisco, via steam schooner, for reshipment into Texas; and I can ship 'em over the A. T. & S. F. if I feel like it."

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"Holdup! Very well, Grubb; I'll give you ten days to get your orders out before the lid goes on."

"And meantime," continued J. Augustus Redell, "you might wire your Portland office and tell them to fix it so Grubb's shippers will have no difficulty securing cars. Come along, Kirk. Let's get back to business. Coming, Grubb? We have room in Bowen's car for one more; you'd better join us."

Kirk and Bowen started for the waiting motor, and the moment their backs were turned J. Augustus Redell paused and favored Ulysses Grubb with a searching look. Mr. Grubb affected not to notice it and walked on.

Redell stopped him.

"Say, lookyhere, Grubb!" He tapped Mr. Grubb's left breast with his index finger. "What have you got in there anyhow—a window weight?"

"Oh, I thought you wanted to reopen negotiations about that sales-manager job. Shucks! The other matter is settled. You get those forty cars, of course."

Mr. Redell smiled.

"What do they cost me?"

"The market. I've been getting three dollars above that; but never let it be said that Ulysses S. Grant Grubb bit the hand that fed him! I've cleaned up about thirty thousand dollars on my operations thus far; and I'm going to get a couple of mill agencies, open an office and go into business for myself. So I'm not going to start in by holding you up! I'll be round after orders from you by-and-by."

This being a business story, with the heart interest dragged in by the heels, so to speak, by all the rules of the game it ought to end here. But that would be too sordid; for, after all, what is thirty thousand dollars to the Ulysses Grubbs of this world without the Tabitha Tapscotts? Nothing! Absolutely nothing!

We began this story with C. W. Hudner telephoning to a business college for one stenographer and specifying a redheaded one.

Therefore let us end it with C. W. Hudner telephoning to the same business college for two stenographers—and specifying demi-blondes!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

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GEORGE H. LORIMER

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J. LOUIS BARRICK
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(My commission expires January 18, 1917)

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Architects John Calvin Stevens, John Howard Stevens

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STAG

Wild Folk of Mountain Summits—By Enos A. Mills

DURING the last few years increasing numbers of people have spent a part of their vacations in the arctic, alpine zone above the timberline in the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains. Above the limits of tree-growth these mountains have many of those strange life conditions that give the barren grounds of the North the touch of adventurous romance. There are magnificent distances, flower-fringed snowdrifts, thousands of nesting birds from the Southland and flocks of bold resident mountain sheep. Here are rugged cañons, great peaks and countless wild and lovely tarns—the sources of a thousand streams. These sunny mountain crests are free from dust, hay fever, snakes and noise! The inspiriting air appears to be all oxygen, and every one who breathes it for a day is endued with vigor.

It is while foraging among these high peaks and plateaus that the grizzly bear puts on much of the hibernating fat for the winter. During summer he ranges the forests far down the slopes, but in autumn he climbs the heights for the last berries, overturns stones for mice and bugs, moves tons of earth and boulders, digging out fat woodchucks, and spends hours along the edges of the eternal snowfields, where he feasts upon bushels of chilled or dead insects.

Myriads of flies, grasshoppers, moths and other insects accumulate upon the lower edges of snow and ice fields. Just what attracts these insects cannot be told—possibly the whiteness, color, or the moisture; but once an insect flies into the cold air that overlies the snow his flying apparatus is chilled and rendered useless, and he tumbles, to become food for the birds and the bears.

For hours at a time I have watched bears foraging for wild honey or locusts. One autumn a gentleman and myself had a surprise while making measurements on the Hallett Glacier. After an hour in a crevasse thirty or forty feet beneath the surface of the ice we emerged from this miniature cañon and concluded to have the fun of coasting to the lower part of the glacier through the soft snow that had recently fallen upon the rough ice. We picked the steepest place for this. Just as we shot downward we espied a grizzly at the bottom of the slope toward which we were speeding. The bear had not noticed us and was busy licking up grasshoppers. Knowing something of bear nature, the situation did not appear serious to me. The gentleman with me found that it was impossible to stop on the steep, snow-lubricated slope. At last the bear heard us and fled at an excited gallop, with plunging hind feet reaching far forward and coming down flatfooted at the same time. Out of his way a flock of ptarmigan rose hurriedly. Away he went, in sight for more than a mile across a skyline moor.

Animal Life Above Timberline

Most mountain ranges rise far above the zone of life and have summits that are deeply overlaid with ancient snow and ice. But there is no mountain range on the earth that I know of which has such a varied and vigorous array of life at so great an altitude as the Rocky and the Sierra ranges. Above the altitude of nine thousand feet the Alps stand in eternal desolation, even in summertime. They are overlaid with an icy stratum that is centuries old. The uppermost limit of tree-growth in the Alps is only sixty-four hundred feet above sea level. How different the climatic conditions in the Rocky Mountains and in the Sierras, where timberline has an approximate altitude of eleven thousand five hundred feet—or nearly a vertical mile higher than it is in the Alps!

Vast areas of the Rocky Mountains are above the timberline. The snowfall of this territory is from five to fifty feet each year. Extreme cold is of short duration, and the snows are cleared and the climate modified by occasional warm, dry winds. Late in summer the Rocky Mountains have a rocky, bald appearance. Only small and scattered areas of the winter's snow endure through the seasons. Large areas are filled with craggy peaks and barren rockfields. Barrenness is due to lack of soil and not to altitude or the rigors of climate. The climate of this summit zone is similar to that which prevails in Northern Canada just beyond the land of little sticks, and it has many kinds of vigorous life.

Even the tops of the highest peaks have a sprinkling of verdure and are visited by many kinds of birds and animals. Among the living things I have seen on the summit of Long's Peak—fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five feet above the tides—are the inevitable and many-tinted lichens, spike grass, dainty blue polemonium, and clumps of crimson-purple primroses—all exquisitely beautiful. Among the insects are two kinds of prettily robed butterflies, straggling bumblebees, numerous grasshoppers and an occasional beetle. Mountain lions visit this summit; and among the other animals that at intervals make it their home are the silver fox, bobcat and the woodchuck. Bird callers are varied and embrace flocks of rosy finches, ptarmigans and American pipits, numerous white-crowned sparrows and juncos, with a scattering of robins, bluebirds, Wilson's warblers, red-tailed hawks, golden eagles and hummingbirds!

The mountain-sheep population of these heights is numerous, and many large flocks of these brave, hardy fellows live through all the seasons at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. They are preyed upon by the mountain lion, which may prowl over the heights at any time. Though his visits are irregular he apparently ascends the heights at times when the sheep are likely to be weak or snowbound. He is a wanton killer—is ever vigilant to slay—lurks and lies in wait to kill from pure devilishness, and preys upon all alpine life except the bear.

Deer are summer visitors in the cool uplands, though rarely going more than a thousand feet above the last trees. With the first snow they start to descend and commonly winter from three to six thousand feet below their summer range.

The Cony's Winter Store

There are a few woodchuck colonies as high as twelve thousand feet. The woodchuck in the spring, despite its short legs and heavy body, gives way to *wanderlust*, and as a change from hibernation wanders afar and occasionally climbs a mountain peak. Occasionally, too, a mountain lion prevents his return.

The silver fox is a permanent resident of these heights, and over them he feeds afar. He catches woodchucks and ptarmigans, and has many a feast on big game unfortunate by accident or that has been left to waste by that wild-game hog, the mountain lion. In summer, though rarely in winter, both the coyote and the wolf at rare intervals come into the fox's territory.

In slide rock and in bouldery moraines, up as high as thirteen thousand feet, one finds the pika or cony. Almost nothing is known of his domestic life; apparently he does not hibernate, for he may be seen on sunny days the year round. Like the beaver he each autumn lays up supplies for winter. Hay is his harvest. This he collects near his nest in conical haycocks, which sometimes are two feet in diameter. This hay is frequently placed in the shelter of shelving rocks. His haymaking is done with much hurry. After quickly biting off a number of plants or grasses he seizes these by their ends and simply scampers for the harvest pile. Quickly thrusting these in, he hurries away for more. His ways are decidedly in contrast with the beaver's deliberate movements. When he is sunning himself one may by moving slowly approach within a few feet. He has a squeaky whistle and a birdlike call, each of which it is difficult to describe. He is a tailless little fellow and has round, ratlike ears; is dark gray above and whitish beneath. In appearance he at times reminds one of a small guinea-pig, and at another of a young rabbit.

The weasel is the white wolf among the small people of the heights. In winter his pure white fur allows him to slip almost

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unsuspected through the snow. He preys upon the cony and the birds of the alpine zone. Like a few human hunters, he does wanton killing—just for amusement. He is bloodthirsty, cunning and even bold. Many times, within a few feet, he has glared fiendishly at me, almost determined to attack; his long, low-geared body and sinister and snaky eyes make him a mean object to look upon.

The rosy finch, the brown-capped Leucosticte of the Rockies—in the Sierras the gray-crowned—is about the size of a snowbird, and is one of the bravest and most trusting of the winged mountaineers. He is the most numerous of the resident bird population. The little fellow cheerfully lives in the mountain snows, rarely descending below the timberline. Occasionally he nests as high as thirteen thousand five hundred feet.

The largest bird resident of the snowy heights is the ptarmigan, or white quail. Rarely does this bird descend below timberline, but a late and prolonged winter storm may drive him and his neighbor, the rosy finch, a mile or so down the slopes. The first fine day they are back again to their happy heights. The ptarmigans live in the heathery growths and among huge rocky débris. Much of the wintertime they shelter themselves in deeply penetrating holes or runs in the compacted snow. Their food consists of the seeds and buds of alpine plants, and grasses and insects. Their ways remind one of a grouse, though a smaller bird. During winter this bird appears in a suit of white, stockings and all. In spring a few black and cinnamon-colored feathers are added, and by midsummer its dress is grayish brown. It is fairly well concealed from its enemies during all seasons by the protective coloration of its clothes, and it largely depends upon this for protection. It is preyed on by the weasel, fox, bear, eagle and mountain lion.

Though the mountaintops have only a few resident birds they have numerous summer builders and sojourners. Many birds nest in these heights in preference to going to the great Arctic Circle nursery. Thus most birds met with in the heights during summer are migratory ones. Among the summer residents are the American pipit, Wilson's warbler, the white-crowned sparrow and the gray-crowned junco, the latter occasionally raising two broods in a summer. Here, too, in autumn come flocks of robins and other birds for late berries before starting southward.

The Flowers of the Mountains

The golden eagle may soar above the peaks during all the seasons, but he can hardly be classed as a resident, for much of the winter he spends in the lower slopes of the mountains. Early in the spring he appears in the high places and nests among the crags, occasionally twelve thousand feet above sea level. The young eaglets are fed in part upon spring lamb from the near-by wild flocks.

Up in this region, the most skyward of the life zones of Nature, as everywhere, there are blossoms. And such wild flowers! Brilliant in color, dainty, perfumed and scentless, beautiful and graceful, they appear at their best amid the awful magnificence of rocky peaks, rugged cañons and on far-extending, lonely moorlands. Many of these flowers are your lowland friends, slightly dwarfed in some cases, but with charms even fresher and more lovely than those you may know.

These cheerful wild gardens are threatened with ruin. Cattle and sheep are invading them farther and farther, and leaving ruin behind. Steep slopes, coarse soil and shallow root-growths do not allow these alpine growths to endure pasturage. To these growths biting, pulling and the choppy hoof action are ruinous. Destined to early ruin if pastured, and having but little value when so used, these sky gardens might rightly be kept unimpaired for ourselves. They have a rapidly increasing value for parks. Used for recreation places, they would have a high commercial value; and thus used they would steadily pay dividends in humanity.

I wish that every one—especially children—might have a visit to these heights. They are teachers. They arouse interest; they compel thought and activity. They are refreshing. There is a strangeness, a silence and a vastness in these stupendous summit scenes that rouse one as nothing else can, and which can never be covered with forgetfulness.

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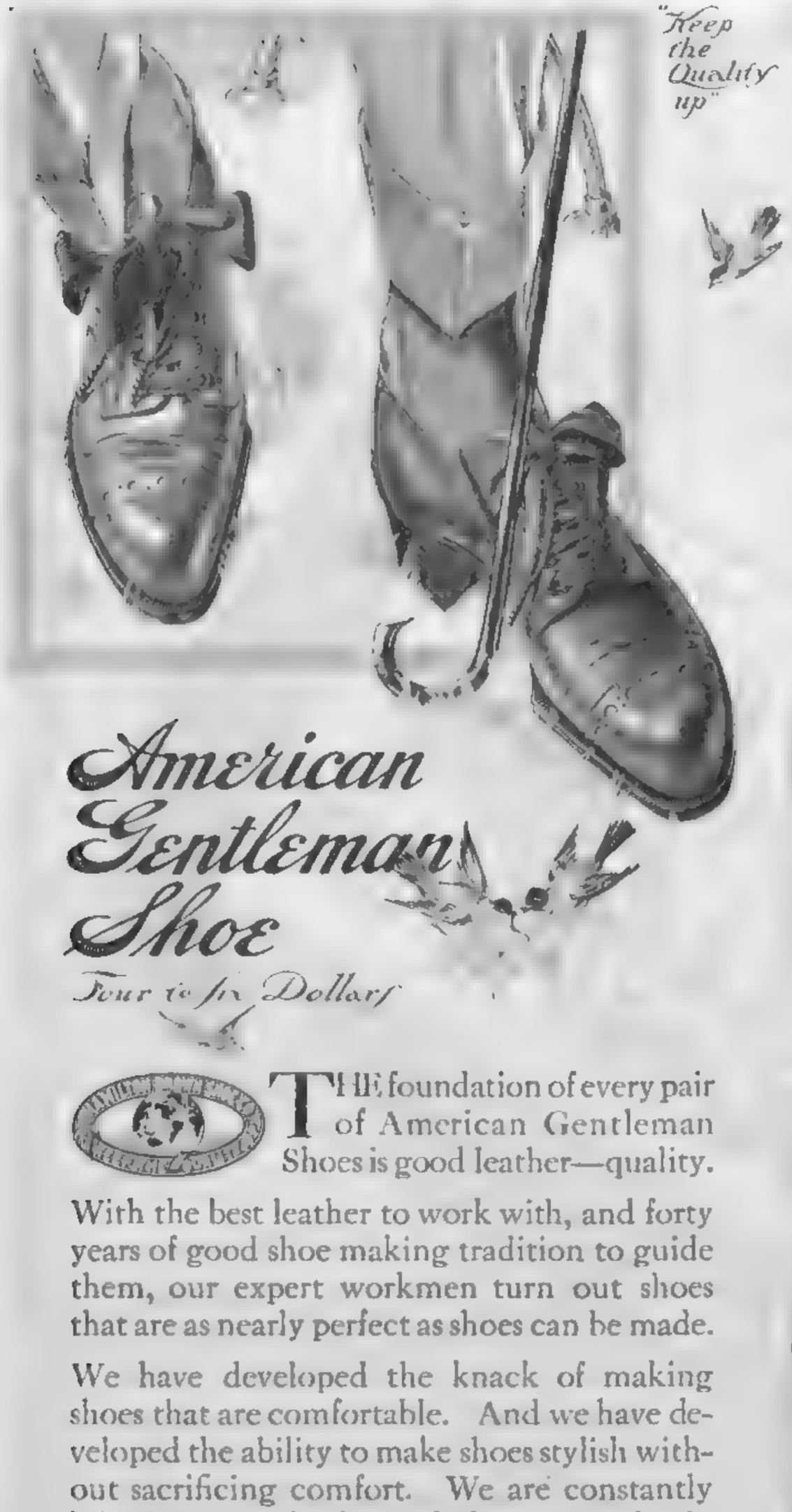

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Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

TWO companies that make a specialty of selling guaranteed mortgages on real estate in the city of New York now have outstanding one hundred and seventy million dollars in such mortgages. The older and larger company began business in December, 1894. To the end of 1912 it had made and sold loans aggregating two hundred and eighty million dollars, on which the net loss to the company had been thirteen thousand and fifty-seven dollars.

This record seems to bear out the assertion of an officer in charge of the lending department of a big life-insurance company: "There is no excuse for anybody's losing money in lending on New York City real estate." Of course he meant there was no excuse for loss if the lender were thoroughly informed and equipped for the business. You may be sure there is ample opportunity for a greenhorn to lose money in that as in any other field.

This negligible loss of only thirteen thousand dollars out of two hundred and eighty millions fell, of course, upon the company. Investors lost nothing at all, being protected by the company's guaranty.

The purchaser of a guaranteed mortgage receives, first, the mortgage itself, duly assigned to him of record; the note which it secures; and a policy by a responsible company insuring the title. So he owns the loan outright and has possession of the instruments evidencing it just as though he had made it direct to the borrower. He also receives a guaranty from the company that sold him the loan, by which the company binds itself to pay interest on the loan at the rate of four and a half per cent a year and to pay the principal of the loan "when and as collected from the borrower, but in any event within eighteen months after maturity"—that is, if the company does not collect the principal of the loan for eighteen months after maturity it may wait that long, if it chooses, before paying the holder of the loan; but at the end of that period it must pay him in full, irrespective of whether it has collected from the borrower or not.

This provision is analogous to that by which a savings bank may protect itself against a run by demanding notice of intention to withdraw deposits. In practice, of course, principal and interest are paid to the holder at maturity.

The guaranty further provides that the company shall act as agent of the holder of the loan, for the purpose of collecting interest and principal, seeing that taxes are paid on the mortgaged premises, that the building is kept in proper repair and properly insured, and so on.

Guaranteed Mortgages

Invariably these city loans depend for security upon a building as well as upon a plat of ground. The plat of ground cannot get away. Generally speaking, a mortgage investor in it has *nothing* to fear except that taxes may fall in arrears; but there is no such fixity of value in a building. It may deteriorate or burn down, or be put to uses that will depreciate its price. And in the case of a building there is no necessary relationship at all between what it cost and what it is worth.

Broadly speaking, some positive value attaches to every piece of ground in a city; but a costly building may be practically worthless either because it is badly designed or badly located. A high-class apartment building, for example, in a neighborhood where tenants able to pay high-class rents will not live is merely junk. An expensive retail shop in a district deserted by retail trade simply cumbers the ground. Every little while some private residence that cost a great deal of money is practically given away, because the neighborhood is no longer suitable for residences of that sort.

So, in making city loans, where a large part of the value is represented by a building—as is almost invariably the case—a knowledge of local conditions is necessary; and after the loan is made the property needs looking after more than a farm loan.

Probably this is one reason why investors in farm loans almost always take unguaranteed mortgages, preferring to assume whatever risk there may be rather than pay a responsible company half of one per cent a year to insure them against loss, while investors in New York City loans turn pretty largely to guaranteed mortgages.

Undoubtedly another reason is to be found in the different practices of the companies. The farm-mortgage companies, as a rule, get a commission of half of one per cent a year for making and looking after the loan, in consideration of which, though they do not guarantee payment, they make it a rule to pay the investor his interest the day it falls due, whether they have collected it or not. In the only case I know of where what amount to guaranteed farm mortgages have been sold to any considerable extent, a further deduction of one-half of one per cent a year has been made for the guaranty.

On the other hand, the companies in the city of New York to which I refer get only half of one per cent a year for making the loan and guaranteeing it too. If it is a five per cent loan the purchaser gets four and a half per cent net; if a five and a half per cent loan he gets five net. These companies sell some unguaranteed mortgages. Once in a while an investor will prefer to take all the risk and get all the interest, less a very small commission. But if the companies sell an unguaranteed mortgage they let the investor actually take all the risk. He does not get his interest or his principal until the borrower pays it. Nearly all investors prefer to pay half of one per cent and get the guaranty.

Loans in the Bronx

No doubt one reason why these city companies can afford to handle loans at a smaller commission, on the whole, than farm-mortgage companies charge is that their loans run decidedly larger and are all made in one locality.

The small loans—five thousand dollars or less—come mostly from Brooklyn and are on modest private residences in that city of homes. Even there a loan as small as twenty-five hundred dollars is the exception. There are a good many, however, of four thousand and five thousand dollars. In Manhattan the companies make loans all the way from fifteen thousand dollars up to two hundred thousand, or even more. In the Bronx, loans, largely on flat buildings, run from eight thousand to fifty.

Here are some typical descriptions: Twenty thousand dollars—netting four and a half per cent—on land thirty-six by one hundred feet, and four-story stone apartment house, in Brooklyn; thirty-four thousand dollars—netting four and a half per cent—on land ninety-two by eighty feet, and five-story red-brick building, occupied by stores below and flats above, in the Bronx; five thousand dollars—netting five per cent—on land forty by one hundred feet, and two-story frame dwelling, in Brooklyn; twenty-five thousand dollars—netting four and a half per cent—on land twenty by seventy feet, and four-story brownstone dwelling, near Eighty-fifth Street, in Manhattan.

As a rule, loans in Manhattan and the Bronx run three or five years, but residence loans in Brooklyn are usually made for three years. These short terms give the mortgage holder a good opportunity to protect himself in case the building begins to run down or the character of the neighborhood to change, or when for any other reason the security becomes unsatisfactory.

From the by-laws of one of the mortgage-guaranty companies I quote the following: "The amount of outstanding guaranteed mortgages shall not exceed twenty times the capital and surplus of the company. This article shall not be amended or repealed except with the written consent of all holders of guaranteed mortgages. Mortgages shall be guaranteed by the company only when secured by real estate improved for business or residence purposes, and situated in New York City, and not exceeding two-thirds the valuation of the real estate. The charge of the company for guaranteeing mortgages shall not exceed one-half of one per cent a year."

If the company sold five per cent loans to net four and a half, and five and a half per cent loans to net the same, it would be open to a temptation to seek five and a half per cent loans rather than fives, because its profit would be twice as great.

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The restriction quoted is for the purpose of saving it from that temptation—making its profit exactly the same on a high-rate loan as on a low-rate one.

This business of guaranteeing city mortgages at a uniform rate of one-half of one per cent a year has been very profitable. Both of the companies to which I refer have for some time paid twelve per cent dividends on their capital stock. For the last half-dozen years net earnings of the older and larger one have averaged about fifteen per cent on its capital stock. These earnings arise mainly from the commission of half of one per cent a year on all the outstanding mortgages guaranteed by it.

The companies sell the mortgages to individuals, savings banks, life-insurance companies, and so on. The statement of the larger company shows that, of a hundred and thirty million dollars of guaranteed mortgages outstanding, over fifteen millions are held by savings banks, thirty-five millions by trustees, forty-seven millions by individual investors, eleven millions by charitable institutions, sixteen millions by insurance companies, and five millions by trust companies.

I have given a good deal of space to these guaranteed mortgages because, though more largely used in New York than elsewhere, they are an admirable form of investing money in city real-estate security. The investor gets the services of a well-equipped concern in selecting his loan, he gets the loan itself and the further service of a capable agent to look after the property, and he gets a guaranty; for all of which he pays a commission of half of one per cent a year—which seems reasonable enough. In some other cities he pays the same commission and gets no guaranty.

Of real-estate loans in general it may be said they have certain advantages, especially for women or others not very conversant with business. For some investors the very fact that they have no market quotation is an advantage. For instance, a widow with some invested life-insurance money, who was offered a dazzling opportunity to purchase Fly-by-Night Oil Wells, Limited, might be less apt to take up with the offer if her money were in a real-estate mortgage than if it were in a bond that she could sell at a moment's notice.

Loans in Large Units

And, of late, holders of high-class securities that are quoted daily in the market have found little pleasure in the quotations.

From the point of view of many investors, however, these mortgage loans have some disadvantages. There are the short maturities, so that the investment has to be renewed every three or five years. More important than that, the loans run in relatively large units—one as small as twenty-five hundred dollars being rather the exception—and there is now a tremendous number of investors who have only five hundred or a thousand dollars at a time.

True, these mortgage-guaranteeing companies issue certificates against loans. Many of their clients, especially trustees of estates, will have on hand a given amount, all of which they wish to invest. Say the amount is eleven thousand five hundred dollars. The company will sell that client a loan for six thousand and one for five thousand; then for the five hundred dollars it will give him a certificate entitling him to a five hundred dollar interest in a third loan. When another investor with an odd amount to invest turns up the company will give him a certificate against this third loan—until finally it is all taken up by certificates.

This arrangement hardly meets the needs of the ordinary thousand dollar investor, and it looks as though there was an opportunity to attract the thousand dollar investors into this field by issuing debentures, or bonds, for even amounts, with relatively long maturities, secured by pledge of real-estate mortgage loans.

One concern in New York is already doing this to some extent, issuing five per cent ten and twenty year thousand dollar bonds, secured by pledge with a trustee of an equal amount of real-estate mortgages. The company is organized under the state banking law, with two million dollars' capital; and its last statement shows a little over four million dollars of mortgage bonds outstanding. Its loans are mainly made outside the city of New York, in towns of forty thousand inhabitants and upward.

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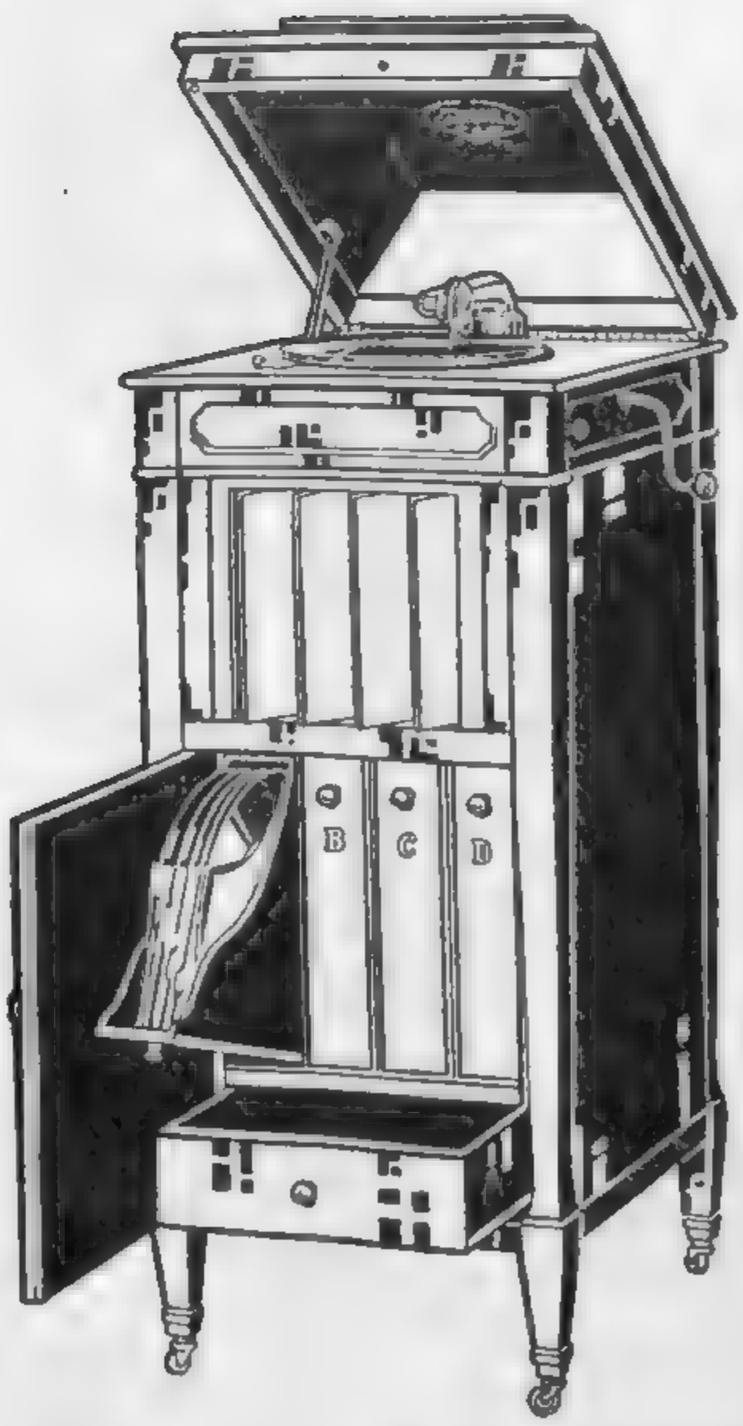

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A DICKER IN TITLES

(Continued from Page 15)

have grown an inch round the chest. "I buy the property from the Count. I have the government bring suit to set aside my title. Then the property is to be sold for its price in the Restoration, which was sixteen thousand dollars. As the owner of the property I have first chance to buy it."

Smiley grunted his approval.

"Same old stuff!" he commented. "Innocent-owner gag! That clears your title and cuts out any incumbrances that happened since whenever the Restoration was."

"*Voilà!*" sang Antoine, stalking up and down the floor and laughing like a boy. "The mortgage, it is pouf! The money was loaned on property that belonged to no one!"

Smiley did some rapid figuring.

"Ten thousand for expenses, sixteen thousand to the government, and ten thousand to the Count—thirty-six thousand in all for an estate worth a hundred and twenty thousand!"

"*Voilà!*" exclaimed Antoine. "I shall be rich in France! I shall be a millionaire!"

Ben Smiley looked at his figures thoughtfully. "It's a shame to pay all that money to the Count!" he thought.

IV

"COMIC opera for mine," insisted the silk-hatted Smiley as he stood at the curb in front of the Hotel of the Seven Seas. "Grand opera makes me sad and the Moulin Rouge makes me ashamed of myself."

"It is only innocent fun," laughed Antoine; "but you shall have comic opera. The Merry Widow is at the Apollo."

"Me for that," accepted Smiley; and he turned to the boy with the hundred brass buttons and told him to call a taxi.

A big brown limousine stopped just in front of them. On the driver's seat were a chauffeur, with a kinky mustache, and a footman, with mustaches like bunches of celery. The footman jumped down. He was proud in his brown livery, more proud than ever—for he had three excessively bright brass buttons to replace three of the dull ones that had long been absent. He opened the door.

A huge man in an opera hat and a wide velvet collar clambered down sidewise. He had an enormous face and the smallest mustache it was possible to grow.

"The Count!" observed Smiley, touching Antoine's elbow as De Grassepompeaux strode into the hotel, preceded by the footman with the celery mustaches.

Antoine did not hear him. He was doffing his silk hat and bowing profoundly to the charming mademoiselle in the limousine; but she was looking coldly out of the other window.

The concierge of the hotel, who was an Italian and looked like a German, but spoke English like an Irishman, came bustling out.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said to Antoine. "You have a visitor." He straightened his shoulders. He expanded his chest. He stiffened his neck. "Monsieur le Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux."

Antoine bowed profoundly to the lady in the limousine, who was still looking coldly out of the opposite window, and hurried into the hotel, followed by the speculating Ben Smiley.

"Ah, my dear Count!" cried Antoine, rushing forward in the gray salon with outstretched hand.

The Count threw back his velvet-collared coat to display the broad front of his new evening shirt.

"*Cochon!*" he hissed. "I repudiate our agreement! I refuse to complete the sale of the Château Blanchesang! You are the proprietor of the Châtelet Poivrade, of New York! You would conduct a café in the château of the Marquis!"

Antoine bristled. The fact that he was bourgeois had been considerably driven out of him in America and he had just been called a pig!

"*Cochon!*" he hissed in return.

"What did he say?" demanded the ever-attentive Smiley.

"He has the goods on us," frowningly stated Antoine. "He knows of the roadhouse."

"Well, what's he going to do about it?" Smiley gruffly challenged.

"He will not complete the sale of the property," explained Antoine; and, finding the Count glaring ferociously at him, he glared ferociously back.

Ben Smiley studied the situation thoughtfully. The Count wore new patent-leather pumps; his white evening tie was fresh from the shop; his gloves had never before been stretched.

"Tell him to give back the money," directed Smiley.

"But no!" protested Antoine. "I do not want the money."

"He hasn't a cent of it left," chuckled Smiley. "Look how new he is!"

The eyes of Antoine softened. He smiled suavely.

"Monsieur le Comte is quite right," he admitted. "It was my intention to open a café in the ancient château of the Marquis de Blanchesang; but if Monsieur le Comte objects we shall dismiss the affair. Monsieur will return the twenty thousand francs."

The Count swelled with indignation.

"No!" he cried. "You have deceived me! You forfeit the money!"

The Count, having delivered his ultimatum, stalked out. Antoine turned to Ben Smiley with snapping eyes.

"*Voilà!*" he said. "I am finished! The beans have been spilled!"

"Oh, buck up!" remonstrated Smiley. "It's the Count who has spilled the beans. Here's where we save money."

THERE was intense consternation in the château of Monsieur le Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux. The government had served notice that it intended to set aside the Count's fraudulent title to the estate of the late Marquis de Blanchesang! The Count rang every bell in the house; and when mustaches came in answer he sent them away.

Lucien Lafaim, immediately on learning the cause of the excitement, hurried down to his friend François in the kitchen, and together they hastily mixed absinthe frappés of double strength.

Thick Emilie, forever scrubbing the back steps, left her pail on the landing for kinky-mustached Henri to step into presently, and running into the garden looked at the château.

Philippe, the butler, with the naturally curly mustaches, remembering the last turmoil and having gained wisdom by experience, rang the cracked château bell; and the four workmen at once brought out the hose reel.

The gardener, with the celery mustaches, however, was bound there should be no awkwardness this time. He had been thinking, and he already had a nozzle screwed on each end of the hose!

The Count had also been thinking. He grasped the telephone to talk with his advocate; but before he did so he took the precaution of sending Henri to that gentleman with a note requesting him to call at once. He was still patiently pleading "'Ello!" into the transmitter when his lawyer arrived.

"It is very simple, monsieur," explained the advocate from beneath his tapering mustache. "Monsieur le Comte has but to pay the eighty thousand francs the Marquis should have paid to the government and he will have no more trouble."

"Is there no other solution?" inquired the Count with contempt.

The advocate tapped his nose significantly and smiled.

"Perhaps if monsieur will spend forty or fifty thousand francs he may be able to prove by the records that the ancient Marquis did pay the price to the government at the time of the Restoration."

"Fifty thousand francs!" gasped the Count, feeling nervously for his mustache but losing it in the fold of his lip. "Very well, Monsieur l'Avocat. You must secure me the money."

Monsieur l'Avocat rose and bowed courteously; then he put on his hat.

"You flatter me!" he replied, and was gone.

VI

THERE was excitement and surprise in the château of Monsieur le Comte Gruyère de Grassepompeaux. The gardener, with the celery mustaches, saw Antoine Poivrade and Ben Smiley and an architect, with up-pointed mustaches, taking measurements about the grounds of the Château Blanchesang. Twenty minutes later he observed that they were still at it. Half an hour

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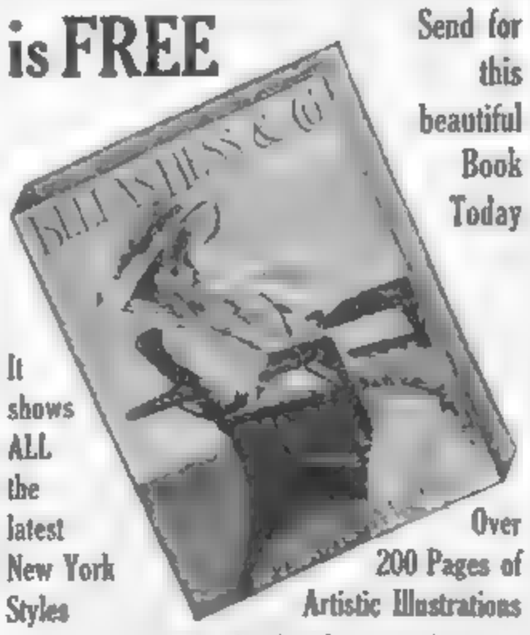

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20901. Waist of sheer batiste with front and back trimmed in set-in bands of lace, tucks to yoke depth and two full length tucks. Fastens invisibly. Collar is of white voile embroidered in contrasting color and trimmed with gimp and finished with three-quarter length sleeves of colored voile. Back of waist has clusters of tucks. Comes to wear with Nelrose or Copenhagen Blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Special Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $1

4G905 Pretty Summer Frock of sheer striped Lawn. Back is plain and the dress fastens in the front with satin covered buttons to match color of stripe. It is trimmed with tucked bands of satin in front, collar and cuffs of contrasting white voile with scalloped edge. Three-quarter length sleeves with white scalloped cuffs to match collar. Waist is joined to the plain gored skirt by a satin girdle and the skirt is made short with a deep hem. Dress can be procured in pink and white or blue and white and white or lavender and white stripe. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $1

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later he discovered that they had not yet left. After pondering deeply over the matter he decided that this was unusual and so reported to the Count. The Count immediately flew into a rage and ordered the interlopers off the place.

"Beg pardon, Monsieur le Comte," responded Antoine pleasantly. "It is you who are the trespasser. This estate belongs now to Antoine Poivrade!"

"Impossible!" cried the Count.

"Quite the fact!" exulted Antoine. "The authorities, after your refusal to pay, accepted my contract of option with you as first claim to complete the ownership of the property, and I have bought it for eighty thousand francs."

"Then you will pay me the balance of our contract!" the Count spluttered in a rage.

"But, no," gently refused Antoine. "My title dates from the Restoration, and there are no claims of any sort against it—except the mortgage I am now putting on it for the payment to Monsieur Ben Smiley for his share in the transaction." Antoine paused and raised himself four times to his toes in a posture of great complacency. "We are ninety thousand dollars—four hundred and fifty thousand francs—'to the good,' as we say in America, Monsieur le Comte!"

American Textbooks

SOME weeks ago an article appeared in these columns under the heading, Expensive Free Education, in which Mr. Edwin R. Wright, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, compared the prices of American and Canadian schoolbooks in such a manner as to give the impression that parents in the Province of Ontario can buy elementary textbooks for their children, equal in every respect to those sold in the United States, at very much lower prices.

Mr. Wright specifically instanced a primer, used in the schools of Ontario, which is sold at the modest price of four cents, and compared it with an American primer that costs twenty-five cents. The Canadian book was prepared under the supervision of the provincial government and is published by a Toronto merchant. On the face of it, here is a rather startling discrepancy in price; but it becomes less and less startling as the facts surrounding the two books are examined. A twenty-five-cent American primer and the four-cent Canadian book were laid side by side and carefully inspected. The former is the larger book. It contains more paper and forty more pages than the latter. The paper stock used is of a higher grade; the binding is more substantial, the illustrations are better drawn and are more beautifully reproduced. Still, at first blush, the Canadian book appears the better money's worth.

Experts who have examined the Canadian book say that the mechanical cost of producing it would be in the neighborhood of seven cents. This means that if the electrotype plates were turned over to a publisher he would have to spend that amount on paper, presswork and binding. Why, then, does the Toronto merchant sell the book at four cents? Presumably, because he thinks it good advertising and because he values the prestige that grows out of supplying an official book.

Here is another fact of prime importance: Before the book was turned over to the publisher it had cost the provincial government, for writing, editing, illustration and the making of plates, upward of eight thousand dollars. The people of Ontario paid this eight thousand dollars; but, like the drummer's spring suit, it did not appear in the bill. Divide this amount up among an edition of one hundred thousand primers and you have each little book saddled with an invisible charge of eight cents that somebody has paid in taxes. The farther the comparison of the two books is pursued, the more the apparent price-discrepancy dwindles.

American schoolbook publishers feel that some statements in the article in question reflect unfairly on their business. They particularly resent the statement that it would be possible to save American parents millions of dollars annually by having the Government go into the schoolbook business. They assert that our total annual expenditure for textbooks is only about twelve million dollars, and that this sum is divided among more than sixty competing concerns. In justice to these publishing houses, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is glad to present their side of the question.

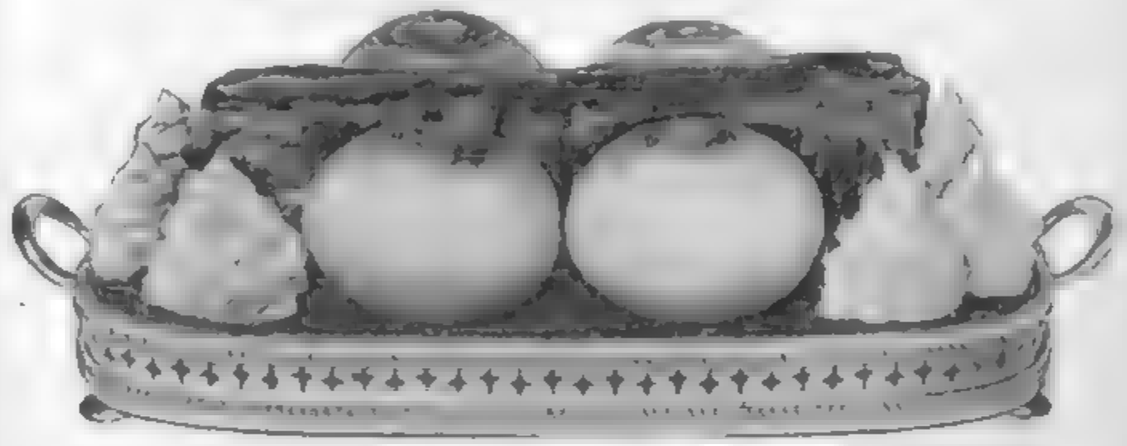
Onions *without* the "Sting"

Have you abstained from eating onions on account of the sting and pungent odor? *Now* you can eat this wholesome vegetable in any form, raw or cooked, and you'll enjoy every mouthful.

Texas Bermuda Onions

This superior variety is mild, sweet and crisp without that strong onion flavor. It leaves no unpleasant taste or odor on the breath. Eat them raw as you would any fruit. Their delicate flavor and deliciousness will make you want *only Texas Bermuda Onions when you go to your grocer's.*

Texas Onions owe their delicious mildness to the perfect conditions under which they are grown. Great irrigation plants supply just the required amount of pure water. Generous Southern Texas sunshine, clean soil and skilled truck gardeners do the rest.



Planked Steak, Parker House Style

The steak should be cut about an inch and a quarter thick. Wipe carefully with a damp cloth. [illegible] well [illegible] with butter. Cook the steak over the coals about eight minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Have ready [illegible] at the edge of the plank. Put steak on plank. Garnish with Parsley Potatoes and the steak. Brush over the edges of the potato with the white of an egg, beaten and diluted with a little milk and set in the oven to brown. Remove and reheat the potato, brown the edges of the potato and garnish the steak. Remove from the oven. Pour over a brown mushroom sauce. Serve at once.

The wholesomeness and economy of Texas Bermuda Onions places them at the head of the daily menu. The natives of the Bermuda Islands subsist almost wholly upon this variety of onion.

A Pound Box of Texas Bermuda Onions By Parcel Post for 10 cents

In order that everyone may try Texas Bermuda Onions at small expense, this Association has arranged to send a full pound package by Parcel Post upon the receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today.

Southern Texas Truck Growers Association
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Order Texas Bermuda Onions from Your Grocer

Southern Texas Truck Growers Association
San Antonio, Texas

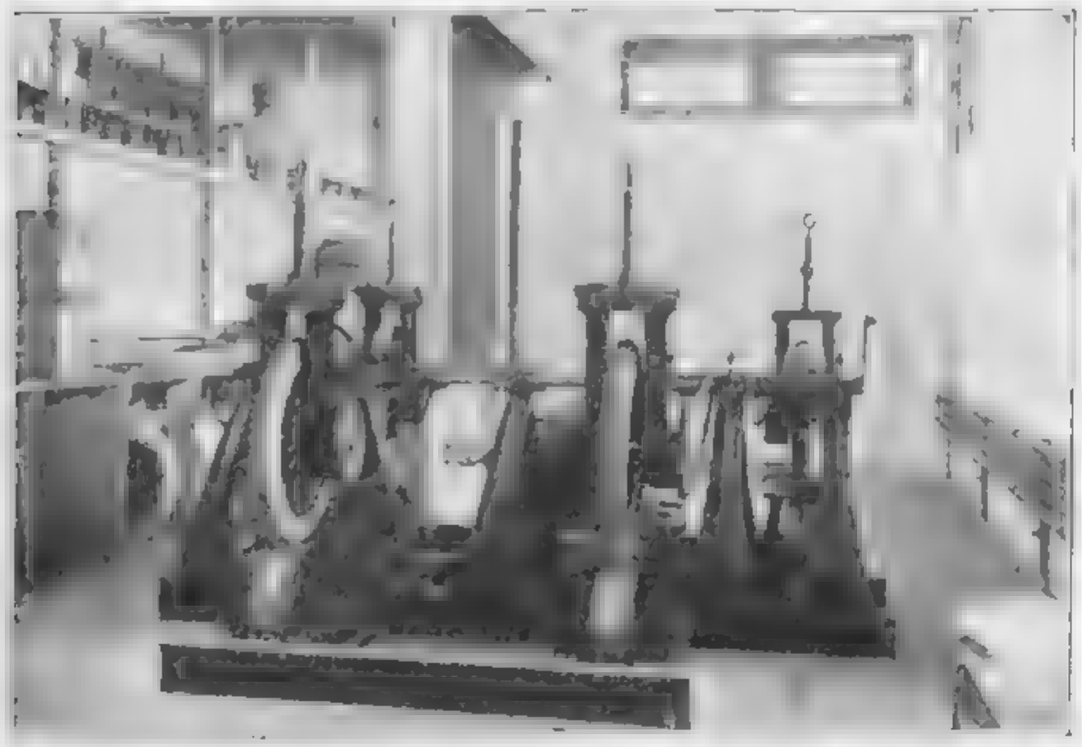
Inclosed with this coupon please find ten cents [illegible] for which send me by Parcel Post, one pound box of genuine Texas Bermuda Onions, also Onion Cook Book Free. A-19

Name

Street

P. O. State

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize



This Machine Tells Mileage

Here is a machine which runs night and day in our department for research and experiment

Its entire purpose is to wear out tires, under actual road conditions.

It is wearing out four tires all the time, while a meter records the mileage

For years and years we have kept this machine employed in this costly way. But this is what we get.

New Conditions

A few years ago men knew very little about building tires for automobiles. Bicycle experience was not very helpful.

Here were new conditions—strenuous conditions. Some makers failed to meet them. Some met them better than we did, and for a time they led.

Then we brought scores of experts here. And to prove their ideas this machine was built.

And that machine is one great reason why Goodyears lead today.

What's Best?

That machine is the final answer to Which way is the best?

We have compared on it, by metered mileage, 240 formulas and fabrics.

We compared various grades of material, and always found that the costliest were best.

We compared methods and processes—new ideas. We compared rival tires with our own. And always by metered mileage.

Whatever proved best we adopted. When anything else proved better, we adopted that.

After years and years of these accurate tests we learned how to best build tires And the meters on cars told users what this machine told us

Then the demand for these tires grew and grew, until they outsold every other

$100,000 Yearly

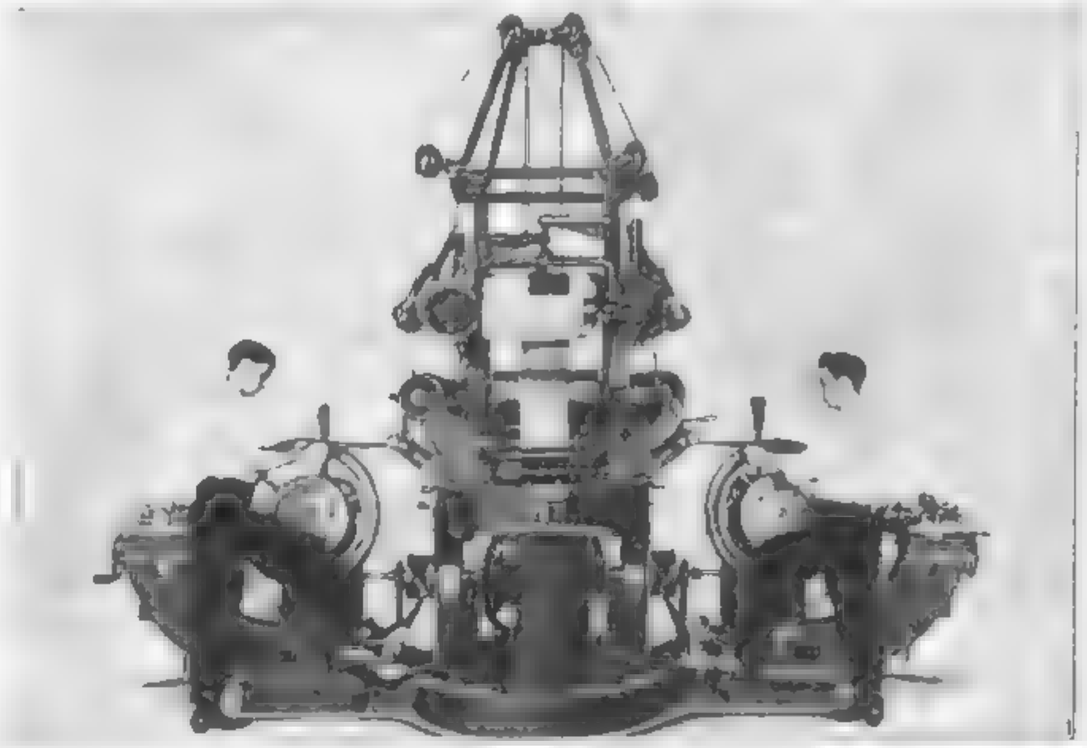
We still maintain this research department. Scores of experts—mostly technical graduates—work there all the time.

Here we still spend $100,000 yearly just to watch and better tires. But that means now about five cents per tire.

Think of that machine running night and day. Think of half a hundred men searching all the time for ways to make tires better.

Can you suppose that any other maker will ever find a way to excel us?

Can you imagine a time when these tires, which now lead, will be forced into second place?



This Machine Adds Mileage

Here is the tire building machine which has added immensely to the mileage of Goodyear tires. It is our invention, controlled by our patents

It stretches and lays the fabric so that every inch of every layer gets exactly equal tension.

Before this invention tires were made by hand. Some parts of some layers were stretched harder than others. And those bore the brunt of strains.

Now every part of every layer bears its share of strain. Every inch of fabric and rubber contributes to tire strength.

How No-Rim-Cut Tires Are Made

There are other machines which we never show. They make those bands of braided wires used in No-Rim-Cut tires.

Years ago tire makers knew that this type of tire was desirable. They knew that rim-cut damage wrecked about one-fourth of all the clincher tires

But the ways to end rim-cutting proved unsatisfactory. So they clung to the hooked-base tire.

Then Came This

Then came this machine for braiding wire, to make an unstretchable tire base.

Now six flat bands of these braided wires are vulcanized into our tire base 126 piano wires.

That made the hooked base unnecessary. The tire is held on because the base is unstretchable. It cannot get over the rim-flange.

So your removable rim flanges are now set to curve outward, when you use No-Rim-Cut tires. The tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge

This invention has ended rim-cutting for every man who adopts these tires.

We Control Them

No-Rim-Cut tires wiped out completely the largest single item in one's tire upkeep. Statistics show that 23 per cent of all old-type tires become rim-cut.

Then these tires were made 10 per cent oversize. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These enormous savings brought an avalanche of trade to the tire which we control. In very short order these tires outsold every other tire in existence.

This one invention has saved motor car owners a great many million dollars. It has almost cut tire bills in two.

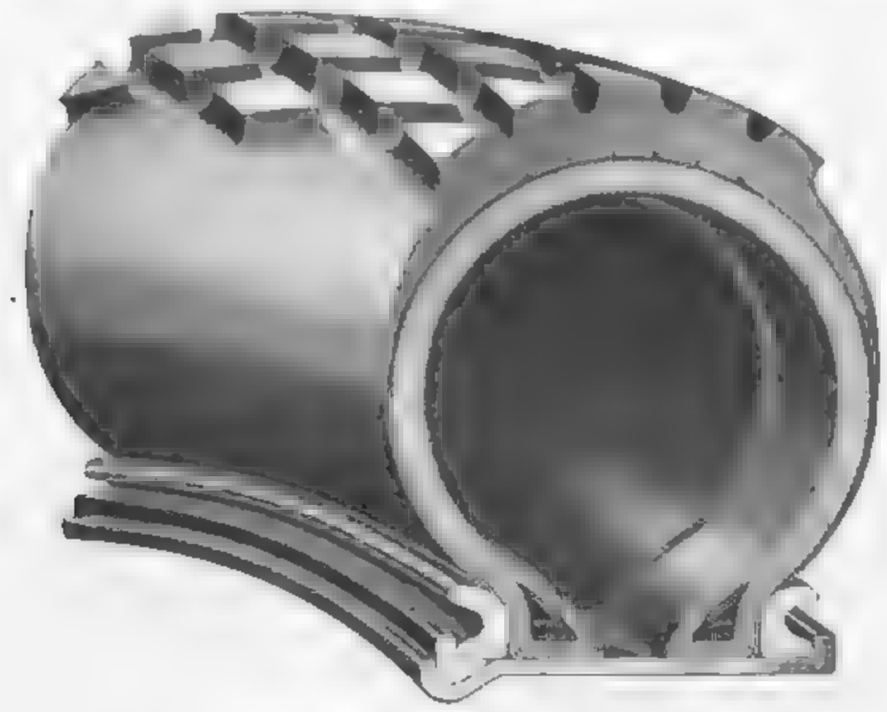
GOODYEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize



This is Why We Double-Cure

Goodyear tires, at much extra cost, are always double-cured.

That means that the casing is partly cured. Then the tread is wrapped on, and the whole tire cured to a finish.

This is the reason:

The tire at the tread is twice as thick as it is on either side. So a single cure, with the tread attached, fails to properly vulcanize the part under the tread.

Very Costly

Our double-cure wrapped tread process is the most expensive used. The usual process would save us about 50 cents per tire. On this year's probable output that would mean nearly a million dollars.

But that extra million cuts your tire bills—perhaps 10 per cent

So in this—as in all things else—we spend every cent which by mileage tests, shows less tire expense

Why Goodyears Cost So Little

Despite these extras, Goodyear tires cost about the same as other standard tires.

Even No-Rim-Cut tires, with the braided wires and the 10 per cent oversize

This is how it happens.

Making Cost

We make more tires, by long odds, than any other plant in the world. So our overhead cost should be lowest.

Our equipment is new and modern. The larger part of our factory was built and equipped within the past two years.

Our efficiency experts are capable. Our capital cost is extremely low. Our sales this year will probably exceed four times our capital stock

Our production cost is doubtless the lowest that exists, type and worth considered.

Our Profit

Then our average profit last year was exactly $2.90 per tire, figuring nothing for interest on millions of capital invested.

Goodyear tires sell all the way from $15.55 to $104.95, according to type and size. Our average profit was $2.90 per tire, all of these sizes considered

That's why you get all these extra features at the price of a Goodyear tire That's why your mileage cost runs low.

Nearly all that you pay for a Goodyear tire goes into actual value. And that's the biggest reason that exists for Goodyear popularity.

Always a Reason for Supremacy

With every leader in every line, there's a reason for supremacy. In tires, the only reason possible is, lowest cost per mile.

Men meter mileage nowadays. They are watching tire expense. It is under these conditions—mark you—that Goodyear tires so far outsold the rest.

Once at Bottom

Goodyear tires once held a lowly place. In 1905—our sixth year of tire making three of our rivals sold 70 times our output.

But in 1906 Goodyear tires broke every endurance record, as measured by cost of replacement.

From that time on, our sales have multiplied. And last year's increase was 125 per cent.

The largest-selling tire in the world today is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

2,100,000 Out

Over 2,100,000 Goodyear tires have now gone into use. They have been tested, no doubt, on not less than 300,000 cars

The present verdict is based on all that experience. And every man knows that such an army of users cannot be mistaken.

More Goodyear tires have been sold in the past 12 months than in the previous 12 years put together. Which also shows what these tests are doing.

On New Cars

For this year, 107 of the leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires

Their contracts call for 890,680 tires—enough to equip 222,670 cars. Think what a percentage that means of the 1913 models.

These contracts come from men who know tires better than any user. They have watched and compared them on countless cars.

And they come from men who are doing their best—for the good of the industry—to cut down upkeep cost.

Who is Wrong?

Either the man who uses Goodyears is wrong, or the man who doesn't.

Let's weigh the evidence.

The man who uses No-Rim-Cut tires saves rim-cutting—that we know. The 10 per cent oversize must increase mileage. Nothing can be surer.

Those visible features insure an economy of very large proportions.

Then these tires, on sheer merit—in the test of time—have jumped from bottom place to the top.

They have done this in these days of odometers, when men are watching mileage.

If Goodyear tires are not the best, hundreds of thousands of users are wrong, and 107 car makers.

The way to know is to make a test, as other men have done. The savings are not petty. They are too big to overlook.

And if we have so greatly reduced tire expense, it is due to yourself that you know it.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

The two indispensables of Modern Business

—the telephone and the

DICTAPHONE

(REGISTERED)

The Dictaphone saves every minute your stenographer now spends in taking shorthand notes; every minute you spend in waiting for your stenographer; in holding your dictation down to her speed; in answering her questions.

Outside of the incalculable increase in your own efficiency and convenience, the financial result of the Dictaphone system is that you save the cost of the stamp on every letter that goes out of your office.

Demonstration by appointment in your own office on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "The Dictaphone."

If you don't find that address in your telephone directory, write to the nearest address below.

"YOUR DAY'S WORK"—a book we should like to send you.

THE DICTAPHONE, 158 Woolworth Bldg., New York

(Columbia Graphophone Company, Sole Distributors)

Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Montreal, Newark, New Haven, New Orleans, Newspaper Row, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Providence, Rochester, San Francisco, Scranton, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, St. Louis, St. Paul, Terre Haute, Toledo, Washington, Wilmington, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Canadian Headquarters, McKinnon Bldg., Toronto.

The Dictaphone is sold or rented at the one price throughout the United States

Wilson Bro's

For over half a century the name Wilson Bro's on men's furnishings has been assurance of highest quality.

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

The perfection of summer underwear comfort. Crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. No edges or surplus material to draw and irritate the skin. Front and rear openings separate. Can't gap in the seat. Made of best materials. Light, airy, roomy. The only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. $1 up. If not carried by your dealer, he can secure from us.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bro's

528-536 So. 5th Ave. Chicago

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 5

"Please to meet ye," said Mrs. Moore; but she looked as if she hated us and her eyes followed us suspiciously as we climbed upward. There were three stairways, and we were breathless when we got to the top story.

"Never mind," gasped Marian; "the farther away from Mrs. Moore the better."

Our room was, maybe, fourteen by sixteen. It had a folding double bed, a couch, a bureau, washstand, tiny table, one chair and one small closet. There were hooks on one wall covered by a sheet, where we were to hang whatever we couldn't squeeze into the closet and bureau.

"East light," said Marian; "that will be nice for Sundays."

"But where can we put our trunks, especially after the folding bed's down?" I said.

"We'll have to make her take the table out, and we'll use one of the trunks as a table," Marian replied. "We could put them on end as some of the girls do; but that's inconvenient."

Nettie had thrown herself on the couch.

"It's a very nice room," she murmured wearily.

"And very cheap," Marian said. "I've learned enough of city prices to know this is a wonderful bargain—three seventy-five a week—that's one twenty-five for each of us."

"Grand, Marian!" I applauded.

"The girl who has the next room says this is cold in winter though," Marian confessed. "However, we might find something better by then; and, anyway, we'll not be in our room much more than to sleep."

"Point is to save money," I said.

"The girl next door has put me on to several things," said Marian. "When I first got here Mrs. Moore eyed me as if she thought I'd come to steal the front door. When she told me the price of the room and I had asked about sheets and towels, and where the bathroom was, and had said I'd take it, she asked me for my whole life history. I soon made her mind easy about references, showed her my letters, told her who I was going to work for, and all that. 'Then,' says she, 'I allow no light housekeeping.' 'Sure,' I said. 'I like good meals at a restaurant—and I couldn't cook if I tried.' She acted as if I hadn't said a word, and went on: 'It won't do no good to come round to tell me your doctor has ordered a pint of milk in the morning—I know just what that means. Similar, I ain't going to have no one wasting my soap and hot water doing laundry work.' 'Oh, all right,' I said. 'I'm making a good salary and don't have to cook and wash for myself. I'm not suspicious by nature, but I stuff my keyhole, lock my trunks and expect people to take my word.' And to that says she: 'Oh, well, I don't take no stock in words! I'll see how we get along, and if I don't like you—and if the gas bill jumps up—out you go!'"

Outwitting the Enemy

There was a faint smile on Nettie's tired, pretty face, and Marian went on with her story:

"The girl next door told me how Mrs. Moore puts putty in the gasjet to keep the flame down, and she showed me how to dig it out with a hairpin. This girl has a little dinky kind of holder that fits over the gasjet and she cooks things on that; but you must be careful to cook things that don't smell. Nettie, if we ever fry anything we must get you to sing loud, so Mrs. Moore won't hear the sputtering."

"Does she listen at the keyhole?"

"I should just think she did—she listened at mine last night. She wears felt slippers and comes up like a cat, but the stairs creak a little and you know I've quick ears. I said some Bible verses loud and reverently; and then I began to say my prayers—and I prayed for her!"

Nettie laughed and Marian continued:

"I've been put on to all the little schemes. You must cover up the transom so she can't look through; and if you wash out things in the bathroom you must do it like lightning and only a couple of pieces at a time—and wring them dry and put them in your laundry bag and tie it round your waist inside. For she's always lying in wait in the hall to catch you breaking her rules—and then out you go! It's terribly slow work heating an iron, but it can be done—only Heaven help you if she knocks at the door, for ironing things are not easy to put away. We'll have a division of labor—Esther to do the ironing, Nettie to watch at the door and begin singing when Mrs. Moore sneaks up the stairs, and me to hustle the things out of sight."

We all laughed. Almost every one likes a fight, I guess, and the thought of pitting our wits against Mrs. Moore's did us good.

We made all sorts of schemes to circumvent her, every one of which we carried out later. Nettie thought it would be grand to have supper in our rooms. She had a big handbag and she could hide lots of food in it. The top tray of her trunk could be the kitchen. Marian said she would sometimes take a shirtwaist to the laundry and then save the paper and the bill. Then she would make a dummy parcel, roughly wrapped, and carry it out ostentatiously, returning a few minutes later with the outside layer plucked off, and a smooth wrapping and bill in sight.

Poor Mrs. Moore! It was a tussle for life between her and her roomers. She had to economize on gas and fuel; and light housekeeping certainly makes the rooms run down and attracts mice. The roomers had to make the best of their opportunities to lower the high cost of living. It differed from the fight of big capitalists only in the end, not the means. We had to be petty because we were dealing with petty results. It was all mighty different from my boarding days with Mrs. Jackson, who used to mend my clothes and often slipped into my drawer a pair of new stockings or some other article of clothing that she thought I'd not know had been given me.

In the Beginners' Room

Next morning Marian took us through the side entrance of a great department store and into the presence of the shoe-buyer, who was a great friend of Billy Burrows. Marian left us, and he took us to the superintendent. This kept us from having to wait in line like the other applicants, and it assured the superintendent that we were vouched for as to character and maybe as to intelligence. I felt a little mean at getting in ahead of those other girls, some of whom had been waiting for a long time; but when you've been in the working world for a long while you lose most of your altruistic notions. You thank goodness for any pull you've got and you watch out for your own advantage. You help the other girls along when you can, but not usually at your own expense.

The superintendent asked us whether we had had previous experience and for how long, and whether we had been through high school, and various other questions that would give him a line on our ability. All the time he eyed us keenly, looking at our clothes, watching our very gestures. A man like that can see right through puffs and rats into your gray matter, and he knows from the way you stand about how much your muscles have in them. Finally he asked us whether we had any preference as to any particular department, and we said we hadn't, but that we would like to be together if we could.

He smiled at that and said he thought he'd be able to put us in the same section, but that he fancied we'd be too busy even to look at each other. Then he said we could serve in the trimmings section, beginning at eight dollars a week. He saw that we were given a book of rules—it had over a hundred pages in it—and sent us up to the beginners' room on the top floor. This was full of people, mostly boys and girls, and was presided over by a cross old woman, who was to teach us courtesy to customers as well as a good many other things in connection with the store. We were shown some things we already knew, such as how to make out sales record slips and how to make out charge accounts, express checks and C. O. D. checks—about ten in all; but we were not so much impressed by the technical instruction as by the lecture on manners. We were told that we must always be considerate and not prejudiced against a customer because she was

Oakland

"THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE"

See the Oakland before you buy any car.

Go over each model carefully.

Notice every item, however small.

Examine the unit power plant. Have its advantages explained to you. Find out why this construction insures perfect alignment. Hear why perfect alignment means the elimination of friction and why the elimination of friction means longer life to a car. These are vital things to a prospective purchaser.

Examine every mechanical feature in Oakland cars. The Oakland chassis represents extreme simplicity—extreme simplicity means maximum accessibility—couple these and you have guaranteed efficiency. The "troubleless" car is the simple, accessible car. Don't forget that.

We claim maximum beauty for the bodies and maximum mechanical efficiency for the chassis, but, the buyer, to confirm by such tests and examinations as shall be satisfactory to you.

To us, this seems to be the fairest way of presenting a product to you.

Clever phrases do not make serviceable cars. Beautiful illustrations do not always make beautiful [illegible]

The beauty and mechanical perfection, we claim for Oakland cars, we want you to prove.

Oakland cars are presented in a variety of bodies and horse power ratings. Four and six cylinder types. Models 35, 42, and 6-60. The range is wide—embracing the wants of every probable purchaser.

Models 42 and 6-60 are equipped with the Delco electric starting, lighting and ignition system.

Prices, $1000 to $3000.

Send for catalog and the booklets "The Oakland—Your Car and Why" and "What the Car with a Conscience Stands For."

Oakland Motor Car Co.

138 Oakland Boulevard
Pontiac, Michigan

not stylish. We must always be amiable and interesting. We were not crudely told, "Make your customers buy!" but we were asked to draw them out and give helpful suggestions.

At noon we were allowed to go to the cafeteria on the top floor for lunch. To our satisfaction we found plenty of nourishing food there, the highest price of anything being five cents. Nettie was too dispirited to care about this advantage; but, with my new desire to save, I was already interested in what I could do to reduce my board bill.

After our lunch we studied the book of rules. The managers had thought of pretty nearly everything under the sun, and I guess that was why the store was such a success. What they meant was get business; but they said that very smoothly. They told us we must be clean and neat in appearance, avoiding extravagance and display. We were to wear black skirts always, and from the middle of March to the middle of October shirtwaists in white or in white with black stripes or dots, or black shirtwaists with white stripes or dots, or light écru pongee waists. From the middle of October to the middle of March black waists with white or colored neckbands were preferred, but white would be allowed. Sleeves had to be long. I sighed when I thought of my pretty colored waists! Nettie was struck even more than I with their insistence on good manners.

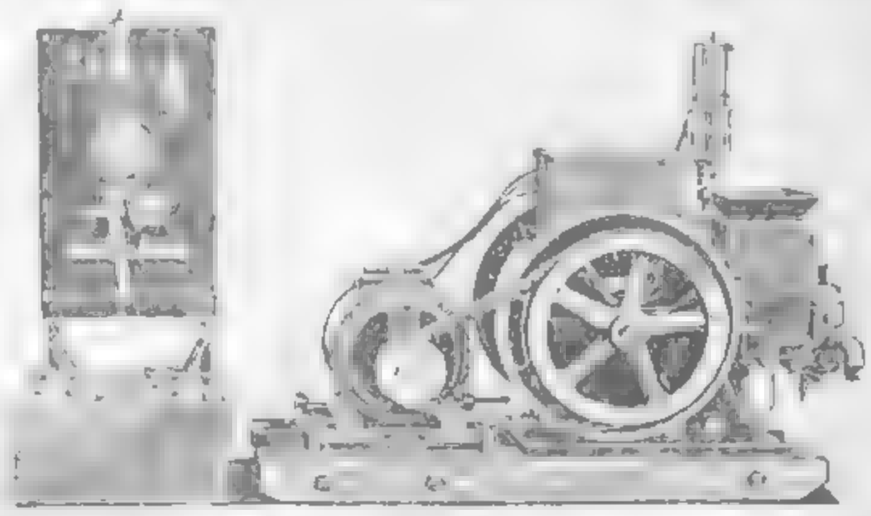
"Why, they train you as if you were going to be presented at court!" she said. "They want you to call each other 'Miss' and to avoid acts of familiarity; and you must not shout, or chew gum, or say 'busy'—because it sounds rude. You must not hum or sing—and how shall I remember that! You must not visit with your friends. When you speak to customers you have to say 'Madam' and not 'Lady,' and you must not say 'My dear' to them. Who wants to? You must say 'We' in speaking of the stock—'We have that article.' And you must say 'apartment' instead of 'flat'; and you mustn't say 'department' in speaking of a section, for some people are prejudiced against department stores. You must always be patient with them and cheerful, and you must not be languid in the summertime. You mustn't be haughty, insolent, indifferent or sarcastic; or have a condescending air, or cold reserve, or an unpleasant tone of voice or a quarrelsome way. Why, this place must be a little nest of saints! They can't be so heavenly from eight to five-thirty!"

Being a Lady by Rule

We found when we began work next day, however, that the courteous ideal of the house was consistently carried out by the employees, especially if they were being watched by an older saleswoman or by a section manager or assistant. Any little incipient row was put out of business before a customer had time to see it. Things went on behind the scenes, of course; but we did show a lovely front. It is a surprising fact that raw girls who, up in the locker rooms or rest rooms, would say rude or vulgar things or have a hostile or unpleasant manner could go down to their own counters and act like ladies. Human nature is a queer thing; some raw girls were simply made over by being forced to live up to the rules and by seeing dainty things and noting the voices and manners of rich women. Other girls who could make just as good sales—and you'd think had just as much intelligence—would put off their good manners at the end of the day just as if they were clothes.

Every day we reached the store at eight o'clock and went straight up to the cloakroom, which was not necessarily on the same floor as our work; then we registered at the time clock. Some of the girls who were late broke the rules and registered with their wraps on. We went down to our section and dusted the shelves and arranged the stock; and then the day began, with its countless customers, countless questions and answers, and measuring off bands of trimming by the yard. In my day I've sold enough miles of it to take me to Europe and back if I could have walked on it. Nettie and I had a nice head saleswoman over us. She could afford to be—getting twenty-four dollars a week; but I have learned that, no matter how much money you have, you can use a little more.

Nettie made her first blunder that morning. There was a little lull in business and



The Rumely Automatic Electric Lighting Plant

is the easy way to light your home

It furnishes safe, clean, handy light and cheaper than the metered kind. It's more than a lighting plant—it's a power plant—it furnishes electricity for many purposes.

Farms, schools, churches, country homes, summer resorts, small factories, etc., will find it very useful.

Students of electric power will find it as interesting as a big power plant—it's just like one only simpler.

This Plant is Really Automatic

Here's how it works: Turn on the switch—the power generator acts as a motor to start the engine. It then becomes a dynamo—the storage batteries are filled—the power is transmitted to the wire.

The oiling system is automatic—oil runs only when the engine is going. An alarm bell rings continuously when fuel is low, while storage batteries are being filled, or when the engine is out of order.

The governor automatically primes the carburetor, opens and shuts the intake valve and operates the heat coils at the start.

We'll send complete information if you'll ask for it. Write to the address below. Agents who want to handle this quick-selling line should write at once for terms.

RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.
(Incorporated)
Power-Farming Machinery
1642 Main Street La Porte, Indiana

Ingersoll

The Watch that Made the Dollar Famous.

31 Million Sold

The Ingersoll watch industry is something to be proud of.

It has provided over 31 million good watches to that many good people who needed economical time.

Philanthropy? No! But an industry dedicated to the principle of—

Giving all we can for what we get, instead of getting all we can for what we give.

The five Ingersoll models are:

Ingersoll Dollar Watch	$1.00
Ingersoll Eclipse thin model watch for men	1.50
[illegible]	2.00
Ingersoll Midget Ladies' and girls' model	2.00
Ingersoll Wrist Watch for men and women	2.50

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 21 Ashland Building, New York

LA FRANCE

SHOE for WOMEN

FOR dress, semi-dress and outing wear, there's a LA FRANCE model, *built for you.*

Wherever people congregate you may be sure that a goodly percentage of the well-shod women present are wearing LA FRANCE.

LA FRANCE fit well, wear well and have "the look." We couldn't afford to have them otherwise, after all these years.

We'll introduce you to a LA FRANCE dealer if you're not already acquainted; also furnish you with a copy of our Spring 1913 Style Book.

Williams, Clark & Company
377 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

In No. 6474 we offer an attractive Gun Metal pump, welt sole. This number also is shown in Sterling (patent) Colt and White Nu-Buck.

Absorbent Must be Clean

Note How We Insure It

Absorbent Cotton, above all else, *must be free from germs.*

The B & B is repeatedly sterilized—then tightly sealed. There are 21 processes used to produce it.

Then, to keep it clean, we use this *Handy Package.*

You cut off what is needed without removing the roll. The rest stays wrapped—*entirely untouched*—just as it came from our laboratory.

The only Cotton thus protected is the B & B.

This Cotton stays aseptic.

Soft and springy—immensely absorbent. We spent 25 years to perfect it.

And, above all, it remains untouched until the last bit is used.

What is the use of sterilized Absorbent if you handle and contaminate?

Consider this point. If you think it important, *insist on the* B & B.

All sizes—from 10 Cents Up—at Druggists

Home Uses

For dressing wounds
For absorbing discharges
For covering salves and poultices
For applying antiseptics
For absorbing perspiration
For bathing the eyes
For applying face powder
For filtering baby's milk
For corking milk bottles
For straining liquids, etc.

B&B

Handy Package Absorbent Cotton

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

she sat down on the one stool behind the counter. A floorman at once approached her and told her to get up.

"You see," he said, "if a customer saw you sitting there she might think there was nothing doing in the place. We've got to act as if business was going on all the time. You can't look alert and attentive and anxious to please if you are sitting down."

All our superiors preached to us whenever they saw occasion. Sometimes when a girl was terribly exhausted and business was slack she'd take a seat while a friend watched for the approach of the floorman, and her head saleswoman was kindly blind and busy with the stock. This rule against sitting down is the same in all big stores, and the health of thousands of women is injured by it and hundreds of weakly children are born into the world because of it. Of course the chairs are there, but that is to please the eyes of kindly philanthropists. Poor Nettie was one who never stood if she could sit. Many a time she'd lean her knee on the stool just to get a little relief.

That first day was a long one indeed, but interesting. Every one in our section was kind to us and helped us, between sales, to familiarize ourselves with the stock. We were stimulated by the place too. I wonder if shoppers realize what a beautiful place a department store is—what wonderful tones of color and delicate fabrics there are everywhere and how the artistically dressed windows are an education in themselves! When the day was over dear, good Marian stood outside waiting for us. We all went off to a restaurant and had supper, feeling we could be extravagant for once.

"We must loiter," said Marian; "for if we don't allow enough time old Mother Moore will think we are going to cook in our room."

Over the meal she told us about her work.

"We're awfully lucky, girls," she said, "to get anything to do at all. I had to go over to a typewriting company today, and you should have seen all the girls sitting round and waiting for work, glad to get even an hour of it. I found out I was only being tried in my office, and when I proved better than the girl they had she was thrown out. I didn't know it until she told me in the typewriting room. There was a mile of girls waiting to see your superintendent—and only twenty jobs, I'm told. The competition is fierce!"

Earning But Not Saving

Well, I suppose people haven't the right to act as if life owed them anything. It doesn't get you anywhere if you do. You have to put your energy on getting rid of your limitations as fast you can and going after what you want. It wasn't long before we settled down.

I found that I couldn't save as much as I had hoped and have three meals a day in the restaurant; so we fell into the habit of bringing home food in our handbags, as all the other roomers did, stuffing up the cracks in the door to keep in the smell of the cooking. I brought home little bottles of cream and ate bread and cream for breakfast. The others had more meals out than I had, for Marian had more money, and poor little Nettie had all she could do to endure the present without thinking of saving for the future. Where I had once put my mind on a man I now put my mind on money. I wanted to save it—there was no question of making it—and invest it wisely. Maybe it would be the old ladies' home for me—but I hoped not!

I meant to learn stenography from Marian; but at first, when she had the time to teach me, I couldn't take time to learn, for I had to look after Nettie. All day long she was so busy she couldn't let her mind dwell on her troubles; but when night came she'd be weary physically, and had just enough energy left to suffer if some one didn't occupy her mind. I loved her well enough and owed her enough to put by my own concerns for her sake. Often in the slack moments of the day I would plan ways of amusing her in the evening. Saturdays we generally had supper downtown and went to some cheap theater. Later on, when Nettie had interests of her own and I was free, Marian was too occupied with her own affairs to teach me. However, my little skill with the needle had become known by this time among the various girls in the house, and I had enough sewing to do in the evenings and on Sundays, which, added to my wages, would make almost what I could have made as a stenographer. Anyway, I had heard enough from Marian of the difficulties of getting started as a stenographer; and being conservative, like all women, I wanted to hang on to my steady job.

Meanwhile Marian started out after what she wanted. Her theory was, you remember, that it was easier to get a man in the city, where there are more of them. She laid her plans carefully. She went round to the different churches of her denomination and sized up the congregation. She picked out one that was not fashionable, but wasn't too cheap—one where she'd meet people, some of whom were on her own level, but mostly more prosperous. She presented a letter to the minister from her minister at home and told him she would like to teach in the Sunday-school. He grabbed at the chance, for it isn't too easy to get Sunday-school teachers; and in that way Marian met the Sunday-school superintendent and the teachers right off. Before she joined the church she got an outfit of lovely clothes. Here Nettie and I were able to help her. Our store allowed us to buy things for ourselves at a third off—and from that you can imagine the profits of a department store.

However, far be it from me to look a gift horse in the mouth. I was glad enough to get a third off. We were not supposed to buy things for any one but ourselves or those immediately dependent on us, but we managed it for Marian. She picked out what she wanted and one or another of us bought it. She looked very handsome and well-to-do when she was dressed. She was one of those willowy girls who carry clothes well, and her hair was lightish and pretty, and her quick brown eyes had a sweet expression.

Marian's New Friends

Her clothes and her church connections won Marian new friends, and pretty soon it was clear that she had to leave us. I well remember the night she told us. I was dressed in a faded kimono, cooking chipped beef for Nettie and myself. Nettie was on the couch as usual, trying to get her poor legs rested. Marian sat ready to go out. In twenty minutes a young man would ring at the bell, and she'd fly down so as not to have to ask him in and let him see she had no parlor.

"It won't do, girls," she said abruptly. "It was all right when the minister and his wife called, for old Mother Moore rented me the use of her room, and the couch in it is narrow and there's a what-not—so it passed for a parlor; but different girls have spoken about calling, and now this young fellow has started taking me to places."

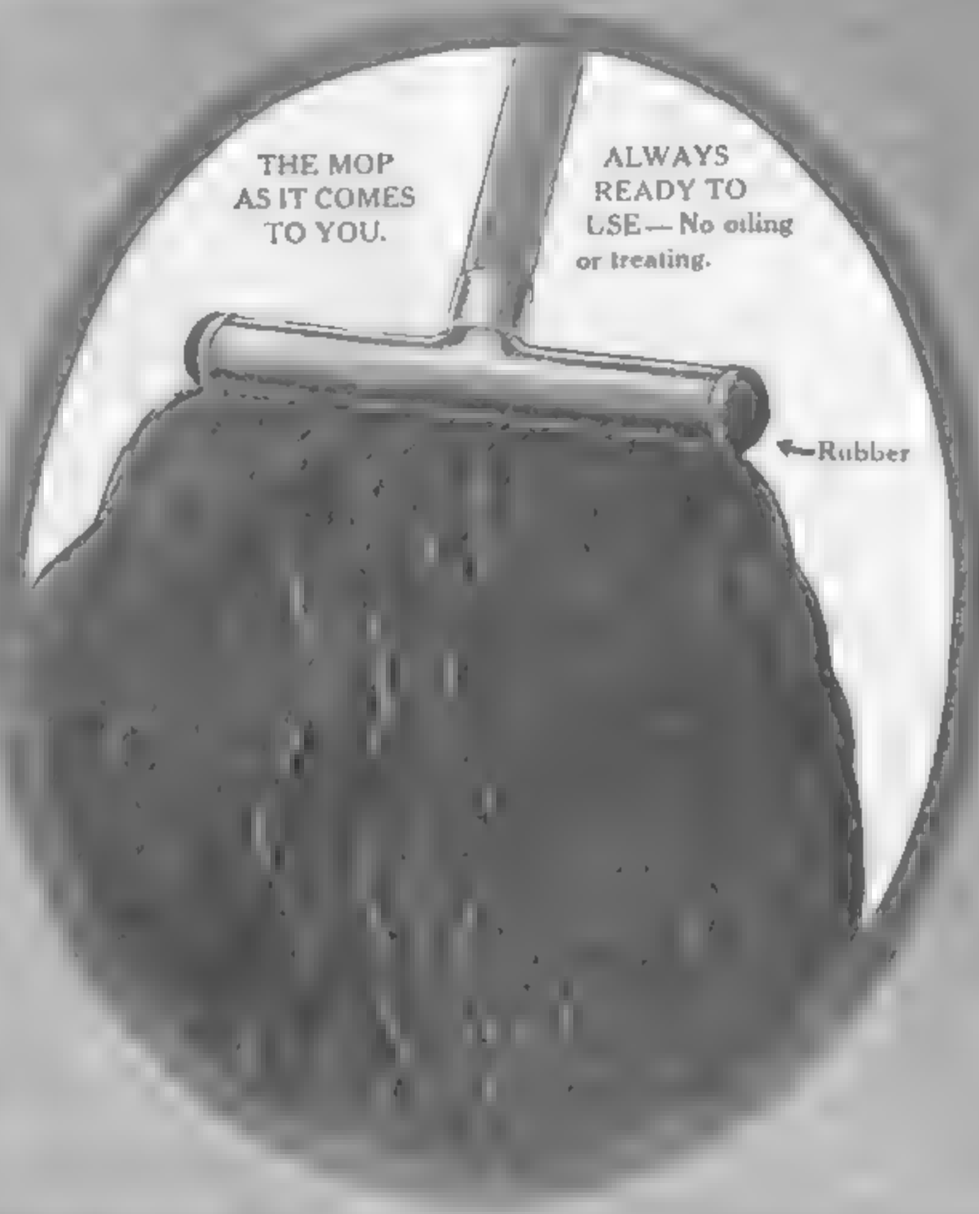
"Oh, why shouldn't you go?" said Nettie drearily. "If you have any chance for fun take it. We'll know you've not forgotten us."

"I couldn't," Marian said, tears in her eyes, her chirpy voice broken; "but you know I can afford a better place than this to live in. There's a girl lives with four others in a little flat, and one of them is leaving. They sleep three in one room and two in the other. It's awfully crowded, but it leaves a parlor and it doesn't cost much more than this. Besides, in the little kitchen we can get decent meals. My hope is that in time I can work you two into it."

I guess we all knew that wasn't likely. We felt she really had to leave us. She got about twice what we did, so there was no reason for her reducing herself to our scale of living. Of course we all said things about seeing as much as ever of each other—and, of course, we didn't; but Marian came every week and we went there. The friends she lived with didn't care for us because we worked in a store, and they never looked beneath our occupations to see if we had brains or character; so it soon happened that most of the visiting was done by Marian, but she never failed us.

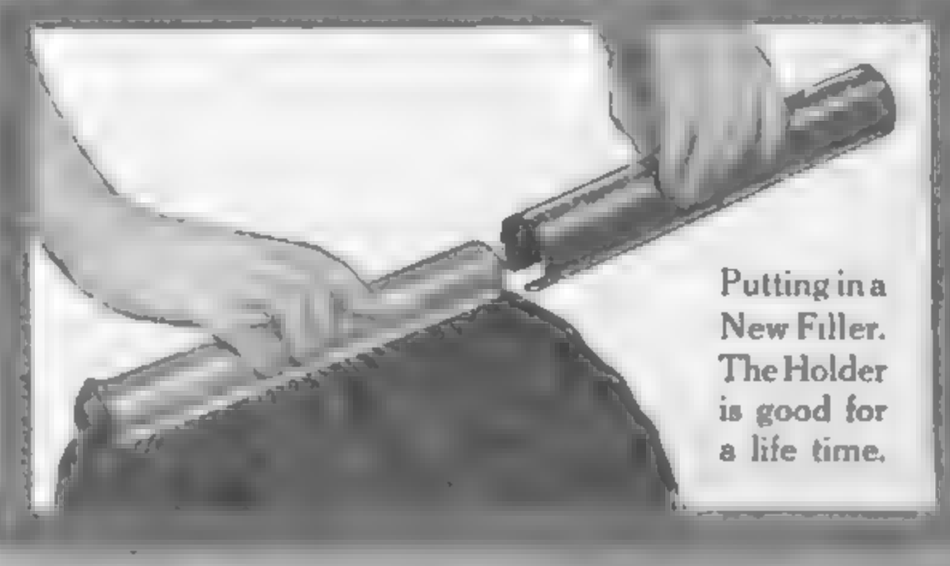
So Nettie and I were alone. At the very first Billy had come twice to see her, but both times she was so terribly unhappy that I asked him not to come again. She didn't want to be reminded of that old joyous life she had lost forever. I explained it all to him as I took him down to the station to the train. Dear old Billy! I can see his kind, thin face now as he stood on the steps of the chair car, looking down on me and saying that if only he had a little he'd make us all happy somehow, and neither Nettie nor I should ever work again—if only he had a little money!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles giving the experiences of a girl behind the counter. The second will appear in an early issue.



B-B

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A Dustless Mop and Floor Polisher—always ready—never has to be oiled or treated

The B-B is a dry mop chemically treated so that it absorbs every speck of dust it touches and leaves the floor beautifully polished.

The dust can only be removed by washing in warm water. The mop is perfectly dry and can be used on wall paper or delicate rugs and draperies without injuring them in the least. It will not dull varnish nor injure a wax finish.

You never have to apply oil—the B-B is always ready for instant use and retains its full efficiency until the yarn is actually worn out. Then all you have to do is to unscrew one cap, draw out the old mop and insert a new filler. The holder is made of solid steel and will never wear out nor break. The ends of holder are *rubber*, which prevents injury to furniture.

The B-B Mop solves the problem of caring for hardwood floors, whether varnished or waxed. It cleans them perfectly, removing every particle of dust, and leaves a fine polish. Over one million women are daily using B-B Dustless Mops, Dust Cloths, Utility Brushes, Broom Covers and other B-B Dustless Specialties.

B-B DUSTLESS MOP $1.25

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It's black with here and there a yellow thread

You can buy the B-B Dustless Mop from most Hardware, Dry Goods and Grocery stores. It costs $1.25. Separate fillers, 75c. If your dealer does not carry B-B Dustless Specialties send us his name and we will send you, charges prepaid, to your door, all of the following B-B Dustless Specialties: B-B Dustless Mop, $1.25; B-B Dustless Utility Brush, 50c; B-B Dustless Dust Cloth, 25c. Use them 10 days. If you like them send us $2.00, otherwise return them without paying a cent. Clip coupon today.

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MILTON CHEMICAL CO.
322 Binney Street, Cambridge C, Mass.

Gentlemen: Send to me—

B-B Dustless Mop B-B Utility Brush
B-B Dustless Dust Cloth

I agree to remit $2.00 or return goods after ten days' trial.

Name _____

Address _____

In Buying a Pleasure Electric

The All-Important Thing is Getting Good Tires

A few years ago, the selection of an electric pleasure car was extremely difficult. There were many things to consider.

Today it is an easy matter. For any electric is now a good investment. The *all-important* thing is to *get the right kind of tires.*

Remember this: the best pneumatic tires in the world are liable to *puncture* or *blow out* at any moment—demand repairs and are seldom guaranteed to give over 3,500 miles' service.

On the other hand, *solid* rubber tires allow an electric to jolt and quickly ruin its mechanical parts. They also lessen greatly the occupant's comfort.

But there *is* a tire which combines the good points of pneumatic and solid tires, yet has no disadvantages.

It's the *Motz Cushion Tire.*

A tire that after 4 years' test is used by *most* owners of electrics and adopted by every leading *maker* of pleasure electrics.

No user of Motz Cushion Tire was ever annoyed by punctures or blow-outs, or by damaging bumps or jolts.

These tires have *no air in them,* yet they ride as if air-inflated, except under excessive speed.

Pneumatic resiliency and easy-riding qualities have been duplicated by means of a greater mechanical invention—by the creation of ingenious *double treads, slantwise bridges* and *undercut sides.*

Look at the picture. Note the double, notched treads (A in picture), which prevent skidding and distribute the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slantwise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like the air in a pneumatic tire except under excessive speed. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.

The End of Burdensome Tire Expense

Motz Cushion Tires cost a little more than some tires, but note their *economy.* Practically no expense for *tire repairs.* No extra, emergency tires needed.

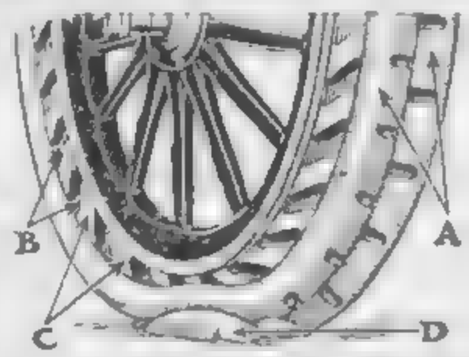
And instead of giving the average 3,000 miles' service, they give *at least* 10,000 miles. Each set, on pleasure electric cars, is *GUARANTEED* for 10,000 miles—two years.

Send for This Book

Motz Cushion Tires are easily applied to any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

If you are in the market for a new electric or for tires for your present electric, don't fail to read our latest Tire Book 96. It's ready for mailing and you may have a copy sent to your home or office simply by sending your name and address on a post card. Send specifications—name of car, model, size of rims, etc

MOTZ Cushion Tires



The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

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AKRON, OHIO

Service Stations in All Principal Cities

BRANCHES—Boston, 4 Dundee Street; Chicago, 2023 Michigan Avenue; Cleveland, 1932 Euclid Avenue; Detroit, 999 Woodward Avenue; St. Louis, 5187 Delmar Boulevard; Kansas City, 409 E. 15th Street; New York, 1737 Broadway; Philadelphia, 1409 Race Street; Pittsburgh, 300 N. Craig Street; Los Angeles, 336 W. Pico Street

G67

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Take time to select garters that will give you perfect satisfaction—time enough to say

PARIS GARTERS

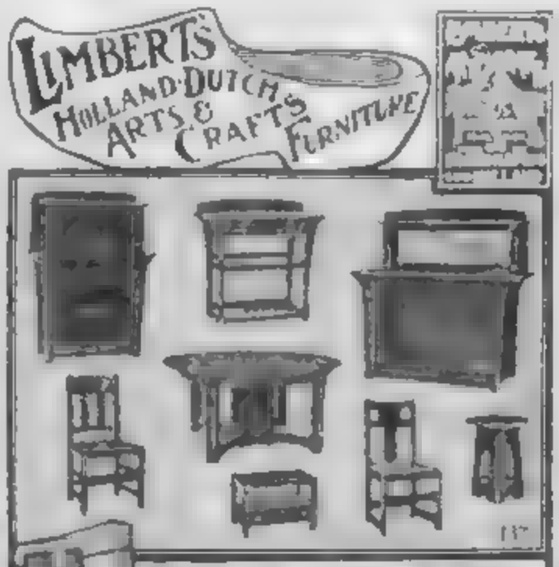
The name is on the back of the shield

25c-50c

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*
Chicago and New York

G66

LIMBERT'S HOLLAND DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS FURNITURE



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You want this valuable booklet—write for it today

Charles P. Limbert Company
Grand Rapids, Mich., Dept. S. Holland, Mich

THE GENTLE ART OF SPENDING

(Continued from Page 11)

to New York to edit The Teacher and was deeply interested in a reform of the truancy laws.

"We could do it easily," she said, "but for that stupid, arrogant A. P. I. N."

"That what?" I asked.

"The Association for Protecting Infants From Neglect! It is dead at the top; but well-meaning people give to it, not knowing that it now does more harm than good."

I began to see. Apparently there was as much difference between worthy charities and worthy charities as between railroad bonds and railroad bonds.

Just as I had hired a librarian to look after my books, so I now engaged a professional philanthropist to look after my giving. My first venture was Dr. Lucien Webb, a little brother of the rich, a sort of upper-servant philanthropist. Webb attached himself to wealthy old men or sentimental rich widows as the ivy clings to the tree, growing parasitically, and in the very process of growth obscuring its means of support. I can swallow a healthy amount of flattery—even enjoy it—but when I take it I prefer it straight. Webb flattered by indirection; he gave his doses hypodermically. For a week I found him charming; for a month tolerable. Then I had enough.

"Doctor," I said to him, "it's not your fault, but I don't like you. Let's settle up and dissolve partnership."

My next almoner, Hervey Rogers, was a rawboned graduate from Wisconsin. Rogers had no respect for my wealth, and I liked him for it. I liked him more and more all the time. Perhaps he was not so scientific as Doctor Webb, but I liked him.

Those three years with Rogers were the pleasantest I had had since leaving college. Webb had always treated me as though I were the infant Son of Heaven; but Rogers thrashed out his plans with me and explained all his difficulties and his aspirations. I began to enjoy giving.

"Why, this is a great game, Hervey!" I said.

"Sure, Mr. Booth," replied Rogers; "it's a great game for those who can't see anything else in it."

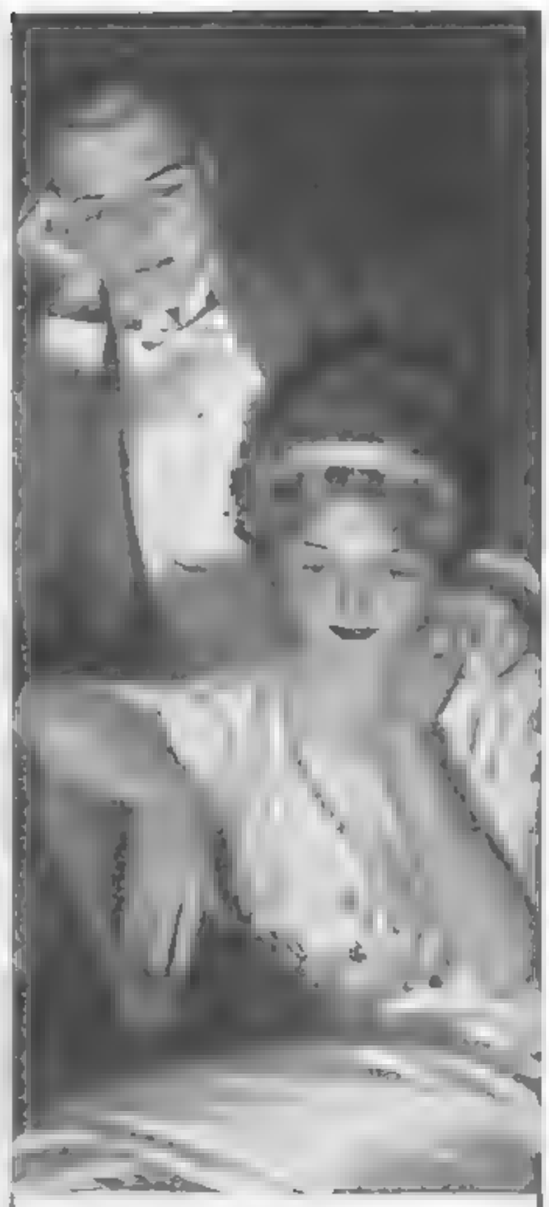
Credit Outruns Debit

I believe that eventually I should have learned the something else in it but for the Rubber Syndicate. In three years I had increased my giving from two hundred thousand dollars to one million a year; and I was vaguely beginning to see that giving was a privilege and not a game. The flotation of the Rubber Syndicate, however, meant two years of rasping, nerve-wearing work—two years of the utmost straining of all resources; and by the time we had established ourselves in the United States and the principal European countries my philanthropizing had come to an end. I had given Rogers *carte blanche,* but what he wanted was personal sympathy and personal interest. Anyway he went back West to take a position at half the salary at constructive philanthropy, whatever that might mean. Meanwhile my fortune was swelling portentously in the tens of millions and there was no longer any outlet. I felt hopeless before this wealth of mine, which was growing like a golden snowball.

My spending had failed. I was oppressed by the very hugeness of my fortune. It had ceased to be a thing that belonged to me and had become a thing to which I belonged.

Sometimes I longed to drop ten million dollars anonymously on the doorstep of some worthy charity. But I did not know what effect such a foundling might have. Charitable institutions, Rogers had told me, had often been ruined and corrupted by sudden wealth. I thought of tying my money up and forming a committee of representative citizens to give away the income in perpetuity. That, too, might be bad. Charitable purposes necessary today might be useless or even vicious tomorrow.

How I succeeded in divorcing myself from a part of my money belongs to a later story. But long before that occurred I learned and acknowledged that spending was not like breathing and saving was not like holding your breath! On my trip abroad in 1906, when I was negotiating for the Rubber Syndicate with London, Paris



$100.00 FOR A NAME

(For This Picture)

The makers of Pompeian Massage Cream will pay $100.00 cash for the most catchy title for the picture above. It is part of a fireside scene which will be shown in full (and with fine [illegible] effects) on the annual 1914 Pompeian Art Calendar for [illegible] November 15, this year.

[illegible] you do better? Talk this [illegible] or friends. Two heads are always better than one.

[illegible] May 8th, 1913. [illegible] in the June 28th [illegible]. No. 4. No questions can be answered [illegible] the rules above.

Note 1. This contest is absolutely free. Note 2. But you may enclose the coupon below and 10c if you wish us to send you a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream at once and to reserve for you a 1914 Art Calendar for delivery November 15, this year. We had to disappoint some 30,000 people this year who ordered calendars after the supply was exhausted. 1914 calendar is 8 x 35 inches and lithographed in exquisite colors.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

"How to look my best?" That is the question when preparing for an evening engagement. Here [illegible] the answer. On each cheek apply a pinch of Pompeian Massage Cream. Massage [illegible] Your skin looks clear and clean, for Pompeian has brought out the pore dirt. The [illegible] with Pompeian has also stimulated [illegible] circulation and [illegible] Look your best! "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

WARNING! Cheaply made imitations are offered by [illegible]

Get Trial Jar and Have Calendar Reserved

Send Coupon Quickly

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect St. Cleveland, O

Cut off coupon and send [illegible] for it and

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St. Cleveland, O

[illegible] send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream at once, and 1914 Art Calendar about November 15th of this year

Name [illegible]

City [illegible]

Get the "*JOLT*" of this

New Discovery in Bond Paper

YOU have never thought it possible you could use bond paper—beautiful as it is—for anything except stationery. Printers have always told you you couldn't. And this was true—until the invention of the wonderful new offset press and the equally wonderful new Tokyo Bond.

But *now*—thanks to these two great discoveries—it is not only possible but practical to use aristocratic, cockly-surfaced bond paper—Tokyo Bond—for booklets, desk catalogs, art pictures, calendars, as well as letter-heads, etc. In fact for any kind of printed matter.

Do you get the full "jolt" of this—you, the user of printed matter? Do you realize that the uses for bond paper—the business man's favorite paper—are doubled or trebled?

What is there about this Tokyo Bond which permits it to be used in ways printers have hitherto found *impossible?* Here's the answer:

TOKYO BOND

IS "BUILT" FLAT

instead of being ironed by the finishing rolls to *look* and *seem* flat. Thus is it free from microscopic waves and puffs, which are the cause of bond paper going wrong on the press by running into large waves and puffs, V-shaped wrinkles, kinks and edge creases, thus delaying the run and spoiling type and cuts. And that "meanness" in bond paper is what has so long limited bond paper uses.

THIS FREE BOOK TELLS MORE

Send for "The Discovery of Tokyo Bond," a fascinating new book printed throughout on Tokyo Bond by the offset press. Shows handsome examples of printing—easy and difficult, including halftones in black and colors. Will give you full information and the full "jolt" about Tokyo Bond, also our guarantee, whereby you can

TEST TOKYO BOND AT OUR EXPENSE

Write *now*—before you lay aside this weekly—before you give yourself the chance to forget.

Crocker-McElwain Co.
128 Cabot Street, Holyoke, Mass.

TOKYO BOND

Look For This (McE) Water Mark

and Berlin, I even learned that it is the rich alone who are too poor to spend.

At a little station in Germany I left my private car because I wanted to rub shoulders with the crowd about the lunch counter and incidentally to buy a cup of coffee.

There I collided with a scarred and bespectacled young man, short, smooth-shaved, with kindly keen eyes that were an invitation to speak.

"*Verzeihung, mein Herr!*" And his well-worn slouch hat came off.

I also apologized in my Baedeker German.

"*Ach!* You are English or American!" he said eagerly; and I was soon engaged in a fluent conversation in my own language with Dr. Karl Gottschild, extraordinary professor in forestry at the University of Leipsic.

Before the train resumed its journey we were on the friendliest terms.

"Doubtless, being American, you ride second—even first class. Not so? That forbids my calling on you; but if you will do me the honor to call on me in my third-class compartment I shall be pleased to introduce to you my menagerie."

That dingy third-class smoking car, filled to overflowing with boisterous, happy, smoke-breathing university students, was a relief after the boresome hours in my own car. I had to run the gauntlet of searching German questions, and then I was admitted by the students to an easy familiarity. One tall fellow, whose cheek looked like a relief map of the Mississippi Delta, asked whether I was the potentate, the mogul, who rode in the private car ahead; and when I pleaded guilty he christened me *Der Reiche Onkel aus Amerika.*

A Millionaire's Poverty

At Kassel the professor and his troupe were to leave by an accommodation train for a month's tramp in the Harz Mountains.

"Come with us," said the professor.

"Thank you!" I said, acting on a sudden impulse. "I will."

I telegraphed to Paris to delay negotiations a week; and then, after buying a tramping outfit and a third-class ticket, I went with the menagerie to the Harz Mountains. That was the most exhilarating week I have ever passed. Gottschild was a modest encyclopedia, a perennial fountain of wit and knowledge. The students, too, were delightful. We were up every morning at five and we had made our thirty miles at least before, famished and footsore but happy, we arrived at some village inn, ready for a meal and a cot. We made up our own sandwiches—for economy's sake—from rye bread and sausage bought along the road, and ate them at pine tables in front of the little restaurants, where we each ordered a glass of beer, paying four cents and a one-cent tip. Every night I fell asleep before I could even remember how happy I was, and every morning, after dousing myself with icy cold water, I felt as though I had been reborn—as though my thirty years of making money had rolled off me and I was a youth again as I was at Quincy!

Too soon it was over; and late one night at a little hotel near Weimar I bade farewell to my new friends. It had been a true vacation, a plunge into a world from which I had separated myself by my spending. I counted out the expense. The seven days had cost me—food, lodging and railroad fare—exactly seven dollars. On the other hand I had doubtless lost a few hundred thousands by the delay at Paris. Gottschild and the boys urged me to stay the month out. It was impossible. It would cost me my French and English rights—a loss of many millions.

The next morning at four-thirty, as I stood disconsolate at the cold little station waiting for my exceedingly deliberate train, Gottschild and his menagerie came to bid me goodby. I was infinitely touched. There were handshakings and more requests to stay.

Again and again I had to explain that I simply could not afford to.

"*Armer, armer Millionär!*" mused Gottschild. "*Leben Sie wohl!* Goodby!"

Through that long ride from Weimar to Kassel, where my private car stood, I reflected on those words of Gottschild: "Poor, poor millionaire!" In all that group I was the only poor man—the only one who could not afford to spend seven dollars and seven days for a week's pleasure!

A man takes pride in cutting his grass with a good lawn mower

Lawn mowers in the store look much alike. All cut reasonably well *when new.* But bye and bye the poor machine begins to cut unevenly, run hard and to stick even on tiny twigs. Then you must file the blades repeatedly and fuss with the adjustment. In order to be sure you get an easy-running, smooth-cutting machine, buy a

"W. & B." Lawn Mower

The cutting parts of a lawn mower are the vital parts. 59 years ago we made the first knives used in reapers and mowing machines. We have been making the best kind of cutting parts ever since. Our experience and reputation of over half a century are behind every "W. & B." mower sold.

Look for "W. & B." on the handle. It means perfectly tempered cutting parts that *will stay sharp* and cut easily. It means accurate adjustment and even cutting. Every live dealer carries this line. Go down to the store today and ask to see

The "W. & B." Leaders

The Diamond Special Ball Bearing Lawn Mower, the easiest running mower you can buy.

The Junior Lawn Mower, slightly lower [illegible] best ten inch drive wheel mower on the market.

Write for illustrated folder and send us your dealer's name.

The Whitman & Barnes Mfg. Co.
[illegible]
General Offices, AKRON, OHIO
New York Store, 64 Reade St
Canadian Office and Factory,
St. Catharines, Ont

Dealers:

Your customers will be looking for W. & B. mowers. Order from your jobber now so that you will have a stock on hand. If he cannot supply you, write us direct.

What Good Are Shirt Tails Anyway

We Have Turned Them Into Drawers

[illegible] makes tails [illegible]

The Manager shortened the tails [illegible]

[illegible] tucked the tails in, so [illegible]

OLUS

Pat. Jan. 5, 1909 Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

In this new Shirt the Shirt and Underdrawers are combined in one garment in a thoroughly practical way.

Can't work up out of trousers; can't bunch in seat.

Coat cut, opens all the way down—Closed Crotch, no flaps, one thickness of material—Closed Back, perfect fit from shoulder to crotch.

A real comfort garment for work, play or rest.

OLUS comes in all shirt styles and in all shirt materials—madras, percales, silks, silk mixtures, mercerized fabrics, flannels.

Prices, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5

Ask your dealer for OLUS. We will send prepaid, if he cannot supply you. Write for free booklet.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Dept. O, 1199 Broadway, New York
Makers of "Emperor" Laundry-Proof Shirts

[illegible]—turned the shirt tails into drawers

RELENTLESS FRICTION

How it ruins automobile motors. How the remedy must be determined.

Without lubrication your car could run only about 20 to 30 times its own length.

Friction would then stop the power.

As oil saves power, it follows that one oil will save more power than another.

An important question is:

What oil will eliminate the most destructive friction in your motor?

Motors differ. Different cars demand different oils.

We present here, in plain terms, the factors that must be considered.

This statement is from a company whose authority on matters of lubrication is unquestioned—the Vacuum Oil Company.

1

Figure 1 represents a type of lubricating oil in common use.

It has two serious faults.

First, its actual lubricating *quality* is low.

Second, its "*body*" or thickness is unsuited to the feed system of the motor it is used on.

It cannot feed properly. It cannot protect properly after the friction surfaces are reached.

2

Figure 2 represents a better, but still far from perfect oil. It has good lubricating *quality*. But its "*body*" is unsuited to the feed system of the motor. It cannot properly reach all the friction surfaces.

3

Figure 3 represents an oil whose "*body*" is suited to the feed requirements of the motor. But its *quality* is low. Under the heat of service it rapidly loses its power to protect the moving parts. It reaches the friction points but cannot efficiently protect them.

4

Figure 4 represents what your motor really requires—an oil of the highest lubricating *quality* whose "*body*" is perfectly suited to the feed system of your motor.

It properly reaches all the friction points. It protects properly after it reaches them. It is a complete lubricant.

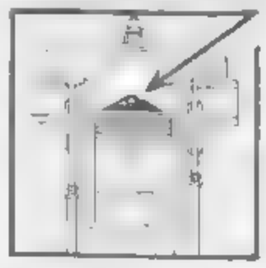
With such an oil, practically your only friction is the friction of oil against metal.

You will find this grade of oil indicated, opposite your car, in the chart printed in part on these pages.

The recommendations in the chart were arrived at after a careful motor-analysis of the cars named. The oil's efficiency has been further proven-out by practical demonstrations.

If you use an oil of less correct "body," or of lower lubricating efficiency your motor must pay the penalty.

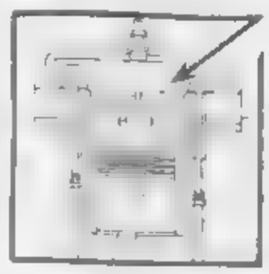
Some of the consequences are pointed out below.



Carbon deposit (excepting that due to faulty carburetion and gasoline combustion) is commonly attributed to the *quality* of the lubricating oil. Quite as often the fault lies with the oil's "*body*."

In some motors, a light-bodied oil will work too freely past the piston rings, into the combustion chamber. Lubricating oil itself is a hydro-carbon product. Carbon can never be wholly filtered out. When the oil works freely into the closed combustion chamber carbon deposit is bound to occur.

An unnecessary quantity of the oil is consumed. Ignition trouble, and in time, "knocking" of the motor results.



Another common result of faulty lubrication is **scored cylinder walls.**

The scoring is generally caused by the oil's low lubricating *quality*.

Or it may be caused by too-light a "*body*." In that case the oil fails to carry-through to the end of the piston stroke.

The piston rings then rub directly against the walls. In time they break. Scoring and scratching of the cylinders will result. Hissing of the motor follows.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A," "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

CARS	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]			A	E	A	E	A	A	A	..
[illegible]			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
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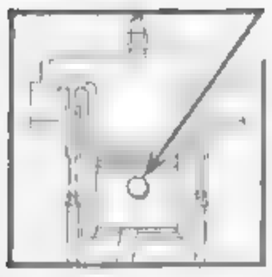
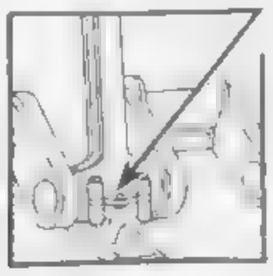
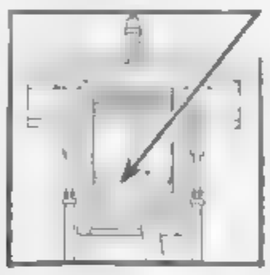


A third result of wrong "*body*" or low lubricating *quality* is **worn wrist-pins.** This trouble causes a dull, metallic knock. In extreme cases the wrist-pins break.



A fourth result is **worn connecting rod or main bearings.** The unnecessary wear is caused either by the low lubricating *quality* of the oil, or by an oil whose "*body*" is unadapted to the fit of the bearings.

The bearings in different motors differ widely. For proper lubrication they require oils of different "*body*."



A fifth common result is **loss of compression and escape of the explosion.**

The oil's actual lubricating *quality* plays no part in this loss. The escape is attributable wholly to the oil's incorrect "*body*."

With certain types of piston rings a light-bodied oil forms too-thin a film around the ring. Loss of compression, escaping explosion, and reduced power result.

There is no plain symptom by which this escape can be discovered—other than the lessened power of the motor.

TO avoid these troubles you *must* use an oil of the highest lubricating *quality*, and of correct "*body*."

There is only one way to determine the correct "*body*." That is, to carefully analyze the construction of the motor.

Any less thorough method can only be a hazardous guess.

To meet this problem, each season we carefully analyze the motor-construction of every make of automobile.

Based on this analysis, and on practical experience, we determine the correct oil for each car.

The results of these conclusions are compiled in a lubricating chart—printed in part on these pages. This chart specifies the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for your car.

The efficiency of the oils recommended has been thoroughly demonstrated in practical use.

In sheer lubricating *quality* they stand alone.

Oil of the *quality* and "*body*" recommended is an absolutely necessary step toward:

(1) The greatest horse-power efficiency.
(2) The smoothest operation.
(3) The fewest repair troubles.
(4) The lowest operating cost per mile.
(5) The longest life to your motor.
(6) The greatest second-hand value.

WE have here discussed lubrication with considerable assurance.

You may wish to know more about the basis for this certainty.

We will speak plainly.

Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

Throughout the world the lubricating counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

We are depended upon to determine the lubricating requirements and to supply the oils that meet them.

Our clientele includes thousands of manufacturing plants—located in practically every civilized country.

We supply the floating armament of the world's leading naval powers.

We supply practically all of the ocean greyhounds.

We supply the aëroplane fleets of the leading military powers.

Outside of the home field we supply over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

THE matter of determining the correct lubricating oil for a given purpose requires both scientific study and broad, practical experience.

This experience we have applied in carefully studying the lubricating requirements of each make of car shown in our chart of recommendations.

This chart represents our professional advice.

If you use an oil of less correct **"body"** *or of lower lubricating* **quality** *than that recommended, unnecessary friction, unnecessary carbon deposit, loss of power, and ultimate serious damage must result.*

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or a sealed five-gallon, or one-gallon can. Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from all reliable garages, auto supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

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Rochester, U. S. A.

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FOREIGN MARKETERS:

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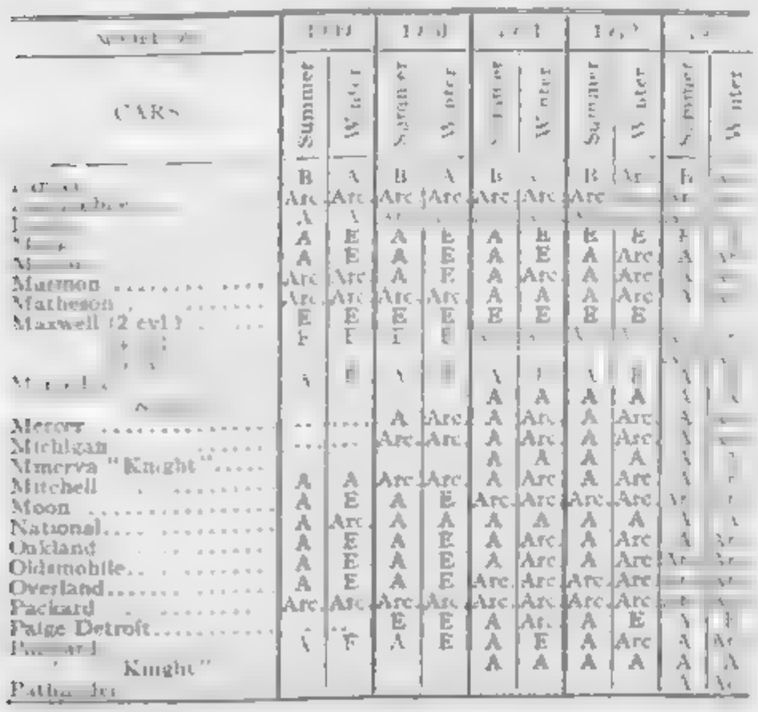
BUDAPEST — Vacuum Oil Company, R. T.
BUENOS AIRES — Vacuum Oil Company
CAIRO — Vacuum Oil Company
CAPE TOWN — Vacuum Oil Company of South Africa, Ltd.
COPENHAGEN — Vacuum Oil Company
GENOA — Vacuum Oil Company, S. A. I.
HAMBURG — Deutsche Vacuum Oil Company
HELSINGFORS — Vacuum Oil Company
HONG KONG — Vacuum Oil Company
KOBE — Vacuum Oil Company
LISBON — Vacuum Oil Company
LONDON — Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd.
MELBOURNE — Vacuum Oil Company Prop., Ltd.
MOSCOW — Russian Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd.
PARIS — Vacuum Oil Company, S. A. F.
SHANGHAI — Vacuum Oil Company
STOCKHOLM — Vacuum Oil Company, A. B.

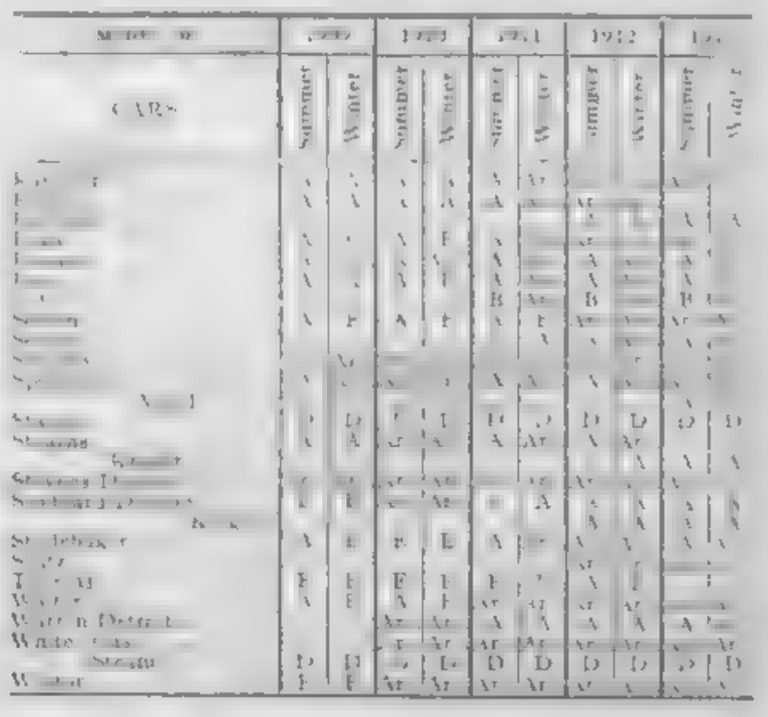
Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world



GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor



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1835
R·WALLACE
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STERLING
"My, how dish 'ere silver will make de missus' eyes shine.' A whole table full, an' every piece gwamine said Mister Wallace name on it. Marse John sho' do know what'll make his Honey happy"
The cost of WALLACE SILVER either sterling or plate is a mere trifle when distributed over the years you will own and use it. Each piece is wrought with exquisite care, that it may make your table a source of constant pride
1835 R WALLACE Silver Plate takes its name from Sterling, only the metal used. The beautiful ALAMO pattern shown here is as richly designed and finished as Sterling and will give you a lifetime of splendid service. It is the Silver Plate that [illegible]. Any piece of our Silverware which does not give positive satisfaction will be replaced. A delightful little book, Table Decorations for Celebrations," and "How to Set the Table" by Mrs Rorer will be sent free to anyone interested in Wallace Silver
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safe and silent. Ben Anti-Slip Brake Wafers. You run risk without them. Only cost a cent each. Your satisfaction guaranteed. If not at your dealers, send 25c for 25, prepaid. Armigus Chemical Co., 2100 Austin Ave., Chicago

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The test of a canoe is not its *looks*. Will it paddle and sail true? Is it light or does it drag your arms out? What is under the paint? The

"Old Town Canoe"

answers every canoe query 100% perfect. Beautifully proportioned, [illegible] feather. True as an arrow. All planks long lengths, fastened at each rib with 4 copper tacks, clinched. Agents everywhere. *3000 canoes in stock insure prompt delivery.* Write for illustrated descriptive catalog. Sent free.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 354 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLONIZER

(Continued from Page 21)

"Of course I did," he laughed, "and I guess I haven't sent half a dozen letters back there since I got here. I've just got all out of the way of writing. When I had a penpoint handy I couldn't find any paper, and when I had the paper the penpoint was missing."

Then we got down to business right off the bat. I explained that the railroad was paying me a salary to write any letters for him, or for anybody else that I might meet, in order to let the folks back East know just what kind of a country Oklahoma was. And while I was explaining this I pulled out the folding table and put the typewriter on it. That interested him instantly; he wanted to see a real typewriter in action, never having dictated a letter in his life. He was fascinated with the process and before we hooked up the horses and started away I had written more than forty letters for him—in which he told in detail just what he had been able to accomplish, how the soil produced, how agreeable the climate was and how much his land had increased in value.

I saw to it that he also included in the letters all the personal news about the individual members of his family, and that he asked questions about the members of the families of those to whom he was writing. This made the letters very personal and took any landboom flavor out of them. In some letters he said he would like to have the one to whom he was writing come out and see the country for himself. That I left entirely to him, never trying to force his hand in any way. The story of his success was good enough to draw without any such direct invitation.

I did not forget that nothing would really count in the long run but results—which in this case meant a crop of incoming landlookers—but the experience with this first man did me a world of good. It showed that I was at least going to have a chance to put in a big crop of seed.

The wife and I agreed that, so far as possible, we would always camp in the open instead of staying at a house. That first night we stopped beside a little stream miles away from any house. And what a picnic we had getting supper and eating it! My partner protested it was all the jolliest fun in the world and that she was not a bit afraid. Later she confessed that she did not sleep a wink that night and momentarily expected the Indians to swoop down upon us. True there was a large reservation of Indians not far away—but they were entirely friendly.

Big Mails at Every Stop

After that night the wife never showed the white feather; but I certainly got a good stiff scare myself the day following. We stopped in front of a farmhouse, and as I had seen a man enter the stable as we were approaching I followed him.

"I'd like to take you in, stranger," he said to me; "but I've got a mighty sick man inside and must nurse him."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Well," came the calm answer, "I reckon he's in for a right smart run of the smallpox."

I was back in the wagon and making a right smart run across country to the windward before he could open the housedoor.

The first unfriendly reception I had was from a farmer whose windmill had balked on him. That man was certainly the rangiest swearer I ever listened to. A herd of cattle wild with thirst had massed about him.

Now I had met windmills before and knew something of how they were put together. In two minutes I was able to locate the trouble and hook the thing up so that it began to pump as well as ever. Instantly the farmer's good nature returned, and he took us into the house. Before I left I had written eighty-eight letters for him to friends and relatives back in the bluegrass country of Kentucky. That taught me never to pass a man up simply because he showed an unfriendly front at first.

Of course I made a carbon copy of every letter written and these carbons were forwarded to headquarters and followed up from there with literature about Oklahoma. It was a very simple system—no red tape about it; but it was right tight down to the ground, every name being hand-picked.

At one cabin where we stopped the door was abruptly opened before I could knock, and I found myself looking into the muzzle of a shotgun. The man behind the gun was certainly a hard-looking citizen; but he was considerate enough to allow me time in which to explain the motive of my call. His only comment was:

"Dig out! Make tracks!"

At the next house I learned that he was expecting a call from a deputy United States marshal—the courts having decided that he was not entitled to the claim on which he had located. The neighbor referred to him as a claim-jumper.

The wisdom of taking my wife along was demonstrated at almost every place where we stopped. By the time I had finished writing letters for the man of the house my partner was generally ready with a list of the wife's relatives and friends. And when a woman pioneer is willing to write back to the old home and praise a new country it carries weight. I found that out later.

About the smallest cabin we came across in all our wanderings was occupied by an old couple. It was away back from the main trail and fifty miles from the railroad. That poor woman was so lonely she almost fell on my wife's neck. She declared she had not seen another woman for months!

The Old Farmer's Stratagem

The house was so small that we had to set up the typewriter in the stable. It was early in the day when we arrived, and the old man kept me pounding away at the machine until late in the afternoon. Meantime my wife was busy in the house with the old woman teaching her fancy-work stitches and listening to her as she talked her heart out. The old lady exclaimed that doing fancy work was the only relief from the awful loneliness of her life she had been able to find. She had tried again and again to work a certain stitch that she had known in her girlhood, but had been unable to recall it. When my wife showed her how the trick was turned she was as tickled as a child with a new toy.

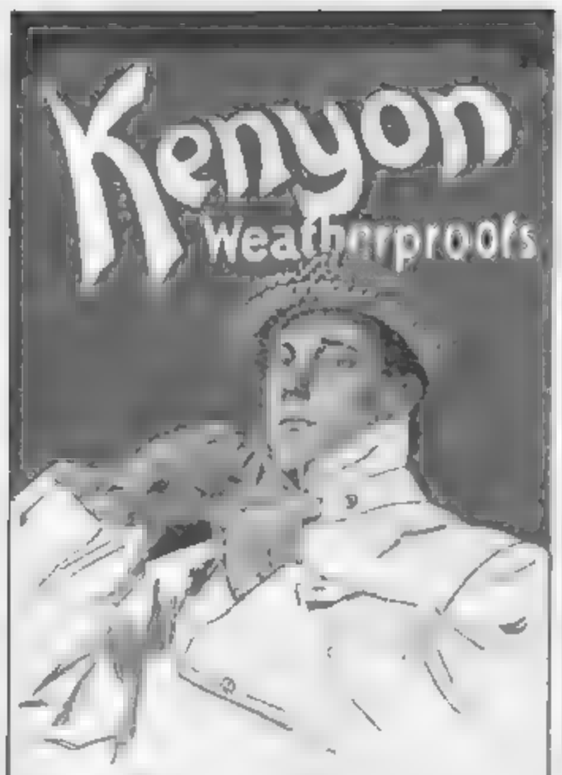
As dusk approached I told the old man we should have to be moving on and that I would go out and hook up the team. He chuckled like a boy and exclaimed:

"You'll have to find your harness before you can do that, young man! We hain't had any company in a long time, and we like you and your little woman first-rate. I was afraid you'd begin to get restless and want to move on; so I went out and planted that harness where you couldn't find it in a week! I guess you'll just have to settle down and stay a while."

When we saw how determined they were to have us remain we stayed there for two more days. Then the old man went out and uncovered the harness. He had dug a nice little grave for it in the ground, packed it neatly in straw and then covered the place with a wagonbox. We became so attached to this old couple that, a few months later, we drove fifty miles to make them another visit.

The only real trouble we had on our whole trip was over a pointer dog. One evening, just as we were finishing our supper in camp, this dog suddenly appeared and calmly annexed himself to our outfit. Of course my wife said that the poor thing was lost and starving, and she fed him all the scraps from our meal. Probably it was the biggest feast he had had for months. Anyhow he stuck tight to the wagon. About noon the following day we were overtaken by a man on horseback who was a hard-looking customer, carrying a very able arsenal in his belt. He declared that we had stolen his dog—the best dog in Oklahoma!—and that he had a mind to do things to us. From his remarks I gathered that he thought more of the pointer pup than he did of his wife and children or the whole populace of Oklahoma. My wife took the matter in hand and finally seemed to be able to convince him that the dog had joined our party without leave or license. Then the man disappeared on the back trail, taking the dog with him. Two days later, however, the pointer appeared again at our camp, wagging his tail in a way that said as plain as words: "You can't lose me! I like your cooking."

And he stayed with us through the whole hundred and sixty days of our first circuit. In all that time we never once slept out of the wagon. It was a great experience! To all those about to take a honeymoon trip



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For Men and Women

For that comfortable satisfactory feeling of complete protection on a stormy day wear a Kenreign Slip-on.

Consideration for your health; care for your clothing; personal comfort and correct appearance; all demand a garment of absolute reliability.

Slip-ons are made of rubberized cloth. The permanent wearing quality of this material depends entirely on the grade of rubber used and the process of vulcanizing. No other cloth is so susceptible to unskilled or deceptive manufacture.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in Kenreign Coats is carefully treated. Pure Para Rubber is milled, properly compounded, and applied to the cloth. It is then correctly vulcanized and subjected to severe tests for permanent waterproof qualities.

A Kenreign Weatherproof will not fall apart, the rubber will not soften nor will it grow hard and stiff, making the garment useless. You are protected from these defects by the Kenreign label.

Kenreign Slip-on Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5.00 to $45.00.

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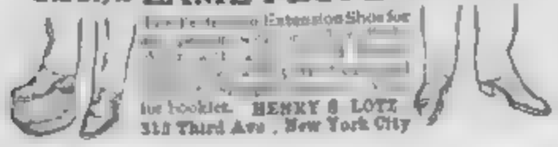
Old Style LAME PEOPLE New Style



Our Feet-to-Measure Extension Shoe for [illegible]

Ask for booklet. HENRY S. LOTZ
315 Third Ave., New York City

let me say: Hire an old hunter's hack, strike out across country, keep away from the railroads—and you will have a wedding tour that you will love to look back upon as long as you live.

The day after we returned to Oklahoma City we went out to the station on the line nearest the farms where I had written the first letters. My heart was in my mouth when I asked the station agent if he had seen anything of any landlookers.

"Sure!" he exclaimed. "Three or four of them! The first one was from somewhere down in Ohio. The minute he got off the train he showed me a typewritten letter from Seth Fox, the farmer just over the ridge by the creek—said he came from the town where Fox used to live, and that he had come out to visit Fox and look the country over with a view of locating. It seemed to strike him that a farmer who wrote letters on a typewriter must be mighty prosperous. About a week later two other men came along and asked for Sid Jones—the farmer who lives beyond Fox and has a new windmill and a big bunch of cattle. They both showed me typewritten letters too. It looks as if the farmers out there had gone nutty on typewriters. I don't see where they got 'em! Hain't any been shipped to 'em at this station—I know that!"

That settled it. Our little handmade colonization scheme was a success. Perhaps the wife and I were not happy! When we were back in town again I met another farmer who thumped me on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"I'm goin' to have you arrested! Out home I've got almost a hundred letters asking more questions about this country than you ever thought of."

"Don't let that bother you," I assured him. "Just set the date and I'll go out to your place and answer all those letters and it'll not cost you a cent for postage or anything else."

This was done. Later I learned of ten landlookers who came to Oklahoma as a direct result of those letters. It is likely others came that I heard nothing about. Before the year was over we had more landlookers rolling into Oklahoma on our trains than the country had ever seen before.

When Oklahoma Celebrated

When the city of Oklahoma decided to hold a reunion of the Rough Riders I saw that it was bound to be the biggest occasion the town had ever had. I wanted to do something—as the representative of the railroad—that would be original and make a decided hit with the citizens in general, and with the farmers in particular.

It was evident that at least thirty thousand people would attend the Rough Rider reunion. I made a note of everything covered by the committee of arrangements and then carefully checked over the list to see if anything important had been omitted. Suddenly it came to me: Water! No provision had been made for furnishing the big crowd with drinking water. In this important oversight I saw my opportunity.

At once I ordered a carload of ice from a point seventy miles up the road and secured a big tank, to be filled with water by the firehose. Then I started out to get the crop exhibit together with a margin of only two days in which to do it. I had the horses I had driven on the long trip; but I soon learned that apparently everything in the shape of a wagon in the town was tied up and busier than a bridesmaid a week before the wedding. The old hunter's hack had been hired by somebody else and it looked as if I would have to fall back on a wheelbarrow as a last resort.

I was just about discouraged when, in calling at a livery stable on the outskirts, my eye chanced to fall on a retired hearse. Not being superstitious I had no hesitation in using it for the collection of my crop exhibit. I hired it for a whole week, hooked up my horses and started down the main street, sitting straight on the driver's seat and looking as solemn as I could. Every human being on the street stopped stone-still and stared at me. Several of my friends called up to ask who was dead!

I never knew before how much a hearse would hold if you packed it as a woman packs a trunk! It was just the thing for my purpose; and late that night I came back into town with a load of carefully selected products of Oklahoma soil that was half enough for the exhibit. My wife helped me do the unpacking—but she had to stop and laugh so often that she was not

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Coldwell Demountable Cutters

A Brand New Feature in Horse and Putting Green Mowers

Coldwell Demountable Cutters (patented) are independent of the main frame of the machine and removable at will.

Two or more cutters go with each machine. You can change them in a minute like the blades of a safety razor. Think how handy whenever blades need sharpening or other repairs.

"Always use the BEST. The BEST is the cheapest Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST."

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY

Philadelphia NEWBURGH, NEW YORK Chicago

Write at once for full description and prices, together with interesting booklet "The Care of Lawn"

Lawn Mowers

Don't get mad. It's no use.

There's as much difference in the quality of garters as there is in eggs.

Wear the garter that wears the best. It's a

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Pad with rubber button

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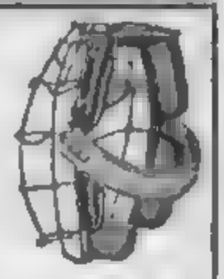
Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 3

Baseball Season is here



and almost every boy is planning to get his glove, suit, spiked shoes and other articles which go to make up his outfit.

Let us tell you how

through *The Saturday Evening Post*, without a cent of cost, you can secure whatever you need. If your position is behind the plate you can get your mitt and mask. If you "hold down first" you can get your first baseman's mitt—whatever you need, you can get it free of charge.

We give these

and hundreds of other articles, which every boy wants, to our juvenile salesmen, in addition to the money which they make. These premiums are illustrated and described in our Prize Catalogue. You'll find it the most interesting booklet you ever opened. Drop a line to

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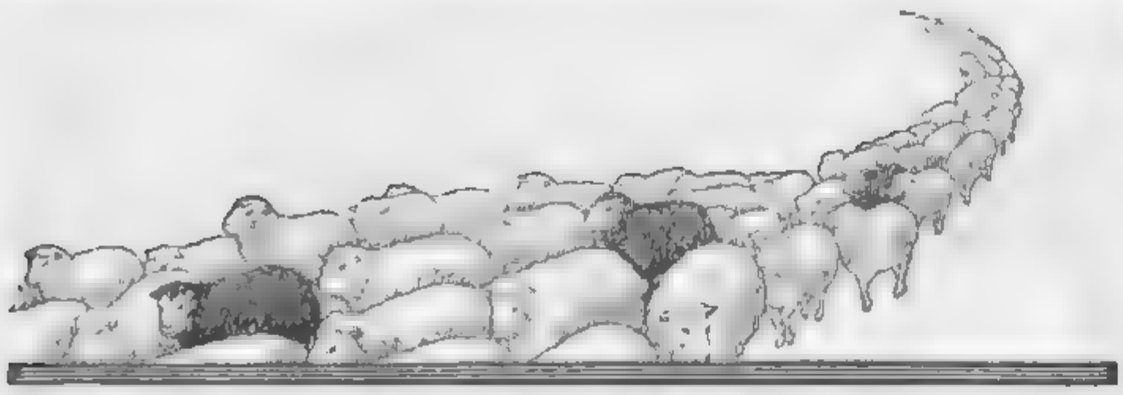

White sheep give more wool than black sheep—there are more of them.

REMINGTON stenographers do more of the world's work than other stenographers—there are more of them.

Nature only knows why there are more white sheep than black.

All the world knows why there are more Remington operators than others.

REMINGTON is the machine in which the most operators have confidence—and the machine which gives them the confidence to make good.

REMINGTON is the machine in which the majority of good business schools have confidence—the confidence to turn out competent, efficient operators—the thing on which the very life of these schools depends.

REMINGTON is the machine in which business men and business houses have confidence—because the big majority of good stenographers are Remington trained and "go to work the first day without breaking in."

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mailed in the United States every business day in the year.

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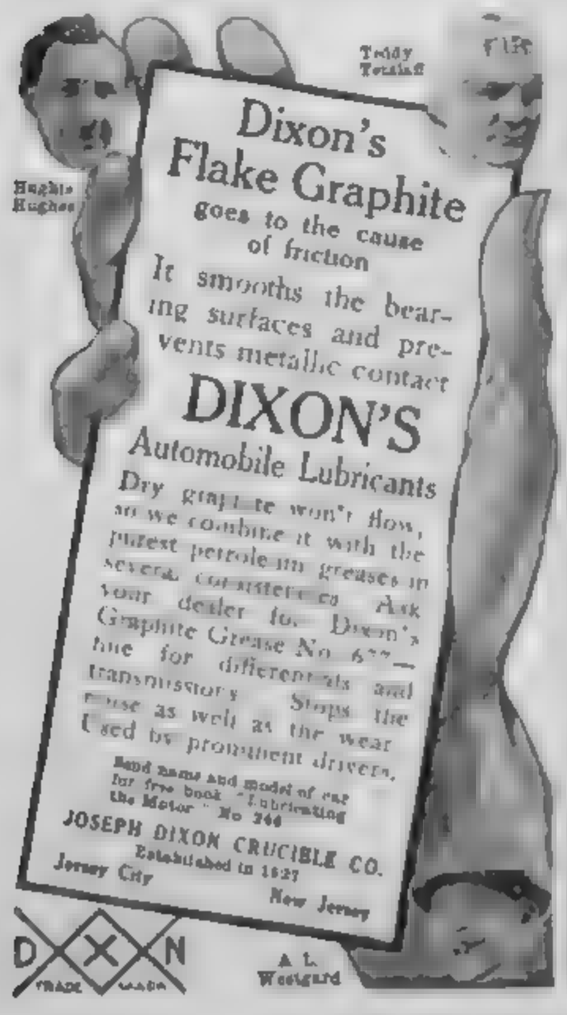
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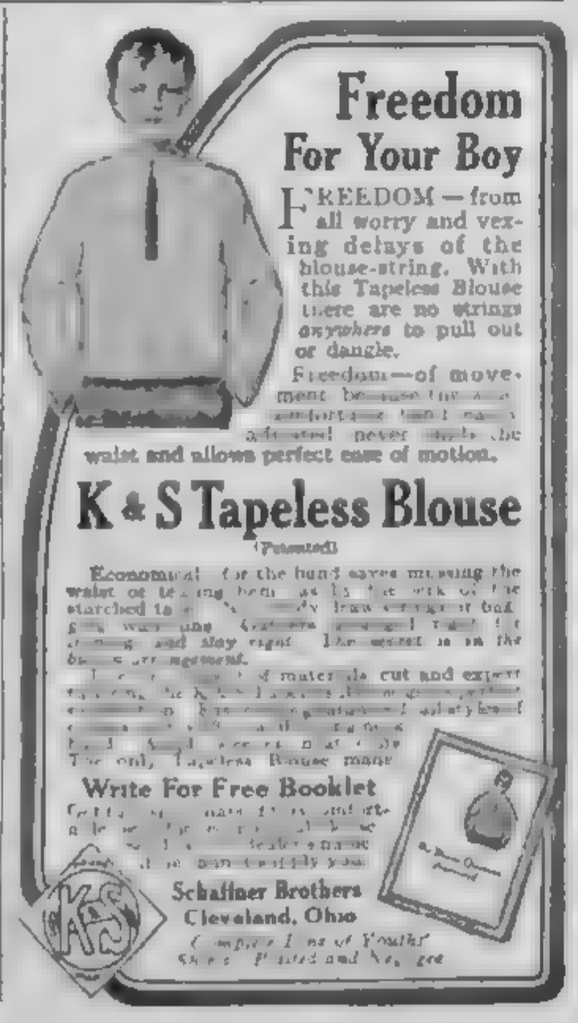
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For Your Boy
FREEDOM—from all worry and vexing delays of the blouse-string. With this Tapeless Blouse there are no strings anywhere to pull out or dangle.
Freedom—of movement because the [illegible] adjusted never binds the waist and allows perfect ease of motion.
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Complete Line of Youths' Shirts Printed and Negligee

of much help. The next day the old hearse was in the field early, moving from one farmhouse to another, collecting samples of the finest crops grown in that region. My wife arranged the exhibit and it made a show we were proud of.

I never saw such a crowd as that which gathered to celebrate the first reunion of the Rough Riders. It was really a mob, not a crowd. Our big two-thousand-gallon tank of ice water became the center of the show. We had to refill it repeatedly. The crop exhibit the wife had dressed up in her own way was admired by everybody, and it was easy to see that the people of the whole community felt the railroad had, for once at least, done the town proud.

There are two things against which the oldtime cowboy holds an instinctive prejudice—water and railroads. When everything was going fine and I was talking land to a little group of well-dressed visitors from Illinois I heard an outburst of whooping and yelling up the street. My visitors seemed to be slightly nervous and I assured them that the cowboys were only having a little harmless fun and that they had nothing whatever to fear. The words were hardly out of my mouth before the bunch came tearing down the street, headed straight for my tent. They were tanked up to capacity—but not with ice water. Here was a railroad dishing out ice water at a Rough Rider reunion! It was like a red rag to a bull in the eyes of those drunkard range riders. In less time than it takes to tell it their ropes were singing through the air and settling down on the poles and props of my tent.

An Unpleasant Adventure

Like a flash I saw that they proposed to throw the tent and scatter the exhibit my wife had worked all night to arrange. Yelling to my visitors to run, I made a grab for the first thing within reach. It happened to be a hatchet. The spark was in the powder can—and this time the explosion made my flare-up with the chief clerk back in the old office look like a flash in the pan.

What parts of the anatomy of the leader in that gang of cowboys got the hatchet I did not know, but I guessed that the edge was well distributed for the time it was in action. The next thing I knew I felt the grip of a rope round my body, binding my arms to my sides. Then a whole flock of ropes followed; but fortunately the cowboy who caught me first started up his horse just in time to save me from the other ropes. Yelling and whooping like Indians, the whole bunch put their horses to the jump and started down the street as I plowed the dust, dragging at the rope's end.

How I ever managed to slip that rope I do not know to this day; but somehow I did it, sprang to my feet, broke through the crowd, and dodged up some narrow stairs into an open doorway. In a moment I realized that I had fled into the police court of the town. The judge was sitting at his desk.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Cowboys are on a rampage!" I replied. "Pulled down my tent! I fought! Hatchet!"

"Damned hoodlums!" he exclaimed. "Here, take this gun! I got another."

With this he pushed an able-bodied sixshooter into my hands and we waited. We could hear the cursing and yelling of the cowboys down in the street. Every minute I expected they would rush up the stairs and begin popping. But they did not. A drunken cowboy just naturally sticks to the saddle. He feels more at home on a horse than on his feet, especially if he is carrying a heavy load.

Finally the old judge asked:

"Kill him?"

"Don't know!" I answered.

"Served him right if you did!" responded the old man. "We got to have law and order in this town before it gets on its feet! Eastern capital's gun-shy."

"I was talking to quite a bunch of Eastern capital," I answered, "when the cowboys hit us; and I'll bet that block of capital hasn't stopped running yet! Those men will jump out of their chairs after this at the mention of Oklahoma."

As I sat there in the justice shop, with the sixshooter resting on my knees, my thoughts kept turning to the old hearse. This time it did not seem a bit funny to me. Ever since I have considered a hearse as a first-class omen of bad luck and wholly unfit for agricultural purposes!

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A new idea that makes The Florsheim Low Shoe—cool and perfect fitting—"hugtite instep"—and made over "Natural Shape" lasts.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

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What more pleasing gift can you select, for a birthday, wedding or graduation, than a beautiful bit of jewelry?

The exquisite designs of Simmons Chains, bracelets, lockets and fobs, their many attractive patterns and special workmanship make them especially suitable as personal gifts for all family occasions.

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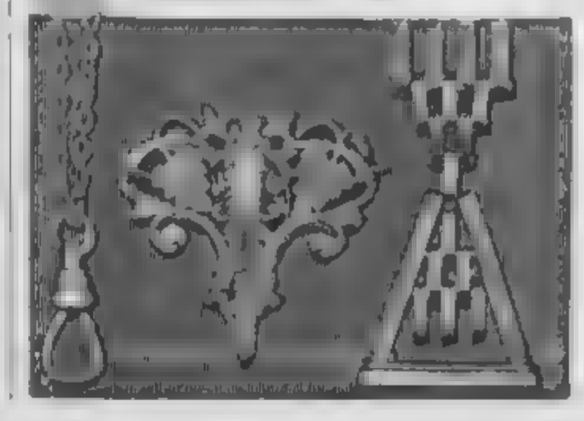
Write for our free style book R. F. Simmons Co., 191 N. Main Street, Attleboro, Mass. Established 1873.



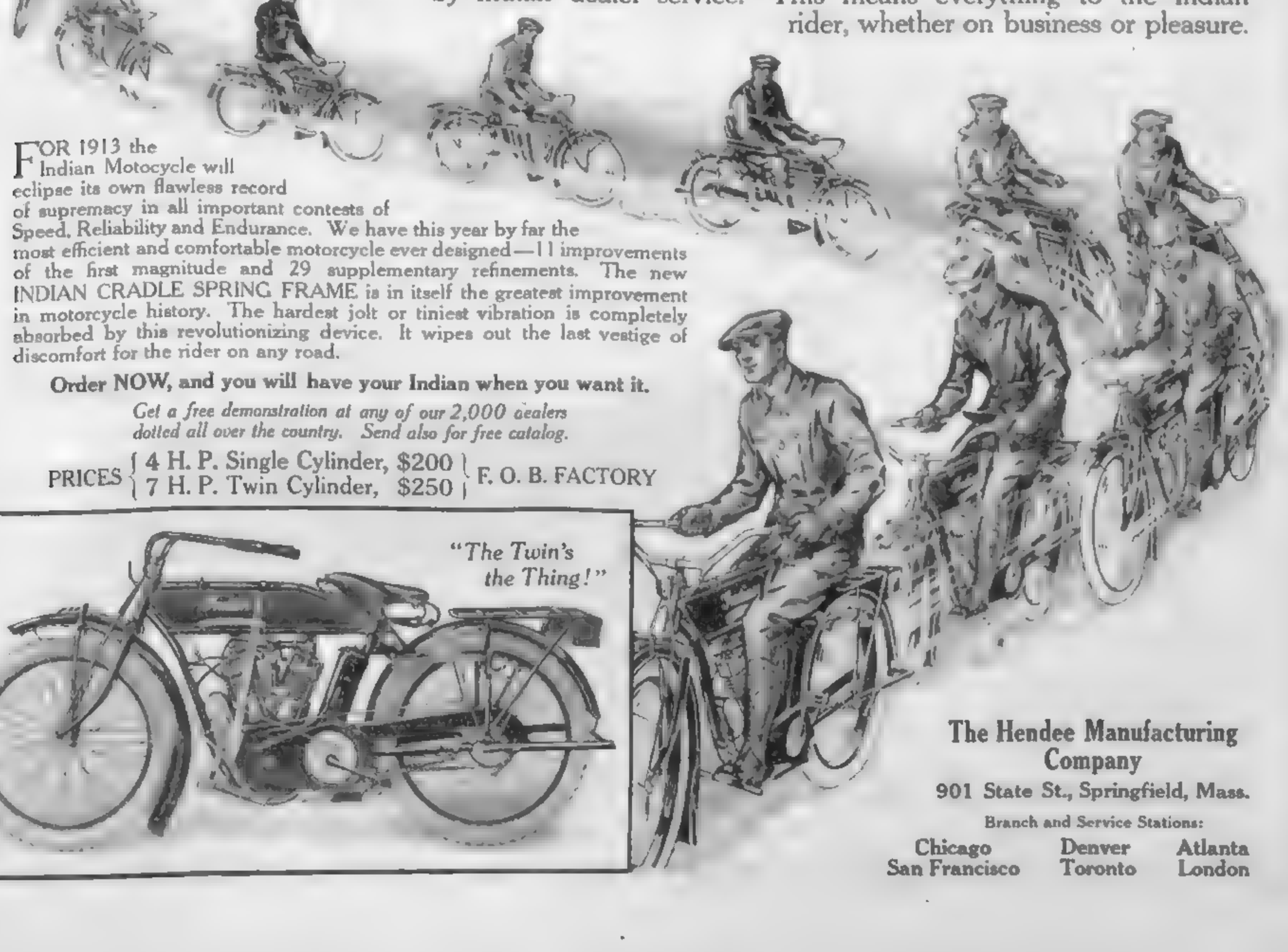
"Count the Indians on the Road!"

Appraise all claims by these facts:

NEARLY 40% of all the motorcycles registered in the 24 States requiring registration are Indians. This means four times as many Indians as the next machine on the list. The balance is divided among 30 other makes. In States not requiring registration, the proportion of Indians is even greater. So that the Indian rider meets thousands of enthusiastic brother riders of the Indian wherever he may go.

The Indian Motocycle

THIS great brotherhood of Indian riders is firmly welded and bound together by over 2,000 Indian dealers' establishments throughout the country—and the unrivaled service they offer Indian riders. You can never find yourself in territory which is not covered by Indian dealer service. This means everything to the Indian rider, whether on business or pleasure.



FOR 1913 the Indian Motocycle will eclipse its own flawless record of supremacy in all important contests of Speed, Reliability and Endurance. We have this year by far the most efficient and comfortable motorcycle ever designed—11 improvements of the first magnitude and 29 supplementary refinements. The new INDIAN CRADLE SPRING FRAME is in itself the greatest improvement in motorcycle history. The hardest jolt or tiniest vibration is completely absorbed by this revolutionizing device. It wipes out the last vestige of discomfort for the rider on any road.

Order NOW, and you will have your Indian when you want it.

Get a free demonstration at any of our 2,000 dealers dotted all over the country. Send also for free catalog.

PRICES { 4 H. P. Single Cylinder, $200 / 7 H. P. Twin Cylinder, $250 } F. O. B. FACTORY

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A Real 1913 Car

Electric Lights
Set-in Dash Lights
Left-side Drive
Simple Center Control

Oversize Tires
15 Roller Bearings
50% Overcapacity
No Levers in the Way

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Here are some things which cars must have to be really up-to-date.

These are the things which you'll miss most if you fail to get them.

Note that Reo the Fifth combines them all, and combines them in an honest car.

Coming Features

Most leading cars now have left-side drive. Note that fact carefully. The driver sits close to the car he passes, as in European cars.

All leading cars now have set-in dash lights, to displace the old side oil lamps.

Leading cars now employ big tires. They are costly, but the day of skimpy tires is over. They cost too much for upkeep.

Mark these facts, whatever car you buy. Don't buy a car already out-of-date. What leading cars do this year, most cars must do next.

Greater Care

Then leaders now are building cars with immensely greater care. They have seen that cars built otherwise don't live.

This means Timken bearings instead of common ball bearings. Not merely a couple to claim their use, but roller bearings throughout.

It means drop forgings in place of steel castings, to avoid the risk of flaws. In Reo the Fifth we use 190.

It means steel made to formula, and analyzed twice. It means gears tested for 75,000 pounds per tooth.

It means big margin of safety. Driving parts made one-half stronger than necessary.

It means a $75 magneto—

A doubly-heated carburetor—

Big brakes—big springs, tested for 100,000 vibrations.

Every Precaution

The leading makers employ every precaution. Every part is compelled to pass radical tests and inspections.

Important parts are hand-fitted, and ground over and over to get utter exactness. Modern, costly machines are used in the gear cutting.

Engines are given five long-continued tests, and the tested engines are taken apart and inspected.

Genuine leather and the best curled hair are used in upholstery, so the car won't soon look old.

Nothing is ever rushed.

Insist on Them

This is the practice in costly cars. In Reo the Fifth the same practice is followed in a car which sells for $1,095.

What pride can one take in a car with features distinctly out-of-date? What satisfaction is there in a car that's poorly built?

Soon troubles begin—soon repairs begin. And the cost of upkeep makes the car a burden.

In each Reo the Fifth we spend $200 in features and cautions which some call unnecessary.

We save it in factory efficiency. By confining our output to only one model we save about 20 per cent. That's why a car, built as we build it, can be sold at the Reo price.

It means to you a long-lived car—a car that keeps its newness. It means a car distinctly up-to-date.

One wrongs himself if he lets any inducement sell him a lesser car.

The Simple Rod Control

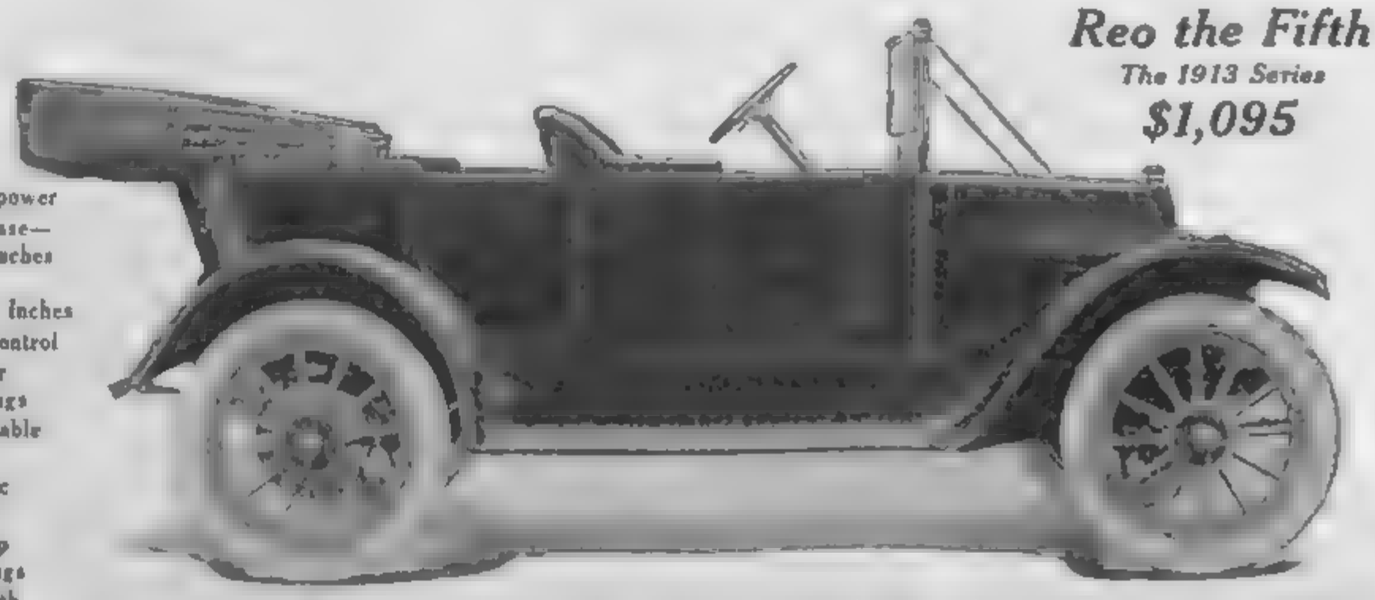
Reo the Fifth has no levers, side or center. Nothing on either side blocks the way of the driver. He is never compelled to dismount in the street, nor enter from the street.

All the gear shifting is done with a center rod, out of the way. It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This is also a coming feature. You will see why it must be. It is one you should have on a new car.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

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There is no surer way to please her than by taking along a box of the sweets all women love—

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The high quality and assured freshness of all Huyler candy make it the perfect gift to one you admire. If she hasn't tried Huyler Beverly Chocolates, take her those next time—they're unusual and delightful.

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Let Us Send You by Prepaid Express THIS

Efficiency Electric Suction Cleaner

For 14 Days Absolutely Free

No Money in Advance

Test this great labor-saving machine two weeks in your own home at our expense. If not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if you can buy a better cleaner for less money, return at our expense. Very light in weight. Easily carried from room to room. Attachments for all kinds of cleaning. Write for free trial. Department A.

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P O Box 1019 Chester, Pa.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 27)

when I harked to the call from over and beyond that whispered me on to win to the mystery at the back of life and behind the stars.

The point of this chapter is that, in the long sickness that at some time comes to most of us, I came through without any appeal for aid to John Barleycorn. Love, Socialism, the people—healthful figments of man's mind—were the things that cured and saved me. If ever a man was not a born alcoholic, I believe I am that man. And yet—well, let the succeeding chapters tell their tale, for in them will be shown how I paid for my previous quarter of a century of contact with ever-accessible John Barleycorn.

XXIX

AFTER my long sickness my drinking continued to be convivial. I drank when others drank and I was with them; but imperceptibly my need for alcohol took form and began to grow. It was not a body need. I boxed, swam, sailed, rode horses, lived in the open an arrantly healthful life, and passed life-insurance examinations with flying colors. In its inception, now that I look back upon it, this need for alcohol was a mental need, a nerve need, a good-spirits need. How can I explain?

It was something like this: Physiologically, from the standpoint of palate and stomach, alcohol was, as it had always been, repulsive. It tasted no better than beer did when I was five—than bitter claret did when I was seven. When I was alone, writing or studying, I had no need for it; but—I was growing old or wise, or both, or senile as an alternative. When I was in company I was less pleased, less excited, with the things said and done. Erstwhile worth-while fun and stunts seemed no longer worth while; and it was a torment to listen to the insipidities and stupidities of women—to the pompous, arrogant sayings of the little half-baked men. It is the penalty one pays for reading the books too much or for being oneself a fool. In my case it does not matter which was my trouble. The trouble itself was the fact. The condition of the fact was mine. For me, the life and light and sparkle of human intercourse were dwindling.

I had climbed too high among the stars, or maybe I had slept too hard. Yet I was not hysterical or in any way overwrought. My pulse was normal. My heart was an amazement of excellence to the insurance doctors. My lungs threw the said doctors into ecstasies. I wrote a thousand words every day. I was punctiliously exact in dealing with all the affairs of life that fell to my lot. I exercised in joy and gladness. I slept at night like a babe. But——

Well, as soon as I got out in the company of others I was driven to melancholy and spiritual tears. I could neither laugh with nor at the solemn utterances of men I esteemed ponderous asses; nor could I laugh with or at or engage in my oldtime lightsome persiflage.

And I was not pessimistic—I swear I was not pessimistic. I was merely bored. I had seen the same show too often, listened too often to the same songs and the same jokes. I knew too much about the box-office receipts. I knew the cogs of the machinery behind the scenes so well that the posturing on the stage, and the laughter and the song could not drown the creaking of the wheels behind.

It does not pay to go behind the scenes and see the angel-voiced tenor beat his wife. Well, I had been behind and I was paying for it—or else I was a fool. It is immaterial which was my situation. The situation is what counts, and the situation was that social intercourse for me was getting painful and difficult. On the other hand, it must be stated that on rare occasions—on very rare occasions—I did meet rare souls or fools like myself, with whom I could spend magnificent hours among the stars or in the paradise of fools. I was married to a rare soul—or a fool—who never bored me and who was always a source of new and unending surprise and delight; but I could not spend all my hours solely in her company.

And now we begin to come to it. How to face the social intercourse game with the glamour gone? John Barleycorn, the ever-patient one, had waited a quarter of a century and more for me to reach my hand out in need of him. His thousand tricks

Off Goes April and On Goes B. V. D.

OFF goes tight fitting, full length, knit underwear that cramps your body and clogs your pores! On goes loose fitting, soft draping B. V. D. that cools and comforts your skin!

Don't take *any* "Summer Underwear" or *any* "Athletic Underwear." Accept *only* B. V. D. and reject all others. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

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You can't go amiss, if you seek and *find* this label.

B V D Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1 00 and $1 50 the garment

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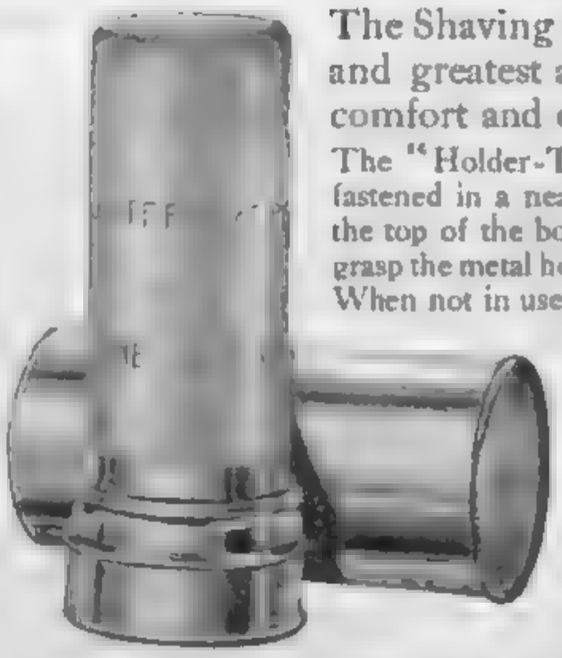
Williams' PATENTED HolderTop Shaving Stick



The Shaving Stick de Luxe, the latest and greatest achievement in shaving comfort and convenience.

The "Holder-Top" Shaving Stick is firmly fastened in a neat metal cap that also serves as the top of the box. When in use, the fingers grasp the metal holder and do not touch the soap. When not in use, the stick stands firmly on the holder top, or can instantly be slipped back into its handsome nickeled container. Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but it is the most convenient, economical and sanitary form of shaving stick.

FOUR FORMS OF THE SAME GOOD QUALITY:

Williams' Shaving Stick (In the Hinged-cover Nickeled Box)
Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder (In the Hinged-cover Nickeled Box)
Williams' Shaving Cream (In tubes)

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Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps. A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

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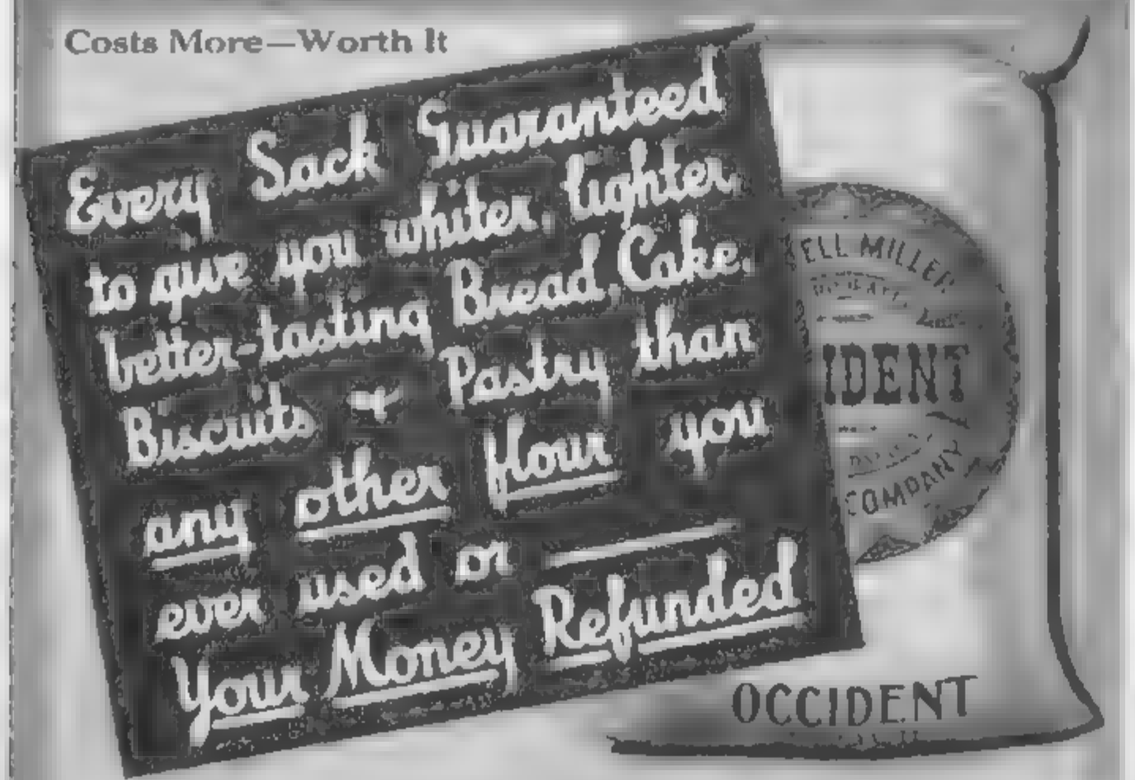


We put our Flour in Your Hands with this Money-Back Guarantee.

Because we know OCCIDENT will make good in your kitchen.

It is a serious matter to put an unconditional money-back guarantee in every sack of flour.

If OCCIDENT Flour were like other flours we could not make such a guarantee. But OCCIDENT is different.

Less than 10 per cent of all the wheat grown is good enough to pass the exacting inspection of the OCCIDENT Mills.

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

OCCIDENT Flour is made exclusively from First Choice of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota. These are the most valuable bread wheats produced.

And the OCCIDENT way of washing and scouring the wheat and purifying the flour is the most thorough and costly in use.

Because of the extra quality of the wheat, because of the extra cleanliness of the flour, OCCIDENT makes better bread and more loaves per sack. And OCCIDENT Bread keeps moist, sweet and fresh longer than other bread. This saves the work and expense of frequent baking days.

Send for Our Free Booklet, "Better Baking"

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS - - U. S. A.

had failed, thanks to my constitution and good luck; but he had more tricks in his bag. A cocktail or two, or several, I found cheered me up for the foolishness of foolish people. A cocktail, or several, before dinner enabled me to laugh whole-heartedly at things that had long since ceased to be laughable. The cocktail was a prod, a spur, a kick to my jaded mind and bored spirits. It recrudesced the laughter and the song, and put a lilt into my own imagination.

A poor companion without a cocktail, I became a very good companion with one. I achieved a false exhilaration, drugged myself to merriment. And the thing began so imperceptibly that I, an old intimate of John Barleycorn, never dreamed whither it was leading me. I was beginning to call for music and wine: soon I should be calling for madder music and more wine.

It was at this time I became aware of waiting with expectancy for the pre-dinner cocktail. I wanted it and I was conscious that I wanted it. I remember, while war-corresponding in the Far East, being irresistibly attracted to a certain home. Besides accepting all invitations to dinner I made a point of dropping in almost every afternoon. Now the hostess was a charming woman, but it was not for her sake that I was under her roof so frequently. It happened that she made by far the finest cocktail procurable in that large city, where drink-mixing on the part of the foreign population was indeed an art. Up at the club, down at the hotels, and in other private houses no such cocktails were created. Her cocktails were subtle. They were masterpieces. They were the least repulsive to the palate and carried the most kick. And yet I desired her cocktails only for sociability's sake, to key myself to sociable moods. When I rode away from that city, across hundreds of miles of ricefields and mountains, through months of campaigning, and on with the victorious Japanese into Manchuria, I did not drink. Several bottles of whisky were always to be found on the backs of my packhorses, yet I never broached a bottle for myself, never took a drink by myself, and never knew a desire to take such a drink.

Only in retrospect can I mark the almost imperceptible growth of my desire. There were little hints then that I did not take, little straws in the wind that I did not see, little incidents the gravity of which I did not realize.

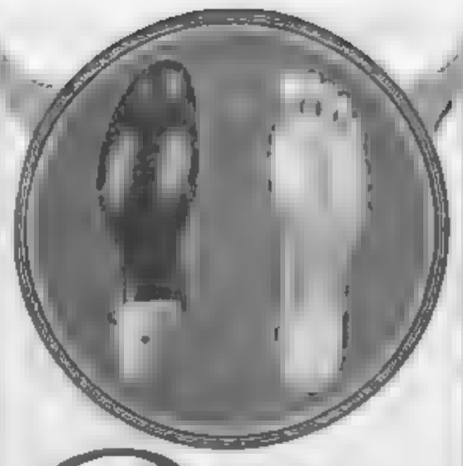
For instance, for some years it had been my practice each winter to cruise for six or eight weeks on San Francisco Bay. My stout sloop-yacht, the Spray, had a comfortable cabin and a coal stove. A Korean boy did the cooking and I usually took a friend or so along to share the joys of the cruise. Also I took my machine along and did my thousand words a day. On the particular trip I have in mind Cloudesley and Toddy came along. This was Toddy's first trip. On previous trips Cloudesley had elected to drink beer; so I had kept the yacht supplied with beer.

On this cruise, however, the situation was different. Toddy was so nicknamed because of his diabolical cleverness in concocting toddies. So I brought whisky along—a couple of gallons of it. Alas! Many another gallon I bought, for Cloudesley and I got into the habit of drinking a certain hot toddy that actually tasted delicious going down and that carried the most exhilarating kick imaginable.

I liked those toddies. I grew to look forward to the making of them. We drank them regularly—one before breakfast, one before dinner, one before supper, and a final one when we went to bed. We never got drunk, but I will say that four times a day we were very genial. And when, in the middle of the cruise, Toddy was called back to San Francisco on business Cloudesley and I saw to it that the Korean boy mixed toddies regularly for us according to formula.

That was only on the boat though. Back on the land in my house I took no before-breakfast eye-opener, no bed-going nightcap. I have not drunk hot toddies since—and that was many a year ago. But the point is, I liked those toddies. The genuity of which they were provocative was marvelous. They were eloquent proselytes for John Barleycorn in their own small, insidious way. They were ticklers of the something destined to grow into daily and deadly desire. And I did not know—never dreamed—I, who had lived with John Barleycorn for so many years and laughed at all his unavailing attempts to win me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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To maintain the Chalmers standard, every ounce of metal material is chemically tested and later subjected to crushing, bending, twisting and stretching forces—to prove its worth.

To maintain the Chalmers standard, we have in our factory an average of one inspector to every 13 workmen. These inspectors are *your* representatives. They are there in *your* interest—to see that *your* car is built right. In our interest, too, of course, for our interests and your interests are not different, but mutual.

These men see to it that Chalmers working parts do not vary more than 1/1000 of an inch—one-half the thickness of a hair; that Chalmers cylinders are ground and polished to absolute uniformity; that Chalmers gears are diamond-hard and oak-tough and that they are ground to perfect noiselessness; that Chalmers motors, running for ten hours at high speed and under heavy load, deliver maximum power—silently, dependably.

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These are a few of the things we do to maintain the Chalmers standard. A few of the things that make the Chalmers different from other cars.

The standard—and the way we live up to it—has given Chalmers cars their good reputation. We are proud of that reputation—and jealous of it, too. We intend to maintain it by maintaining our standard.

We are proud that the cars we built five or six years ago are still running, still giving good service. We intend that the cars we are building nowadays shall continue to give service six, eight, ten years from now.

We figure that this is the best way—the only way to protect the $6,000,000 investment we have made in plant, materials and equipment. It is only by maintaining the standard which you, the buyer, demand, that we can protect our own interests.

That fact is your protection, your assurance of motor car satisfaction in a Chalmers. We have a factory, an equipment, an organization and the requisite capital. But more important, we have a *way* of doing things—a standard that is better.

To prove it see the Chalmers cars: The "Thirty-Six," $1950, the safest motor investment you can make among all four-cylinder cars; the "Six," $2400, a car so good that no price will buy a better performing car—$2600 for the seven passenger model. These cars are not merely *good* cars at their prices. They are cars of maximum value, real quality, lasting service.

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Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

Every new, good thing is imitated. Tuxedo was born in 1904, and is the *original* in its field.

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Compare the imitations with Tuxedo: *look* at them, and note the lighter, milder color of Tuxedo; *smell* them, and note the marked superiority of the odor of Tuxedo; *smoke* Tuxedo in comparison with them, and you will find a difference in *taste* so pronounced that you will never again smoke anything but Tuxedo.

Test Tuxedo by smoking it for a week. At the end of the week you will have had the most enjoyable smoke week of your life.

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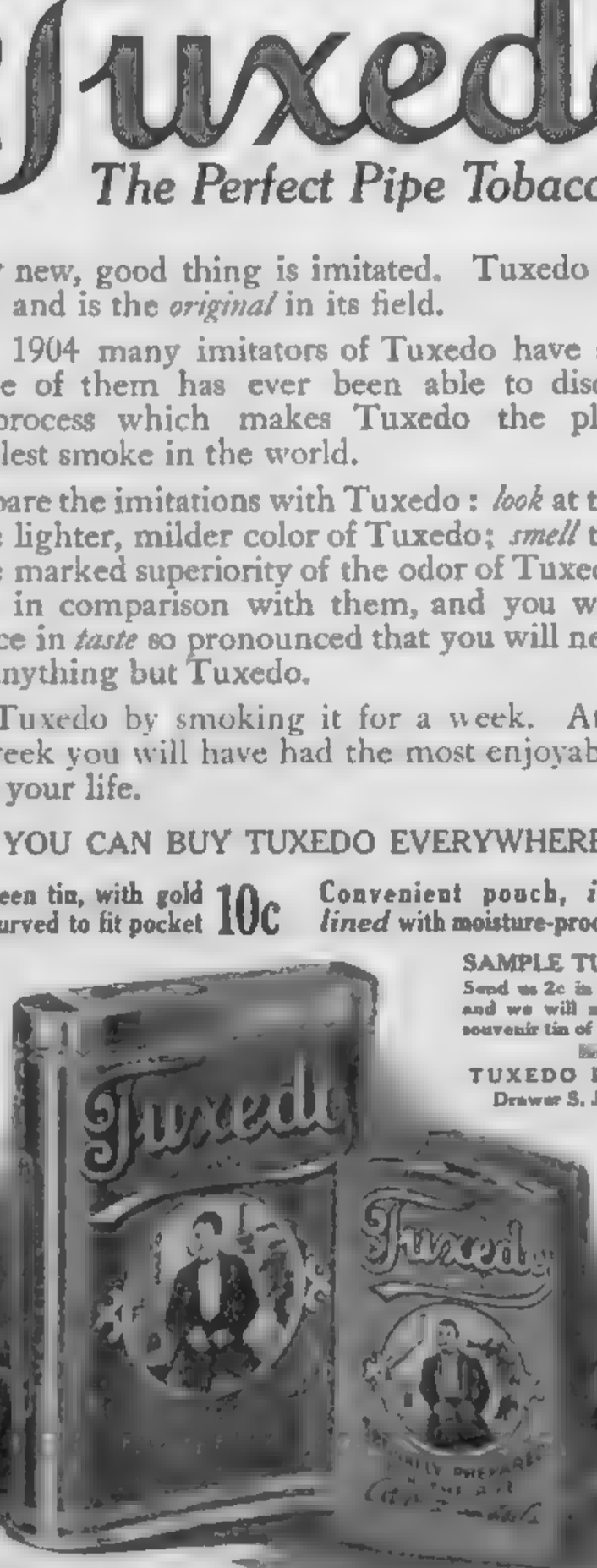

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GEO P JAMES

Geo P James, District Passenger Agent of [illegible] Coast Lines, at Washington, D. C., says:

"I'm a great admirer of Tuxedo. It's cool, pleasant to the taste and has the happy knack of keeping my brain clear for action."

Geo P James

R. Norton, well known writer, author of "The Plunderer," etc., says:

"As a veteran expert in tobacco, I have come to the conclusion that Tuxedo beats them all."

Roy Norton

WILLIAM F. MURRAY

Congressman William F. Murray of Boston, Mass., who has [illegible] the Notable Member of Congress says:

"In my recent campaign for Congress I had occasion to speak many times nightly. I found that Tuxedo tobacco and a good pipe have a very soothing effect on the vocal cords after a hard speaking tour."

William F Murray

CHARLES K. HARRIS

Chas. K. Harris, well-known composer, author of "After the Ball" and other famous songs, says:

"I find a lot of inspiration in Tuxedo. It has a pleasant fragrance and nerve soothing qualities that are undeniable."

Chas K Harris

GEORGE E. PHILIPPS

George E. Philipps, Mayor of Covington, [illegible], says:

"A good pipe, and Tuxedo to fill it, and I'm satisfied. The tobacco in the little green tin has no rival as far as I am concerned."

Geo E Philipps

THE WHISTLING MAN

Continued from Page 18

The message bore a Folkestone, England, date-line; and it contained eight words in all:

"Under no circumstances show any one your papers."

There was no signature.

A half-hour later, when the ship's bugler sounded the dinner call, Craig was still gazing at the message, agape with stupefaction.

His future, it appeared, was not entirely his to decide. At any rate it was not to be left to his choice whether he dropped the matter or followed it. Others were interested too!

V

A LONG swell from the westward was running in upon the Channel when Craig got up on deck; and the Amsterdam, with her bluff bows slogging into it, had already dropped Boulogne harbor far behind. Night had fallen; and after a look astern to where the Touquet phares blinked and glimmered in the dark, Craig left the rail, and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets walked slowly toward the bow. His dinner could wait. He had lost all wish to eat.

That message was a poser! He knew no one in Folkestone, and he had been there only once and then only for a day—the time, five years before, when he and his father had crossed by the Channel steamer on their way to Madame's door. However, as he reflected, the question of who had sent the telegram was less vital than why it had been sent. Was it a warning; or, on the other hand, had it been shot at him as a threat? Craig shrugged impatiently. Anger now began to succeed his first pale astonishment; and in place of his former impulse, the inclination to let the matter drop, he began to chafe with resentment. These men who had hunted his father, they would find they could not hunt him too! If they were looking for trouble he felt fully in the mood to accommodate them!

But why had his father been terrified? What had he done that for years he fled in fear of his life?

Craig halted abruptly.

It was the old, familiar question—What? Now, however, it had come to him with a new and disconcerting turn. If his father in fright had refused to enlighten him, was it likely the others involved would be any more willing to divulge?

A little staggered at the thought, he was reflecting on it irritably when he chanced to look along the deck. Then his eyes lighted swiftly.

Willie Hemingway had just emerged from the smoking room.

The young man strolled leisurely, as it appeared to be his habit; and he gripped between his lips an amber and gold cigarette-holder especially of the longest sort. For a second time Craig regarded him with interest. It was not the first occasion he had seen a youth of this particular species; but what concerned him now more than a study of Hemingway's dry, ripened wiseness and his cocksure, easy manner was the remembrance of Hemingway on a night long ago. It was, in short, that evening near Lowestoft, the time when Willie, ghastly white, had stood goggle-eyed at the inn door. He had looked frightened then! And why? Craig, smiling to himself, was moved by a sudden impulse.

"Isn't this Mr. Hemingway?" he asked pleasantly; and he stepped out in front of him.

The chubby satyr, after a stare, removed the cigarette-holder from his mouth. "Yas, I'm Mr. Hemingway," he returned deliberately. Then after a glance at Craig's attire he added even more deliberately: "Aw, but I don't know you, do I?"

His tone was finished. It was, in fact, that pure cultivated note of English used only by some of our best young men—these as well as most of the worst actors London sends us; and Craig with difficulty repressed a smile. "You've forgotten me, I see, Mr. Hemingway. I'm Craig, Leonard Craig," he said, and at the name Craig was sure he saw the fat youth start. "Remember?" he inquired.

Hemingway, still with deliberation, replaced the cigarette-holder between his lips.

"Craig? Aw, no; don't believe I do," he returned in his canorous, high-pitched lingo. Evidently the fact that he had been accosted by a stranger ruffled him—either that or it was something else, for he was obviously uneasy. "However," he added—he pronounced it "hah-h-vah"—"However," said Mr. Hemingway, "what do you want of me?"

Craig wasted little breath on him.

"Why, this: You were at Lowestoft, weren't you, nine years ago?"

Hemingway after a pause nodded.

"Well, then," said Craig, and he smiled pleasantly as he spoke, "just tell me who is Freest?"

Instantly Hemingway's air of bored condescension fled him. With a start he again removed the cigarette-holder from his lips and, his eyes narrowing slightly, he peered at Craig with a new and unaffected interest.

"Freest?" he echoed sharply.

"Freest," repeated Craig.

A pause followed. Hemingway's thick lids narrowed themselves a little more. Presently he laughed, a dry, ironic giggle.

"Why, you ought to know!" he drawled significantly; and affectedly flicking the ash from his cigarette, Mr. Hemingway, after another stare, passed on his way along the deck.

And Craig, dumfounded, stood gaping after him!

Why ought he to know?

In Hemingway's sardonic tone and manner there had been a sneer, an implication even more suggestive than the words themselves. Indeed Craig had every reason to know Freest, but the fact is he didn't. However, that was not the point. What was it that Hemingway knew? Obviously he knew something; and the something, moreover, was not only the mere identity of Freest.

Angry and bewildered, Craig was on the point of darting after Hemingway when the saloon door opened and the Adairs stepped out on deck.

The two walked leisurely to the ship's side and stood there. Adair, buttoned in a heavy ulster, seemed bigger than ever now; and Craig as he stared at him wondered at his bulk. He looked a colossus. Putting his elbows on the rail, he bent forward, gazing idly at the swells that rolled alongside, and with her arm linked in his Mary Adair stood beside him. She had not dressed for dinner, but was in the same traveling dress she had worn that afternoon; and with her chin resting on her hand she stared into the darkness, her air preoccupied. Hemingway in the meanwhile had disappeared. Craig made straight for the two, and at that instant the daughter turned and saw him.

That she knew Craig at once seemed certain. At any rate he saw her face light momentarily, and then she turned to her father. Evidently she spoke, for Adair looked up quickly, glancing toward him. Afterward, though, Adair turned away, and in silence he and his daughter once more gazed idly at the water. Craig felt his heart thumping fitfully.

"How do you do, Mr. Adair?" he said shyly, and he touched Adair on the arm.

Adair turned slowly. He was lighting a cigar as Craig spoke, and taking it from his mouth he turned inquiringly. "How do you do, sir?" he replied.

His face, however, showed no recognition. Craig, his hat off, smiled as he held out his hand to Adair.

"I don't think you remember me, sir. I'm Leonard Craig, you know."

Miss Adair still leaned against the rail, her chin on her hand. Her father cleared his throat. "Craig, did you say?" he inquired.

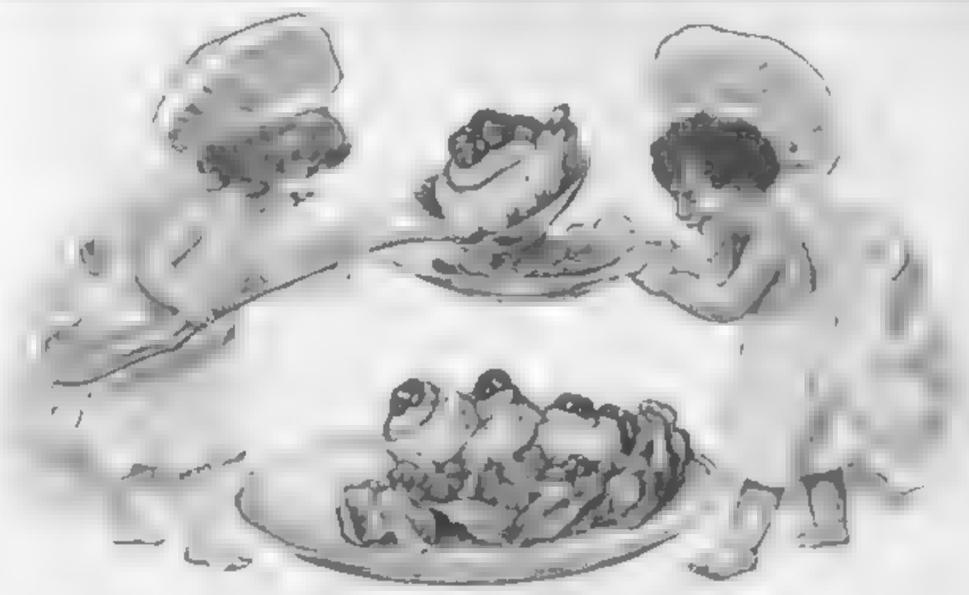
His tone was even yet as if the name conveyed nothing to him; and a little awkwardly Craig withdrew his hand. "Don't you understand, Mr. Adair?" he asked, puzzled now. "I'm Benjamin Craig's son—Craig, of New York, your friend."

Miss Adair looked suddenly at her father, and she drew her brows together. "All right, Mr. Craig," said Adair crisply "I know who you are, perfectly!" Then he added bluntly: "And now, if you please, what do you want of me?"

Craig with a gasp blushed to the roots of his hair.

The rebuff was patent. Adair, in fact, could hardly have made it plainer; and his daughter, swiftly catching her breath, put out her hand and touched him on the arm. "Father!" she exclaimed.

Craig gazed at them steadily. The color that had come tumbling into his face at the affront was gone now and he was white.



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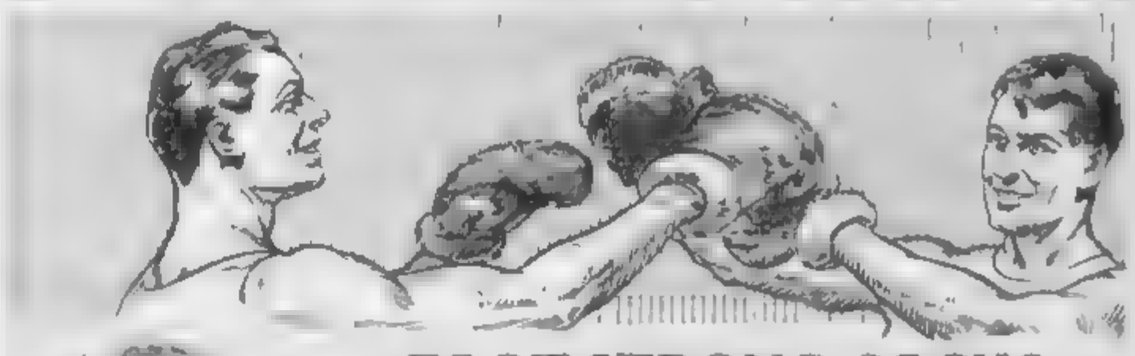

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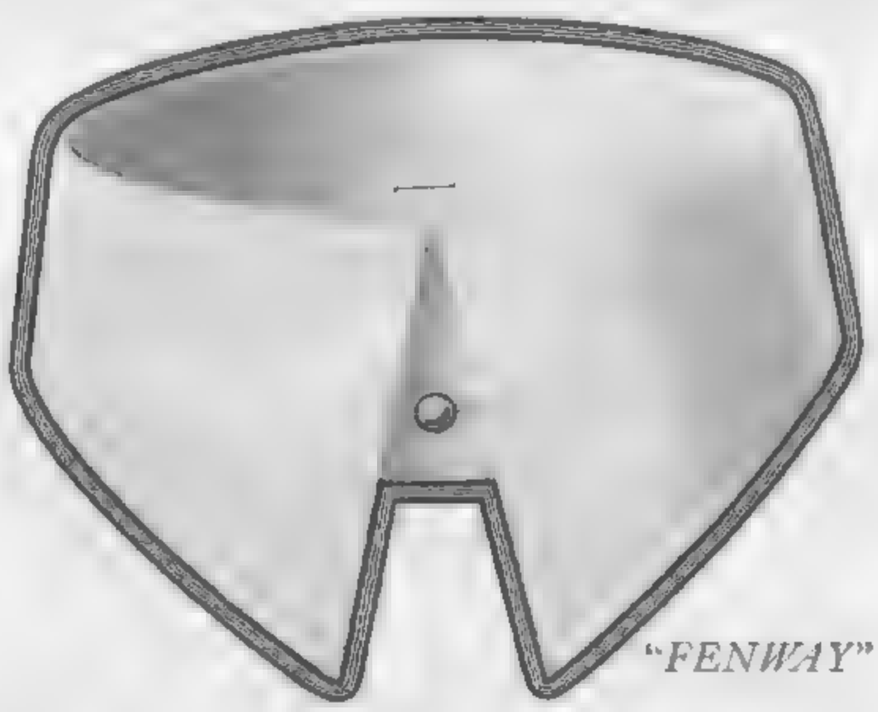

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"I beg your pardon," he said slowly. "You mean you know who I am, don't you, but don't care to know any more?"

"Suit yourself, young man!" Adair grunted, and at the curt briskness of the speech his daughter again swiftly touched him on the arm. Adair's face softened a little.

"All right, all right, Mary!" he grumbled: but he had no sooner said it than he favored Craig with another frank, unaffected scowl. "Now if you've finished, my friend," he began, "I'll be ——"

Craig did not let him end. "Don't be afraid, Mr. Adair," he broke in, smiling though he was white; "I won't try to force myself upon you! All I ask of you is a little information, nothing else, I assure you!" Then he stared sharply at him. "What do you know about my father?"

Adair, at the question, wrung his brows together, and he stared at Craig with a sudden sharp intentness. Then a grin, sour and disdainful—a sneer in fact—spread upon his face. "Dead, ain't he?" he grunted.

"Yes, he's dead," Craig answered quietly, though he wondered where and how Adair had heard.

"Well," growled Adair, "why ask me about him? He was your father, wasn't he? I don't know a thing about the man!" he grunted, and again his daughter caught her breath. "Can't tell you a word about your father!"

It was, Craig knew, manifestly untrue.

"Do you mean you can't—or won't?" he inquired; and again Adair flung an angry scowl at him. Craig, however, stood his ground. "Which is it, Mr. Adair?" he asked quietly, as courteously as he could; and Adair glanced at his daughter. His look was veiled, and that it conveyed a message Craig was sure. Miss Adair was listening breathlessly.

"Why do you want to know?" demanded Adair, and there was in the question something more than the mere inquiry conveyed. "Hunh?" he grunted.

"I'll tell you why," retorted Craig; "it's because I mean to find out what happened to my father—either what he did or what others did to him. What's more, Mr. Adair, I mean to find out, no matter what the result! Is that clear?" he inquired tartly, his jaw set.

A new expression dawned briefly in Adair's grim, resolute eyes. He looked a good deal astonished.

"What's that?" he exclaimed sharply, both his tone and manner incredulous. "Do you mean to say you don't know?" It was exactly what Craig meant. He knew nothing; and at this Adair drew in his breath sharply, then glanced again at his daughter.

"Look here!" he growled suddenly; "if you're telling the truth let me ask you something! Suppose no one's willing to tell you about your father, what'll you do about it then?"

"What shall I do?" returned Craig, and he shrugged. "Why, stick to it till I find out!"

At the answer a smile, amused and a little sardonic, passed over Adair's face. "Young man," he asked almost amusedly, "have you any money?"

Craig colored to the hair.

"No. Why?" he replied as bruskly.

The answer came with a growl.

"Then take my advice, d'ye hear! If you have no money you'd better steer clear of New York!"

It was more than advice though. In its tone of half-veiled, grim significance it came pretty close to being a threat. A pause followed; and during it Craig again saw Mary Adair glance at her father in remonstrance. But Adair gave no heed. "I'll say one thing more, Mr. Craig, and it's for your own good too! Let the past alone! There are a few persons in New York, all of them powerful, that may not care to have you browsing round digging up ancient history! Now is that plain? You'll get yourself into trouble, Mr. Craig, unless you have a care! Speaking plainly," added Adair, his tone as grim as his face, "in New York they know all about you, young man! Go slow or you may regret it! There are men in New York that will not stand for any nonsense!"

Craig, white and quivering, gazed at him mockingly. "You mean Freest, don't you?" he drawled.

Adair at the name looked blank.

"Freest? Freest?" he repeated. "Never heard of him!"

Craig tried again.

"Gawtry then—how about Gawtry?" he inquired; and there he struck fire at last.

A tide of color swept tumultuously into Adair's face, and his brows bristled. "I see!" he exclaimed. "I see! You've been after him, too, have you?"

Craig shook his head.

"No; I've never seen him," he said.

"If you haven't how did you hear of him?" rumbled Adair; and then without waiting for the answer he shook his finger at Craig.

"Young man, you'd better take my advice!" he growled in his thick, minatory voice. "Keep out of New York, I tell you, if you mean to stir up trouble! Do you hear, you'd better keep out of New York!"

But Craig now was in no mood to take advice, much less when it was hurled at him as a threat.

"Why? What makes you think so?" he inquired. Then he smiled. "Are you afraid I'll go the way that Tevis went?"

It ended there!

Craig for an instant saw Adair turn white to the lips, then purple fiercely, after which the man raised his fist as if to strike him. Before the blow could fall his daughter interposed. "Go!" she said swiftly. "You'd better go, Mr. Craig!" Her father, with his hand still raised, was breathing thickly, and Craig tried to speak. "No, no, don't say anything more!" cried Miss Adair; "you don't know what you've done!" Then she put her hand against Craig's arm as if to make him go. "Please!" she begged, white but smiling queerly. "I'm sorry! Sorry! Go! Good night!" she said; and Craig turned away.

Alone in his cabin a few minutes later Craig turned up the light and, closing the door, sat down on his berth to think.

His house of cards had fallen! Or, like a castle in the air blown on by a wind, his hopes, his fine-laid plans had vanished into vapor. In New York, at any rate, far from having the friends, the welcome he had pictured, he would land worse off and lonelier than the loneliest of strangers.

Adair's meaning had been unmistakable. Like his father, Craig was not wanted in New York!

However, the situation was not without its humor; and with a grin he recalled Poultney's little whim—the pleasant hope that Craig would soon come into his kingdom. The domain, it appeared, had already dwindled visibly; and turning out his pockets Craig took stock of his possessions. Then he whistled. He would land in New York with exactly sixteen dollars in the world!

Needless to say, it dawned on him that in plunging headlong into the affair he had been what he might call impulsive; and a little bored he counted his fortune again.

There was no mistake. It was sixteen dollars just—that is to say, sixteen, no more, no less, if he counted in a battered sixpence, a dozen copper sous and an Italian three-franc piece that had a hole in it.

But he was in for it now, no matter what, and concluding that he'd better eat while he could—not starve until he had to, Craig stuffed the money into his pockets and scuttled to the dining room. There, to his own satisfaction and the no small admiration of the steward, he tucked away a good, sound meal. Then he went on deck again.

The Adairs, with Willie Hemingway, were still there. Hemingway cut him dead, but Adair paid him the compliment of another savage scowl. As for the daughter, she did not seem to see him at all, and smiling to himself Craig passed on. At ten o'clock he turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

The day after the Adairs kept their distance. It was so the next day, too, the day following that and other days in succession.

Then the unexpected happened!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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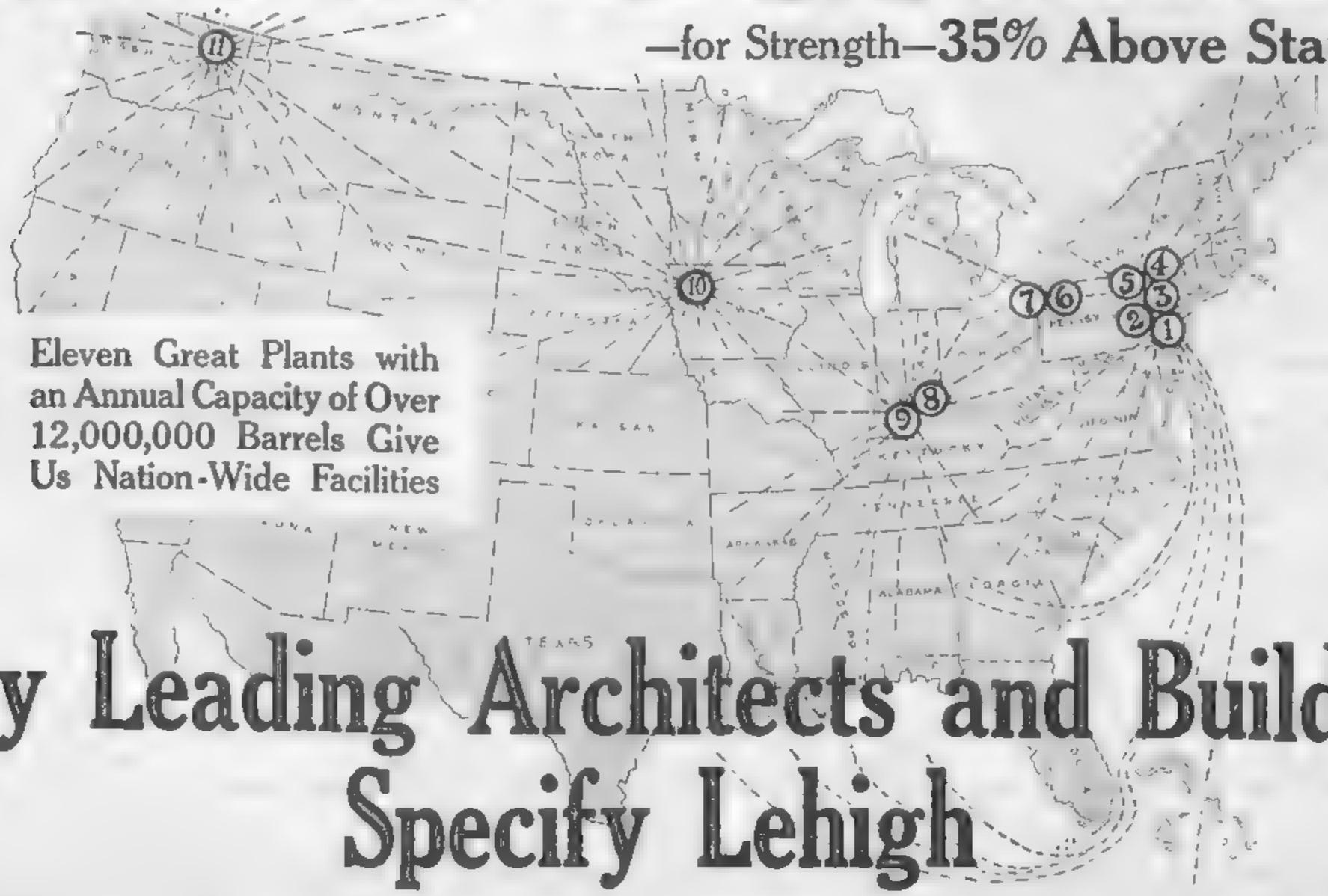

Eleven Great Plants with an Annual Capacity of Over 12,000,000 Barrels Give Us Nation-Wide Facilities

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THE word "Portland" is but a name—not a brand or a standard for cement quality. The name Portland for cement was taken because of its similarity to a famous stone of that name in England. The United States Government, the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Society for Testing Materials have established the authentic standard by which all cement products are judged, but there is another standard that is higher still—it is *our own—The Lehigh Standard*.

Lehigh Cement The Achievement of An Ideal

To create an enduring cement was the absolute aim of years of ceaseless labor on our part.

Lehigh Portland Cement is the result. It is the achievement of concerted Lehigh organization effort—our ideal reached through the carefully thought out, proven Lehigh Process.

This process has justified our expectations. It has given Lehigh a superior quality that thousands of builders have recognized. It is the power behind the "many reasons why" leading architects and builders specify Lehigh Cement.

It is this ideal and its realization that has built this great national cement business. In 14 years our capacity has multiplied 600 times—an increase from 20,000 barrels in 1898 to 12,000,000 barrels in 1912.

Lehigh—for Strength—35% Above Standard

The real test of a cement is the strain or weight it will sustain—its tensile strength.

For years we labored to imbue Lehigh Portland Cement with the highest tensile strength—the power vitally essential for stability, durability and permanence. We found it. The secret is *ours*. The result *yours*.

Lehigh Cement averaged last year 35% above the standard set for tensile strength for all cements by the U. S. Government, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Society for Testing Materials. This means Lehigh Quality is even greater than what these authorities demand of a cement.

This average is for the entire chain of eleven Lehigh mills. This is one of the fundamental reasons why Lehigh Cement has been selected for some of the largest constructional undertakings in this country. Engineers and architects were convinced that this cement offered a tensile strength that would make their buildings century-lasting. They knew that the power was found equally in every bag of Lehigh because of implicit faith in Lehigh brains, Lehigh process, Lehigh organization.

Lehigh Always Uniform In Color

This is another triumph of the Lehigh Process—another justification of our ceaseless efforts to make a perfect cement.

Lehigh's uniformity of color is in no way accidental. It is due to the infinite care with which our materials are selected, the scientific method of mixing the raw substances and to the ever-watchful eyes of Lehigh experts.

When you build with Lehigh you can be certain that every part of your structure covered by it will be exactly the same delicate, inimitable, Lehigh tint. This is one more important reason why architects and builders specify Lehigh Cement.

Lehigh Organization A Unit of Many Skilled Brains

The Lehigh Portland Cement Company is one institution at the head of which stand the founders. The men who set the ideals to which Lehigh has attained still labor in perfecting, even to a greater degree, the Lehigh organization. They have gathered around them many noted cement experts—imbued them with their spirit—and today stand behind them in their work. Lehigh organization is many brains, acting as one to make the best cement and to give the widest service to users.

Nation-Wide Facilities Guarantee Quick Delivery

Eleven Lehigh mills, turning out 12,000,000 barrels of cement annually, located at strategic points on 17 great railroad lines, give us unsurpassed facilities for supplying every demand. Our perfect organization, our large forces of men, and our past experience with delivery problems, make it possible to fill and ship any order the day it is received.

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The vast and expert organization of our company is at your disposal. If you contemplate building, write us today. Tell us all about your building plans. Our engineering department will gladly assist you.

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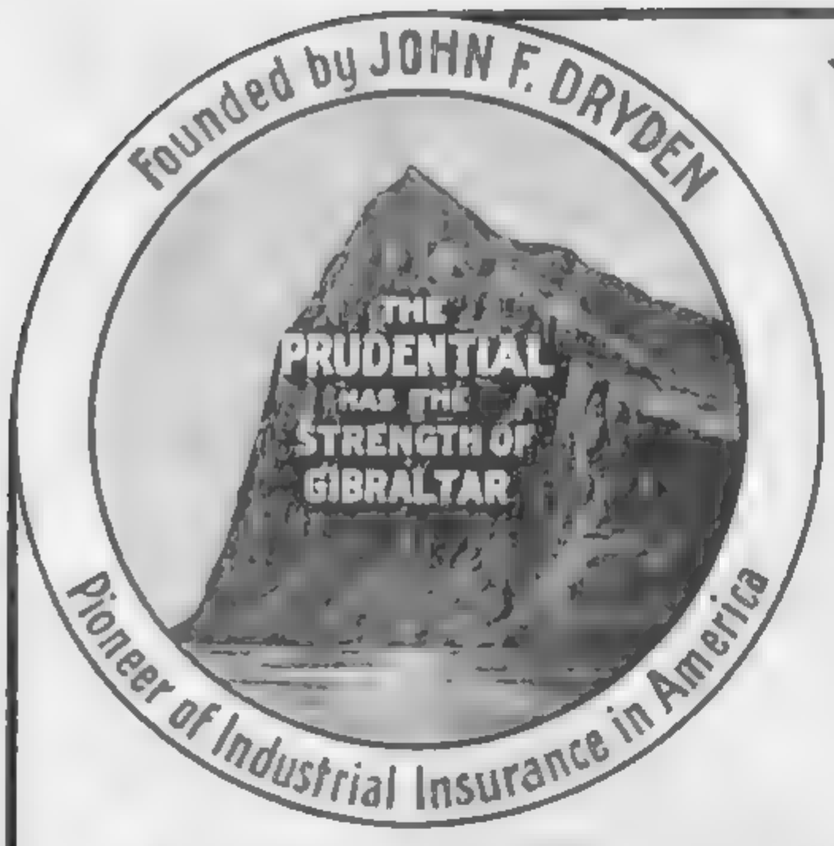

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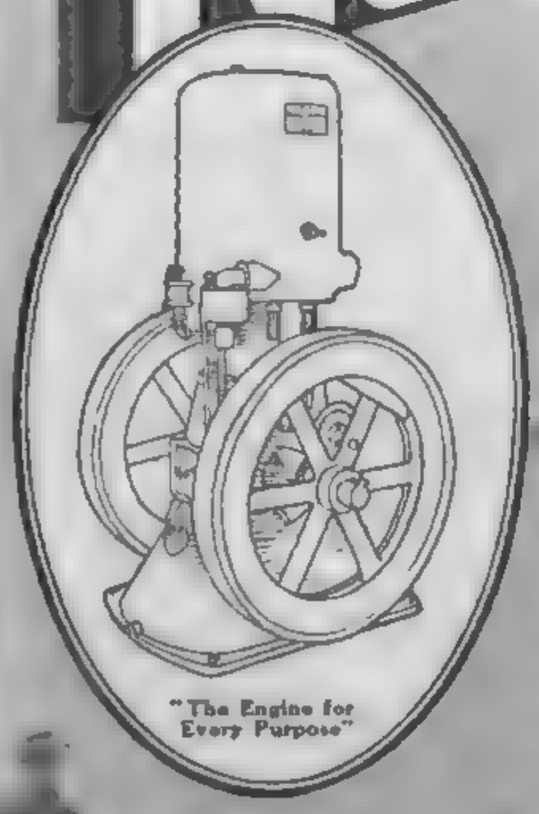

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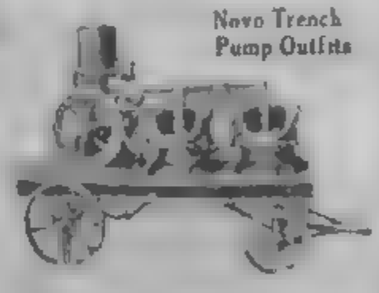

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NOVO ENGINE COMPANY, 242 Willow St., Lansing, Mich.

[illegible] MENT, Secretary and General Manager

BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 24)

fussy, inexpensive honorary chairmanships that buttressed his distinguished position in the community. His ideal was to be a philanthropist at not more than three thousand a year net, while keeping as much of his capital as possible employed at about twelve per cent. He needed the private bank not only because it gave him a considerable amount of deposits to handle, but because it could do attaching, foreclosing, evicting, and so on, in an impersonal sort of way. He had long realized, however, that his position made him peculiarly dependent upon the integrity of his chief employees. He never read in the newspaper of the defalcation of a trusted bank officer without a painful little sinking of the heart. He could not eat any dinner the day he learned that Cashier Judson had bought a fine automobile. When Mrs. Wilson, wife of the assistant cashier, appeared at his daughter's dance in an extremely pretty dress the garment so fascinated him that he made Mrs. Wilson nervous by staring at her.

Being somewhat disconcerted by the direct attack, Steve replied half at random with a very grave face:

"Well, it's just as I told you. There's a leak down there. Some people are taking money out of the bank whenever they want to. I don't say I ain't one of those people myself. I've had poor luck here, Mr. Skellenger. I've been mighty hard up. At the same time I'm a young man. I ought to have a future ahead of me."

"You'll never succeed by crooked ways, Bensinger, never!" said Mr. Skellenger very earnestly. "You're sure to be caught."

"Well, I don't know's there's much danger of that now," Steve replied. "Of course I realize it's bound to come sometime. Things like that can't run on forever. There's bound to be a big smash in time; but it ain't exactly that, Mr. Skellenger. I'm a young man. I want to get started in a straight business."

"Something," Mr. Skellenger urged with an impressive nod, "that you can build on for the future; something you can go to sleep on without the fear of a warrant in the morning."

"That's it," Steve admitted gloomily; "something I can build on for the future. Still—why, I don't know's it's my business to say anything. Everybody hates a man that squeals. But the fact is, Mr. Skellenger, the bank has never treated me just right. You see I borrowed money from Judson to buy peaches, and the railroad held up the peaches until they rotted. That wasn't my fault. Then Judson grabbed my bank balance, you know. He refused to pay checks that I'd given to farmers here for stuff they'd shipped through me. Naturally when the farmers didn't get the money on checks I'd given 'em they said I was a crook. That put me in mighty bad! It ruined my reputation so I could hardly go back into business again."

"Judson shouldn't have done it," said Mr. Skellenger promptly—though he had harshly criticised the cashier for not grabbing Steve's bank balance sooner.

"They've got a judgment for twenty-five hundred dollars hanging over my head right now," Steve continued gloomily. "That ties me up hand and foot!"

"That indebtedness," said the millionaire, "can be extended indefinitely—two or three years if you want."

"Well, you see how it was," Steve continued: "no money, my reputation ruined and that judgment hanging over me! It looked as though I wasn't going to have a show to make an honest living."

"I don't blame a young man for yielding to temptation, Bensinger," replied the millionaire firmly—"provided, when he sees the error of his ways, he turns his back on them and does the right thing."

Steve pondered gravely a moment and observed:

"I've got a little business in mind right now—a little manufacturing business. It's a sure winner. If I had three or four thousand dollars I'd go into it tomorrow, and I know I could pay the money back inside of a year!" He pondered again. "Of course I could raise the money in a little while; but the way it looks to me now, Mr. Skellenger, if I was to raise that money in a crooked way I'd never know what was going to happen to me. My business, as you might say, would be founded on the sand," he added with an extreme burst of rhetoric.

"Founded on the sand," Mr. Skellenger echoed with a solemn nod. "You bring your proposition to me, Bensinger, and if it really has merit and promise I'll furnish you the capital." He made the proposal quite cheerfully, for that was quite in his line.

Mentally Steve added: "And freeze me out inside of a year!" Aloud he said:

"If you'll extend that twenty-five hundred I owe the bank for a year, say, and lend me four thousand for a couple of years at eight per cent—well, I'll make it worth your while, Mr. Skellenger."

"I'll extend the twenty-five hundred for a year right now. Just give me your note due in twelve months," Mr. Skellenger replied—also quite cheerfully, for he had regarded the twenty-five hundred as a dead loss.

Once more Steve lapsed into deep thought. As a matter of fact, at each pondering interval he was trying with all his might to think up some definite hint that would still further whet Mr. Skellenger's curiosity. He gravely pulled a pad of blank paper toward him, took up a lead-pencil and stared at the paper as though he contemplated writing something momentous—meanwhile anxiously repeating to himself: "How in thunder can I string him along now?" Drive his brain as he might, he could get no answer. He dropped the pencil and leaned back in the chair gloomily.

"I gotta think this over, Mr. Skellenger," he said. "It's a mighty serious thing. I gotta think it over."

"Suppose I advanced you a thousand right now?" Mr. Skellenger suggested softly. "I can get in some expert accountants and trace down any irregularity there may be, you know," he added.

"Expert accountants can't trace forgery," Steve replied. "They wouldn't know whether the signatures round here were genuine or not. You can't trace that without the clew unless you wind up the bank or give the whole thing away." He happened to remember on the spur of the moment the case of a bank that was looted by forgeries extending over many years, which the examiners had failed to detect. The answer had popped into his head on the spur of the moment; but an instant later he straightened up in the chair, regarding Mr. Skellenger with round, bright eyes, like a man who had suddenly come to a resolution.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Skellenger," he said decisively. "I'll give you my note right now for four thousand dollars, due in two years at eight per cent, and I'll be back here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. You have four thousand dollars in currency here. I don't care to have this thing traced back to me through any checks, for I don't care to be poisoned. You have four thousand dollars in currency here, and if you're satisfied after I talk to you you hand it over to me. Don't forget, either, that my note for four thousand dollars is going to be good as gold long before the end of two years."

"I'll be here, and so will the cash," said Mr. Skellenger. He did not lack physical courage—and there was a large, old-fashioned powder-and-ball revolver in the drawer on his side of the table.

Steve drove home rapidly, his mind in a pleasant excitement. Directly after supper he went down the road to Jeb Miller's. He hated to do it and was really ashamed of himself, for Jeb Miller had always been his good friend; but his need was most urgent and he assured himself that he would make it up to Jeb many fold in the future. Jeb was in the sitting room, with his boots off, reposing after a hard day's work and a hearty meal; but when Steve tipped him a portentous wink, with a significant jerk of the head, he came out on the porch.

"Jeb, you know that big chestnut mare of Wes Prothroe's—a match for your horse," said Steve under his breath. "Well, sir, if you'll just leave it to me I believe I can get that mare for you for two hundred and twenty-five dollars spot cash."

"You don't say, Steve! You don't say!" Jeb replied excitedly. "Why, by gum, I been fairly hankerin' for that mare. Say, Steve, I offered Wes two-fifty for her not more'n a month ago."

"I know all that," Steve replied mysteriously—as, indeed, he did; "but you just leave it to me now. Don't say a word!

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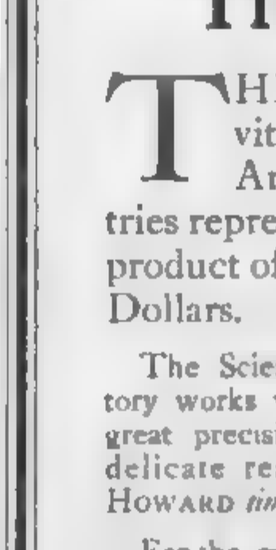

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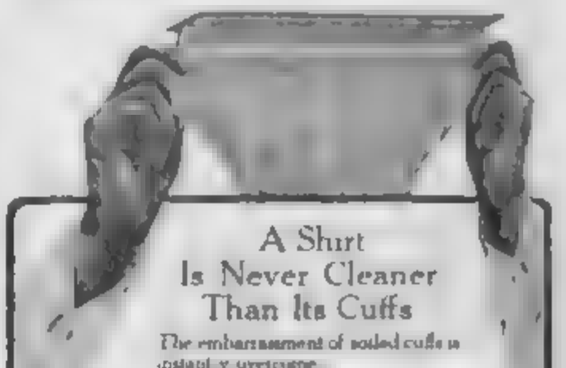

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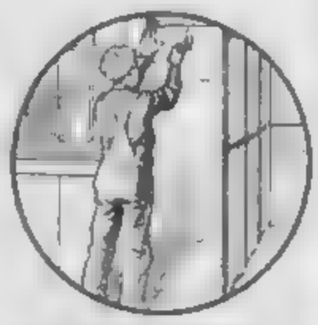

Anyone can put it up

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And, see here, Jeb, if I get you the mare for two-twenty-five will you lend me twenty dollars for a week?"

"Why I'll lend you twenty dollars anyhow, Steve," said Jeb.

"Well, you come to town in the morning and get the money," Bensinger replied. "I want you to have the cash right in your jeans. Then we'll see what happens."

In the morning Steve and Jeb drove to town. At Skellenger's Bank Mr. Miller spoke a few words to Cashier Judson, who promptly made out a note for two hundred and fifty dollars, payable in sixty days, to which Jeb laboriously affixed his signature at the customer's desk, Steve standing at his elbow. Being discounted, the note yielded two hundred and forty-five dollars and some pennies. Jeb handed Steve a twenty-dollar bill and put the remainder in his pocket.

"I'll fetch you Wes and the mare or give you back this twenty before night," said Steve as they parted. It was then ten o'clock and Steve mounted the stairs to Mr. Skellenger's office.

"Have you got one of the bank's blank notes up here?" Steve inquired.

Mr. Skellenger produced one. Under his eyes Steve filled it out for two hundred and fifty dollars, payable in sixty days; also under his eyes he affixed the name of J. H. Miller to it, making only a little effort to imitate Jeb's crabbed signature.

"Now wait here five minutes," said Steve, and went downstairs with the note. In the bank he changed Jeb's twenty-dollar bill into a ten and ten ones, which he rolled with the ten outside. Returning to Mr. Skellenger's office, he exhibited the roll.

The millionaire's mottled complexion had turned to a tallowy yellow marked by light brownish patches.

"Judson discounted that forged note for you?" he whispered.

"Mr. Skellenger," Steve replied under his breath, "there's paper down there in your bank that ain't worth any more than that." He pointed to a pad of memorandum paper, which might have been worth five cents. "I can show you just where it is and just where the leak is. Now you might send your stenographer downstairs—if you can trust her not to rouse suspicion—to see whether that note I showed you has actually been discounted."

Mr. Skellenger pressed a button for the young lady and gave her some whispered instructions. The two men waited silently until she returned from the bank and whispered to Mr. Skellenger that a note for two hundred and fifty dollars, signed J. H. Miller, had just been discounted down there. Steve could see that the millionaire turned paler; and following the young lady to the door, Mr. Skellenger slipped the bolt.

Returning silently to the table, Mr. Skellenger unlocked a drawer in it, his hand trembling slightly, and took out four neat, crisp packages of banknotes, which he laid upon the edge of the table, standing over them and looking Steve hard in the eye.

Steve hesitated a moment, eying the banknotes across the table. He would really have liked to count them, but he judged it best not to press the point.

"All right," he said firmly. "You're never to tell a human being where this information came from. You won't need any testimony from me, because you'll find all the evidence you need right in the bank."

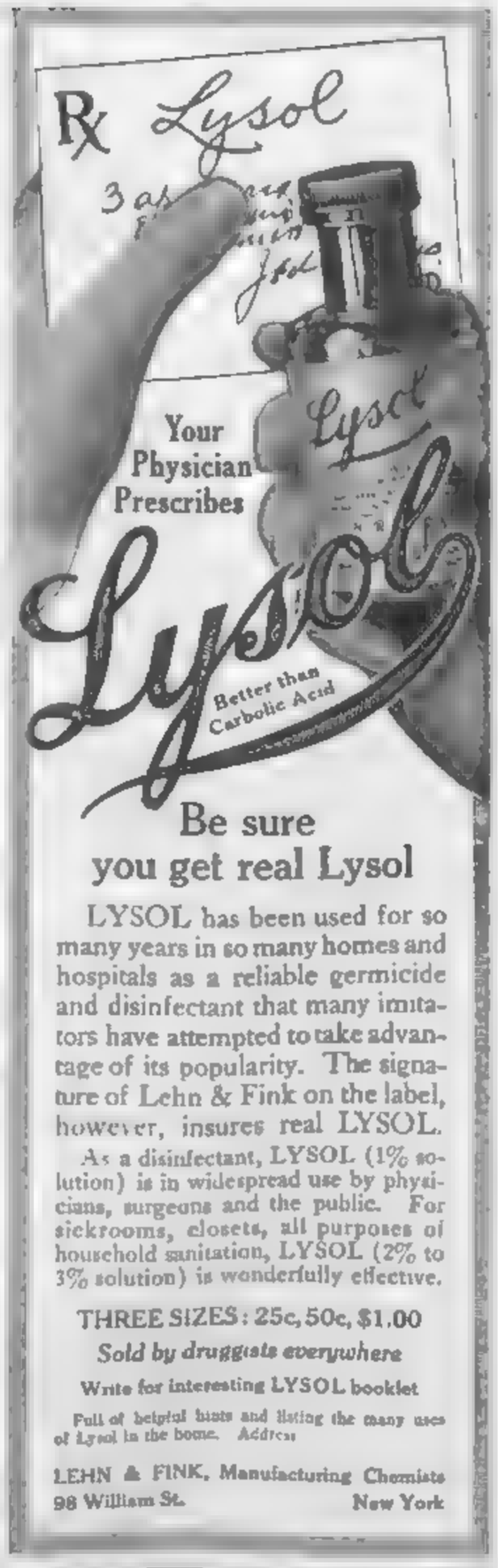
Mr. Skellenger nodded. Steve drew up the pad of paper, took a pencil and wrote carefully upon several sheets. He then leaned back in the chair and read over what he had written, folded the sheets and slipped them into a large envelope he had noticed some minutes before. He rose and the two men eyed each other across the table. It was Mr. Skellenger's turn to hesitate a moment; but he pushed the banknotes forward. Steve gathered them in his capacious right hand and laid down the envelope.

"Remember, not a word to a soul!" he said warningly, and strode rapidly to the door, slipped the bolt and passed out.

Mr. Skellenger tore the sheets from the envelope and spread them out. The first two sheets contained names that were well known to him, with amounts opposite each name. The next two sheets were mere nonsensical scribbling. The fifth sheet contained this:

"The leak is in the right-hand tap in the lavatory—it drips all the time! The worthless paper is in the waste-basket!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fifth will appear in an early number.



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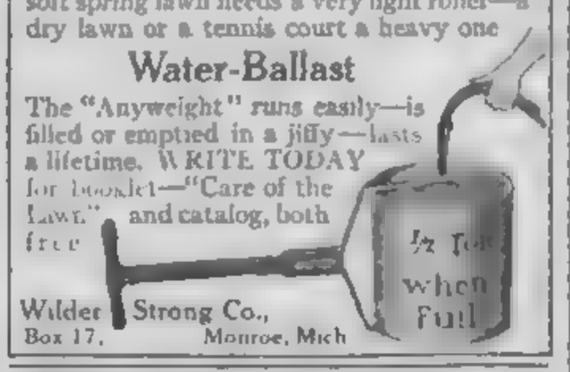

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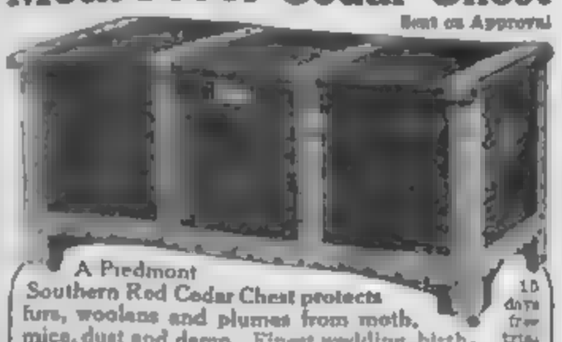

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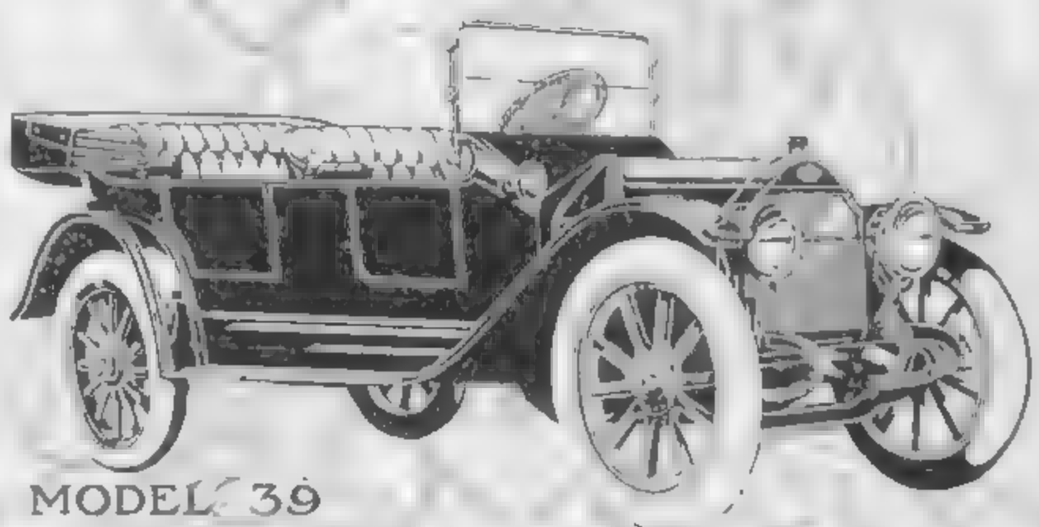

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NAPOLEON said that a throne consisted merely of a few boards covered with velvet.

By the same token there are automobiles throne-like more or less; but it has never been said of ours.

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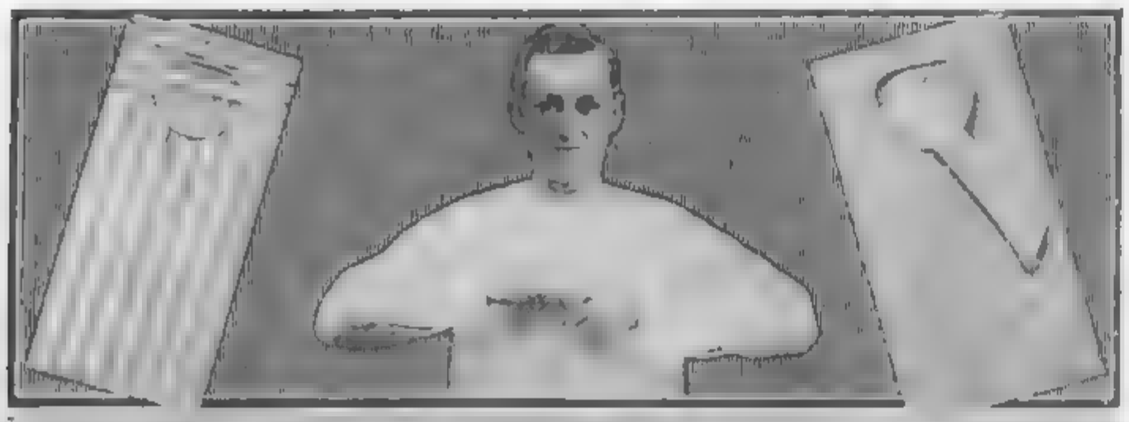

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Ask your dealer for the GEM and compare it with any other make he may have in stock, irrespective of price.

HIS LAST JOB

(Continued from Page 13)

over two chairs, lay fast asleep. His big mouth was wide open, as if sleep had checked an exclamation he was struggling still to utter. His large, hairy hands hung limp at his sides like the hands of a paralytic.

Punk shook his head deprecatingly. "Oh, dem fly cops!" he muttered, draining a glass, half full of ale, that stood on the table beside two empty glasses and devouring what was left of a plateful of cheese and crackers. The fires of life, being replenished, warmed and cheered him. He tiptoed across the room, braced a chair against the door that gave on the bar, and for a second stood at gaze, contemplating Tunnison, amiably as a skilled surgeon the anesthetized patient upon whom, speculating the while on his fee, he is about to operate.

Then, paying homage to the value of time, Punk's fingers flew with the precision of shuttles in worn grooves, bent back the pin that hooked Tunnison's star to his vest and slipped that badge of authority into his own pocket. He had visited humiliation on his enemy; he had robbed him of his title, stripped him of his rank; but just now he had other work to do besides indulging in luxury sated by opportunity beyond the dreams of vengeance. His trained fingers dipped into Tunnison's inside pocket and drew forth a ticket on the Santa Fe for El Paso, a timetable and a long sealed envelope, officially pretentious. Impatiently he tore it open. Spelling his way laboriously through a labyrinth of fine print, he was able to sense that those in authority in El Paso were called upon to deliver the body of Howard Woolson to the bearer on demand.

"Dem's de extree edition papers Howie was talkin' about!" Punk grinned rapturously, making a face at an imaginary Billy Eric, thus overthrown in argument by the indisputable facts in the case.

However, his was not the sort of mind content to regard any one thing as an isolated and in itself all-sufficient phenomenon unattached to other phenomena of equal importance. Accordingly he glanced down the serried figures of the page where the timetable was folded. A blue pencil had picked out for especial observation the statement that a train would leave from the Polk Street Station for El Paso at exactly eleven-twenty.

In his hurry he had forgotten to look at the clock as he scampered through the saloon, and his idea as to the exact time was rather too nebulous to form thereon any reliable computation; but never can circumstance shut all doors at once in the face of the resourceful. Tunnison's watch was too obvious to be disregarded. Drawing it from the pocket of its owner he opened it and consulted its dial. When the minute hand had passed twelve divisions it would catch up with the hour hand at the XI.

Undisturbed by the detective's deep-drawn inhalations and exhalations, he became immersed in the exercise of translating distances and possible performances in terms of time. A smile on his pallid, freckled face showed that all went to the satisfaction of his mind. Indeed, he would have a few seconds to spare. He put them to profitable use by making a final exploration of Tunnison's darkest pockets. It netted him a leadpencil, a handful of cigars, a notebook, and ninety-five dollars and a half in cash.

"Graftin' is gettin' ripe again!" he thought cynically, forgetting that travel when undertaken in behalf of the public necessitated expenditures.

Roughly speaking, there was now a balance due him from Tunnison of $4903.50; but to rouse him from his slumber in order to dun him for the amount would be the sheerest folly. He decided to leave the collection of another partial payment to the future and depart by the alley door of the family entrance, when an idea captured and thrilled him by its audacity. In the realm of ideas, as in life and love, natural selection favors the bold.

He dropped on his knees at Tunnison's side and began to unlace the detective's shoes as rapidly as if, in the universal division of labor, the trade of unlacing shoes had fallen to his lot.

A moment later, grimacing at the red woolen socks of his sleeping and stripped victim, Punk stood with his back to the alley door, Tunnison's freshly polished shoes in his hand. He had bound his enemy by the foot more effectually than with shackles. He had imprisoned him in that

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room more securely than with bolts and bars. Far beyond that he had visited on him a final abasement. With Punk for its happy instrument, humiliation had spoken the last word and, in so far as Tunnison was concerned, might be content to hold its peace forever afterward.

Yet the instrument was not satisfied. Of what good was vengeance if the sufferer therefrom knew not who had inflicted it. It was a masterpiece, but it was unsigned! And he was on the point of scrawling "Punk!" with Tunnison's own pencil on the smooth surface of the pine table when the detective woke, rubbed his bleary eyes and, sitting bolt upright, gazed at the imp with a bewildered expression so humorous in its intensity that Punk gave a hysterical shriek of laughter and slammed the door behind him. Spurting up the alley, he threw Tunnison's shoes over a high fence into the back yard of a tenement. An oath that shattered the silence like the roar of a steam calliope overtook him, and he knew that Tunnison's red socks stupidly had essayed the frozen ruts of the alley.

Winded by laughter, he ended his flight and obtruded his presence on Blue Island Avenue with a previousness that might have been dangerous if his would-be pursuer had not been deprived of his shoes. The thought of the responsibility he still owed to Howard sobered him. Anna Hanson's lodgings lay only one block to the south.

A light burned in the flat over the grocery when his near-set eyes widened to take a quick inventory of the premises. The room might be Anna's—and it might not. Anyhow, determining that it was wiser to disturb those who were awake than to wake those who slept, he climbed the creaking stairs two at a jump and knocked with the authority of proprietorship on the panels of the door.

Anna, obeying the imperious summons, gazed through eyes red and swollen from weeping at this juvenile intruder, who was no respecter of the hours.

"Well?" she asked sharply, resenting his prying orbs.

"Howard sent me—Howard Woolson!" his ever-ready tongue, more ready than ever, explained. "Ye're to put a move on yer, pack up and meet him at de Polk Street Depot, to take de eleven-twenty for El Paso. Here's yer ticket!"

Her deep, dark eyes, clearing, became mirrors for her wonder; but, before she could put one of the questions he surmised would be forthcoming and which he wished to avoid, he slid toward the staircase.

"Wait a minute!" she called as she went to her purse and took a quarter from its scant hoard.

"Thanks!" he said, grinning his refusal. "Howard paid me. I could have had more dan dat if I wanted."

His cryptic remark left her sorely puzzled. Afterward, when she slipped her purse into the pocket of her skirt, she sighed deeply. Pity on pity that one so young could be so corrupt!

Meanwhile Punk's slender legs were swiftly leaving their previous records and vast stretches of Taylor Street far behind as he raced westward. He was carried and wafted along by the clash of his unconquerable will with the wills of Tunnison and Billy Erie; and the din of that battle made the martial music that spurred him on faster and faster to the rescue of Howard. His first wind failed him and left him panting like a spent hound; but indomitably he struggled for his second wind and, gaining it, spared the supply no more than an unreckoning engine its fuel.

Finally he recognized the furniture factory in the distance by the deep mass of forbidding black its squat buildings threw against the softer, star-illumined sky. And this dense mass of gloomy black was pierced at rare intervals by electric arc-lamps that seemed to the remote Punk to hang tremulously in midair, like the silver balls of a skyrocket about to burst and scatter aloft a riot of molten colors. The play of his fancy pleased him for a moment, but he checked it with a tight rein and sent it sprawling the moment his eyes caught sight of a man's figure moving cautiously near the mouth of the alley across the way from the factory.

It was Howard, anticipating the arrival of Billy Erie, who was doubtlessly waiting in some obscure shelter near by for the deferred signal from Tunnison, the unshod, to commence operations.

"Howie! Oh, Howie!" called Punk, cutting a diagonal in the direction Howard had taken when he vanished.

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When you say that to your dealer you'll see him smile, for he'll know there's another member in the "Sure-Shot Club"—another customer for him who knows good ammunition. Oh! they are all joining, for one by one they are giving THE BLACK SHELLS a trial and are learning for themselves what these better shells will do for their scores.

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There are *three* classes of THE BLACK SHELLS:

ROMAX a black powder shell with 5/16 inch base

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has one-half-inch base

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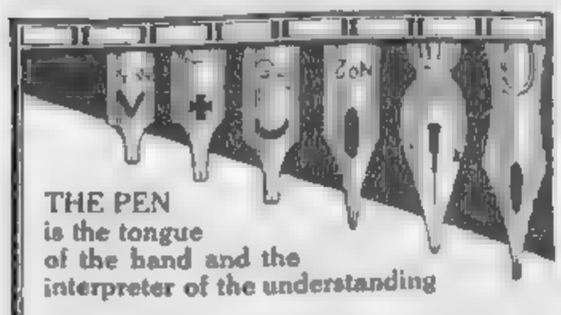

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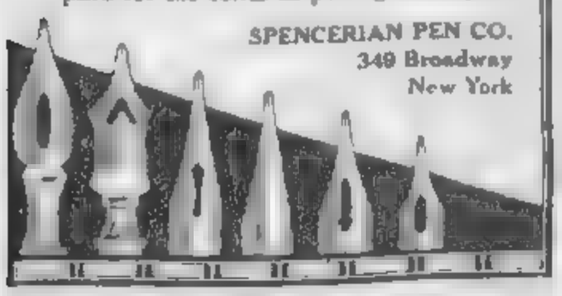

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to protect you from the sun and glare of passers-by yet you can see out readily and get lots of light and air. The light strong wooden strips are lock-stitched with heavy seine twine and last for years. They are stained (not painted nor dipped) and will not discolor.

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We make the famous Vudor Hammocks with reinforced centers and special end cords.

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This trial tube is exact size of the one we will send you for 4 cts. in stamps.

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"Porosknit" Underwear—and it bears the label shown here and has the Chalmers Guarantee Bond, as shown at bottom of page, a bond with every garment.

Do not be misled into accepting underwear that merely *looks something like* "Porosknit." It isn't.

"Porosknit" is properly made; built to be comfortable and with the quality to wear. That's why it can be and is guaranteed—satisfactory or money back.

Light, cool, durable, soft, absorbent, elastic, shape-retaining and perfect fitting. Try the Chalmers "Porosknit"

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If, in your opinion, the garment, labeled as below

CHALMERS Porosknit GUARANTEED

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

The guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

Union Suit

with closed crotch but no bulging flaps and which stays buttoned (no gaping). Fits right at waist.

For Men **$1.00** Any Style Union Suits For Boys **50c**

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Write for Illustrated Style Booklet

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Buy some suits from your Dealer

There was a patter of shoes on the frozen mud of the alley and Howard emerged on the border of a zone of light over which an arc-lamp reigned.

"You, Punk! You! You little devil! What are you shadowing me for?"

Punk, retreating a step, panted:

"Hold on, Howie! Listen! Billy Eric, the dawg, is stoolin' on you fer Tunnison! I seen 'em together! Only fer me he'd pinch or croak you sure!"

The balled fist opened; the arm relaxed. Howard's face clouded murderously, and Punk, misinterpreting the nature of the storm that brewed behind that black cloud, poured forth in a tumult all he had seen, heard and done since the Chicago Wonder had parted company with the last of many prodigal dimes. The documents he exhibited in evidence while glibly arguing his case struck doubt weaponless, and Howard, overcome by wonder, clung to the one poor phrase of which astonishment had not bereft his wits:

"Punk, how can I ever pay you back for all this? How can I pay you back?"

"You gave me yer last dime; so cut out all dat bunk, ketch a short and make dat eleven-twenty on de Santa Fe!" he ordered, assuming command until such time as change of fortunes should readjust ranks.

"But ——" Howard began.

"Dere ain't no buts!" Punk interrupted as he slipped into Howard's unwilling and protesting hand the lion's share of the wealth purloined from Tunnison, and counseled sternly: "Ye're got yer chancet at last, Howie. It's up to you to quit travelin' de rocky road and make a man o' yerself!"

The Polk Street Depot was a Lilliputian affair to the triumphant Punk, who, in easy reach of its shadows, skipped an imaginary rope and flapped his arms across his chest to keep the current of his blood in motion. Jubilant, the pyramids would have measured small beside his marvelous accomplishments. Howard, the papers for his own extradition in his pocket, and his Anna were settled comfortably in one of the coaches of the long train that in seven more minutes would roll out of the damp, steaming shed toward that land of happiness for which he, Punk the Great, had furnished the passage.

Though in his arrogance he conceived himself to be a master of space and all that went on in it, still he was obliged to admit that he was but the humble slave of time; for the slow-moving hands of Tunnison's watch refused to quicken their pace at his saucy behest, and Punk had a hunch that the manhunter would put in his appearance before the seven minutes elapsed. Indeed, such was his overweening confidence that he would be able to outwit him again that the lad's one worry was lest the detective fail to appear, and so deprive him of a final feather for a cap already too large to fit any head but his own.

Another minute passed. Punk scowled darkly. Another! He cursed with fatal volubility. But it was not in the nature of the heart of things to subtract from the completion of his triumph that night. A taxicab drove up to the edge of the curb. Concealing himself behind the door of it, he jerked it open. Tunnison dismounted.

"Say, Tunny," Punk squawked as he sent the door quivering with a bang into its frame, "does them barkeep's shoes hurt yer feet?" He walked backward, with grotesque gestures and mocking grace.

"You!" roared Tunnison, his face purpling. "You! I'll wring your neck if they hang me for it!"

Punk, making a purposeful sacrifice of two steps as his enemy gained four, ducked and whirled toward the street cars that were lined up at the terminus across the way. Twice the sleuth's big paw almost crunched Punk's thin shoulder; but twice, dodging nimbly, the supple imp whirled out of sight, only to project his grinning phiz from behind another car at his furious pursuer. And so for four full minutes that exciting game of hide-and-seek endured.

At last, recognizing the importance of being earnest, Punk hurtled, as straight as if propelled from a machine infinitely stronger than himself, toward the west. When—a solitary pedestrian in a lone street—his race was run and won, a rasping chuckle of victory died stillborn on lips that opened wide with fright as his heart sank and the thought of an unforeseen terror stunned his brain.

"Say!" he muttered to himself gloomily. "Supposin' Howie don't send me back de seventy-five good, elegant simoleons, like he promised he would!"

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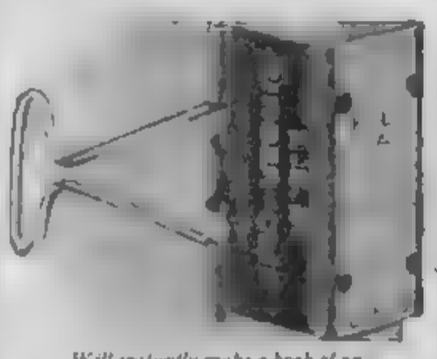

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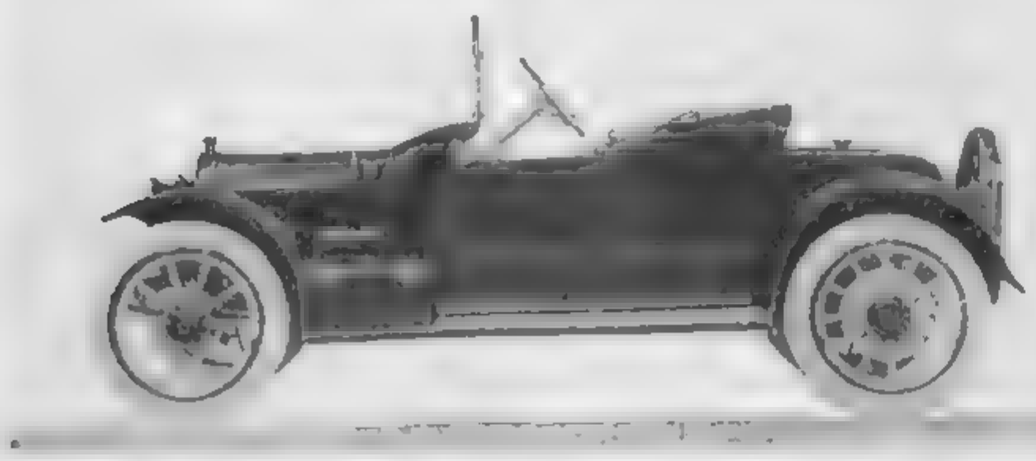
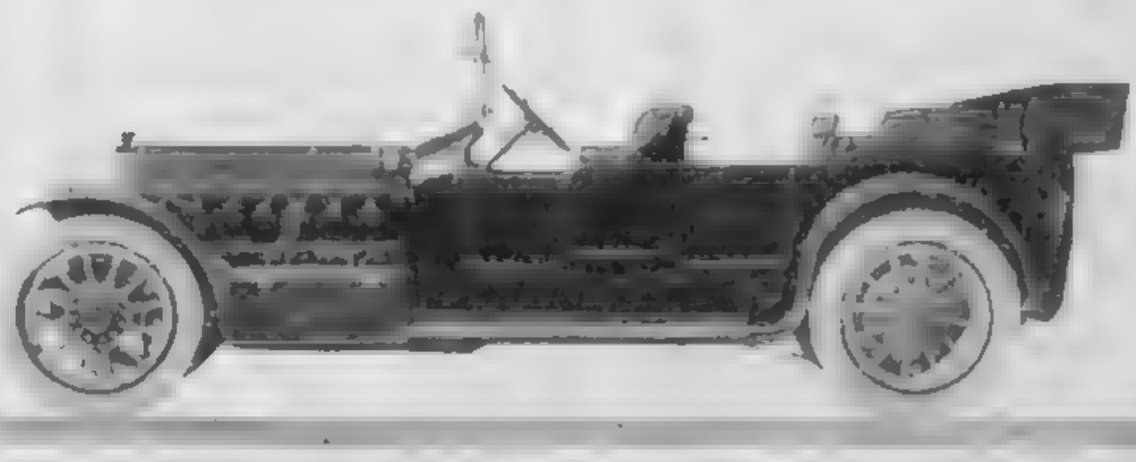


Marmon "32"—Two Passenger Roadster



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Something Behind It

A woman bought an agate tea kettle—no name, just Tea Kettle. Three days later it began to chip and she took it back. The merchant said, "This is just like lots of other kettles. I am sorry, but we can't afford to replace it." It was not guaranteed by the manufacturer.

But the woman never traded there again.

Suppose that had been an advertised, trademarked tea kettle. In the first place, it probably wouldn't have chipped. But suppose it had. When she took it back the merchant could have said, "Yes, the manufacturer and we both stand back of that line. Of course we will replace it, because that maker guarantees his agate ware."

In the first case the merchant was blamed. In the second, such blame as there was, would have been on the manufacturer: the merchant would have come out with flying colors and with a permanent customer to his credit. And the woman would have got what she paid for.

It is true that many unadvertised products—honest, reliable merchandise—are guaranteed by their makers. Most are not, however. To be on the safe side, retailers and customers may look to advertised trademarked goods. These indicate standard merchandise, of known quality, the same everywhere, and backed up by the men who make them. They couldn't very well be anything else, subject as they are to the fierce light of publicity, which shines upon bad quality as brightly as upon good. By the very acts of putting his name on his goods, and of advertising them, the manufacturer gives a bond of fair dealing, and stakes his reputation and the future of his business upon them.

The store that is stocked with advertised goods has something solid behind it—a national standard of good values.

It's a comfortable place to trade.

And a comfortable store to own.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Eyestander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Do you remember when we were kids and used to get down to the city now and then, whenever we could obtain parental permission and the requisite dollar and forty cents for a round-trip ticket at one and the same time? And do you remember we always spent our afternoons at the Academy of Music on these happy occasions, particularly if "Zozo, the Magic Queen," happened to be holding the boards at that temple of amusement, and how we always figured on being in our local metropolis during the week of Zozo's annual appearance?

And do you remember how our eyes bugged out over the Amazon March, and, most of all, how we reveled in the grand transformation scene at the end of the last act, when drop after drop was raised, each disclosing a more ravishing scene of splendor than the one before—entrancing spectacles of glittering palaces, and gorgeous gardens, and avenues of golden trees hung with diamond fruit, and pink mountain peaks made rosier with pinker girls perched on them—until there came the closing burst of magnificence, and we beat it for the four-forty train, resolved to fare forth from our home village as soon as we could get the money ahead, discover the identical and wonderful land disclosed to us on the stage and abide there forever?

Well, Jim, our new and somewhat unpracticed President is in similar case to us in those days. He has spent many years writing about presidents and the presidency, and many years talking about the presidency and presidents; but until he came to Washington early in March and took over the job he had but a faint conception of what there really is to the presidency, and his family was in like position, and now they are sitting there in the White House watching the drops rise one by one, as we did in our Zozo days, and noting with astounded eyes that each scene seems fairer than the one before.

The Wilsons' Rubbing-Lamps

It's the sheer bigness and power of the place that astonishes a new president, and especially a new president like Wilson, who was almost entirely unfamiliar with Washington ways and the Washington ends to his new position. What a presidency amounts to depends on a president himself. He can have almost anything he wants, can do anything he likes—I am speaking in a personal sense now, not as to legislation or politically—and this phase of it has astonished the Wilsons beyond measure, having lived the rather restricted lives of a college president and his family, and a governor of New Jersey, before they came into this broader field. Every member of that family has an Aladdin's lamp. All any member has to do is to rub the lamp, and the entire Nation will jump to serve.

Instead of one horse and a buggy there is a flock of automobiles. Instead of small social functions there are a dozen of the biggest every day if they will but condescend to attend. There are servants, attachés, aides, young men in uniform who are eager to attend, and absolutely no end of that sort of thing if they desire to utilize their opportunities. They are courted, fêted, and no man in the country is too big not to pay the highest respect to the President and his office, or to heed what the President has to say. It is an overwhelming proposition, both for the President and for his family, and to the credit of the family be it said they are undertaking their responsibilities very modestly and very unostentatiously, and looking at all the magnificence of it in a very common-sense American manner.

Every day or so the President finds out something that startles him. For example, after he had been in office a week or so he thought it a good time to meet the newspaper correspondents. He was so busy he couldn't meet them one by one, so he and Secretary Tumulty talked it over, and Tumulty passed the word that on a certain afternoon at two o'clock the President

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We sell to retailers only; but if there is no Smythfield dealer near you, we will send a trial supply, prepaid, at regular prices — men's $1, boys' 50c. Send chest measure and trunk measure (over the shoulder and under the crotch). Men's suits made in all styles. Give your dealer's name so he may supply you in future.

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Philadelphia
Look for this label

SMYTHFIELD MODERN UNDERWEAR

would be glad to receive the correspondents in his office and get acquainted with them in a bunch. It was a good scheme, for no president can be much of a president unless he is on a square footing with the newspaper crowd. They do not ask anything more than fair treatment, press for no advantages.

However, they have their work to do, and part of that work is knowing the heads of the Government for use in their business. They were glad to go up and meet the President. Not all of them could get away, but a hundred and ten happened round. They jammed into Mr. Wilson's private office, and he came in. Well, Jim, it was funny to see the look of astonishment that came over his face when he had his first glance at those hundred and ten correspondents. And he nearly fell off his chair when he was told that a hundred and ten was less than half of the entire number. You see, he hadn't known much about the newspaper end of the capital, and he supposed there were twenty-five or thirty correspondents all told. He was flabbergasted, and he looked it. But he backed up against his desk, shook hands with them all and made a sort of speech. Then he asked a few questions and found there are considerably more than two hundred active correspondents in Washington, to say nothing of a lot of men who do occasional writing, and he decided he'd try again. So he had another gathering, told them he had no idea how big the corps was, and this time got away with it.

Curiously enough, that veteran at the newspaper game from his end of it, William Jennings Bryan, didn't get away very well when he began his dealings with the correspondents as secretary of state. William Jennings has been quite well aware of the value of reporters in his mode of procedure for these many years. And he has been as useful to them as they have been useful to him, which means quite a lot. When he went into office he didn't seem like the same old Bryan. He was a bit peevish, very much restrained, sometimes abrupt and sometimes gruff, and everybody wondered what was biting him. Then it was discovered that Mr. Bryan deems it his duty to efface himself as much as possible in this Administration and not steal any of President Wilson's stuff. He desires to be a cog on the wheel. Merely remarking, in passing, that his desires will be gratified in this respect, as has been abundantly shown thus far by the conduct of the President who is President himself with no powers delegated, it may be said that Mr. Bryan wasn't on this tack very long before some of his older friends in the correspondent business remonstrated with him, and since that time he has been as genial as could be desired, albeit he hasn't given out much news, for two very good reasons: The first is that it is his policy to let Mr. Wilson do the giving out; and the second reason is that he hasn't had anything to say.

How the System Put One Over

Reminds me of the time the daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer who died a few years ago, was married. The family had great difficulty in getting the scientist to attend the wedding, and more difficulty in dragging him away from his calculations long enough to go to the wedding reception. They dragged him in, however, and he wandered round in a haze, noticing nobody, until his wife said: "Mr. Newcomb, you positively must speak to our guests."

"Really, my dear," said the astronomer, coming out of his haze, "I have nothing of importance to communicate to them."

Mr. Bryan is as happy in his job as a boy with a new red wagon. He smiles and chortles and gurgles and laughs, and is as pleased as Punch. They stuck a silk hat on him for inauguration, and he has worn it several times since, and is paying notable attention to his dress. He is almost effusive in his dealings with the diplomats, and so far has been so kindly to the clerks in the department that they all are swearing by him. However, just to show him that the System is there, and working effectively, they put one over on the peerless premier before he had been in office a week.

Mr. Bryan sent a rather fulsome telegram of congratulation to Henry Lane Wilson, then ambassador to Mexico, congratulating Wilson on his part in the disturbances down there. Now, Mr. Bryan didn't want to send a telegram of congratulation to Ambassador Wilson, and he didn't know he had sent it until Wilson gave the

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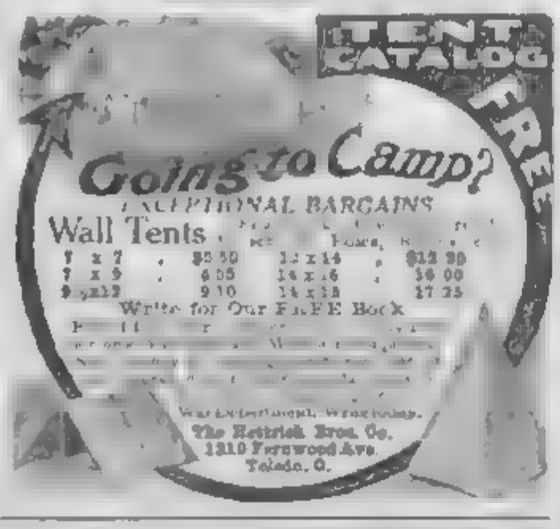
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message out in Mexico City and it was telegraphed back to Washington. Mr. Bryan had no intention of sending this telegram, didn't desire to send it, never thought of sending it, but he sent it just the same. The point is that somebody in the State Department did want to send a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Wilson, and the System did the rest.

They tucked—nobody knows what "they"—just "they"—they tucked this telegram away in a mass of official papers brought to Mr. Bryan for signature. The negro messenger stood by with blotting pad and expertly removed the papers as the secretary of state put his name on the bottom of them, pointing in each instance with a long and brunette finger to the exact place where Mr. Bryan was to affix his monaker. It is the custom in executive departments of the Government to attach red tags to papers the signer should read before signing. Curiously enough, the red tag that was attached to this paper, this telegram of congratulation, was not present at the moment of signing. It had dropped off in some strange and unaccountable manner. Mr. Bryan didn't read and he did sign, and the System saw to it that the telegram was hustled away, and nobody knows how it happened.

The Exit of Huntington Wilson

Meantime when Mr. Bryan got away, and President Wilson issued his statement declaring the United States out of the Chinese loan negotiations, it seems that President Wilson did not take the precaution to inform Mr. Huntington Wilson, first assistant secretary of state, of what he was going to do or of how he intended to do it. Presumably Mr. Wilson thought the affair one of his own, as President; but Mr. Huntington Wilson did not think so, and he rushed to his desk and dictated a burning and reproachful letter of resignation to the President, stating that no matter how great the loss was to the United States and its people, he positively refused to submit to this, and herewith, forthwith and without regard to the effect on the Government, resigned and quit.

Then Mr. Wilson—H. Wilson went eagerly out and watched for the Washington Monument to begin its tottering; but the Monument didn't totter a tot. Instead, President Wilson accepted H. Wilson's thousand-word resignation in a thirty-five-word reply, which shows the relative importance placed on the incident by the two high contracting parties.

While all this fuss was going on the Democrats in the Senate were having a knock-down-and-drag-out fight over committee chairmanships and the patronage. The aged Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, stirred them up to the point of frenzy. Tillman has been in the Senate so long he was ranking Democrat on a lot of important committees, including the most powerful of all, Appropriations, and by reason of the shift from Republican to Democratic control he was in line for chairmanships. He picked Appropriations. That didn't suit the organizers. They said he was too old, too sick, and so forth, for the place. Tillman yelled murder. He insisted. They had meeting after meeting. Tillman claimed it was his right. He put on the tremolo and cited his past service and performances.

Notwithstanding the fact that a great many of the corners have been removed from Tillman, by time and the justly celebrated brand of Senate abrasive, he has much fight left in him, and he worried them all. The steering committee had decided, five to four, to give him the place, when Senator Hoke Smith burst into the meeting room with a copy of an Atlanta paper in his hand. In that paper was an interview with Tillman and in that interview Tillman forcibly said that, in his opinion, Senator Hoke Smith had been a party to the deal whereby Senator Bacon was deprived of the Democratic leadership of the Senate, Bacon being Smith's own colleague from Georgia—or to be plain about it, Tillman said Hoke Smith had double-crossed Bacon. Hoke was a member of the steering committee and that settled it, and Tillman was sent to Naval Affairs, and Martin made chairman of Appropriations.

And as the days pass on the officeseekers are getting in desperate straits. About the only collateral most of them have left is their petitions, and you couldn't cash in petitions in this town for a cent a ton.

I didn't ride yours, Jim!

Au revoir. BILL.

"Please, Mother"

"Mayn't I have some Kellogg's for tea? Those were so good I had for breakfast."

Mother has but one answer to that. Her experience teaches her that the family never tires of the Kellogg flavor and—how tame and flat the imitations are.

Getting a Kellogg breakfast or supper is so easy, too—just shake the fresh, golden flakes out of the box and pour milk or cream over them. A little re-crisping in the oven sometimes helps.

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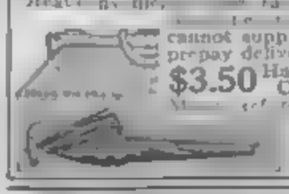

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Opportunity in the South

In next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman* you will find the story of a corporation farm of 10,000 acres in Louisiana that is bringing order and profit out of neglected plantations, and is demonstrating what can be done with money and good management in large units.

OTHER FEATURES
IN THIS ISSUE

FROM RANGE TO MARKET VIA THE CORN BELT by Geo. H. Dacy

The most of our mutton comes from lambs born on the range, then fatted and finished in the corn belt. The journey from range to market is broken by a stop-over in either the Mississippi or Missouri Valley to allow the lean beasts that have never known rich feed to become tender and juicy from corn and clover. A detailed description of the methods of one Missouri sheep feeder is presented in this article. It is not a fancy farm, but one that turns mutton into money.

A BUSINESS WOMAN FARMER by Mary Master Needham

This is a story of a woman with keen business sense who began farming because she had to and then kept it up because she liked to. How she has struggled with a large mortgage and succeeded in developing a successful farm, and at the same time has reared her family comfortably, is a story of inspiration to the hundreds of women who are left on farms with nothing but a lot of land and their own courage.

ARE COUNTRY PEOPLE HEALTHY? by Dr. Roger J. Perkins

There is a spirited debate going on as to whether farmers make the full use of their advantages of pure air, pure water and pure food. Is the farmer the picture of health that he is painted, or is he the broken-down, overworked toiler that others describe? Doctor Perkins knows healthy people when he sees them, and he also knows the farm and farm conditions, because he lives there. There is a lot of sound advice in this article.

THE REVIVAL OF HEMP by L. F. Graber

Years ago there was a lot of hemp to be found on Kentucky and Indiana farms, but the crop was abandoned for the more profitable corn and wheat; but it is coming back, and its three-fold uses as a good crop for fiber, for paper making and to exterminate weeds are fully pointed out by an expert of the Wisconsin Experiment Station.

THE LIFE OF THE FRUIT TREE by Frank A. Waugh

An orchard is a longtime investment, and it is important to know how long the various fruit trees will remain profitable. Professor Waugh has spent his life in studying the fruits, and he tells what may be expected of the average tree on the average land. This is a mighty important question to those who are planting orchards or who are investing in orchard lands.

MAKING PASTURES THAT LAST by Henry Thorne

Grass and hay are most important crops, most universal, costing the least to produce, and are food for all animals. We are just beginning to learn that pasture yields may be developed, or even increased four-fold, by proper fertilization and care. This is no new secret, but a lesson taken from countries where pastures are the main dependence for stock raising. The man who wants to produce animals cheaply had better study the science of pasture improvement.

THE FARMER'S WIFE'S COLLEGE

The average farmer's wife gets no nearer college than to the Farmers' Institute which is held in her neighborhood; but she can learn a lot and gain an immense inspiration from these meetings alone. The Country Gentlewoman, who writes regularly for this journal, has for years been a leader in Farmers' Institute work, and she knows what she is talking about when she tells country women how to get the most out of the institutes.

THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

In addition to these features the regular departments will contain timely advice of interest to poultrymen, gardeners, stockmen and the household.

In Everyman's Garden you will find help for the small garden.

In the Congressional Calendar the record of events at Washington of interest to farmers.

In the Crops and Markets a statement of the progress of the commerce in farm products.

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WITH an investment of $300,000 in land, $170,000 in buildings and equipment, $30,000 in livestock and $100,000 for operating capital, a property is being developed that can pay over 7% on a valuation of $2,000,000. The keen business manager of this up-to-date plantation, trained in practical farming in the corn belt, writes a virile and constructive criticism of present methods on Southern plantations. He says:

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"Opportunity in the South"

By Don P. Shockney

is the first of several articles showing how Northern capital can earn good dividends in the South when farming is administered in a business way like any other business.

It will appear in the April 26th issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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